

PHOTOPLAY

5¢

BER



BETTE DAVIS

BEAUTIFUL BRAT *Beginning* the Story of Margaret Sullavan's Rebellious Life
→ **Start Now—THE CASE OF THE HOLLYWOOD SCANDAL** By Erle Stanley Gardner
DIXIE WILLSON · LOWELL THOMAS · GILBERT SELDES · MARJORIE HILLIS

In Autumn's Train

A RICH HARVEST OF LOVELY SHOES

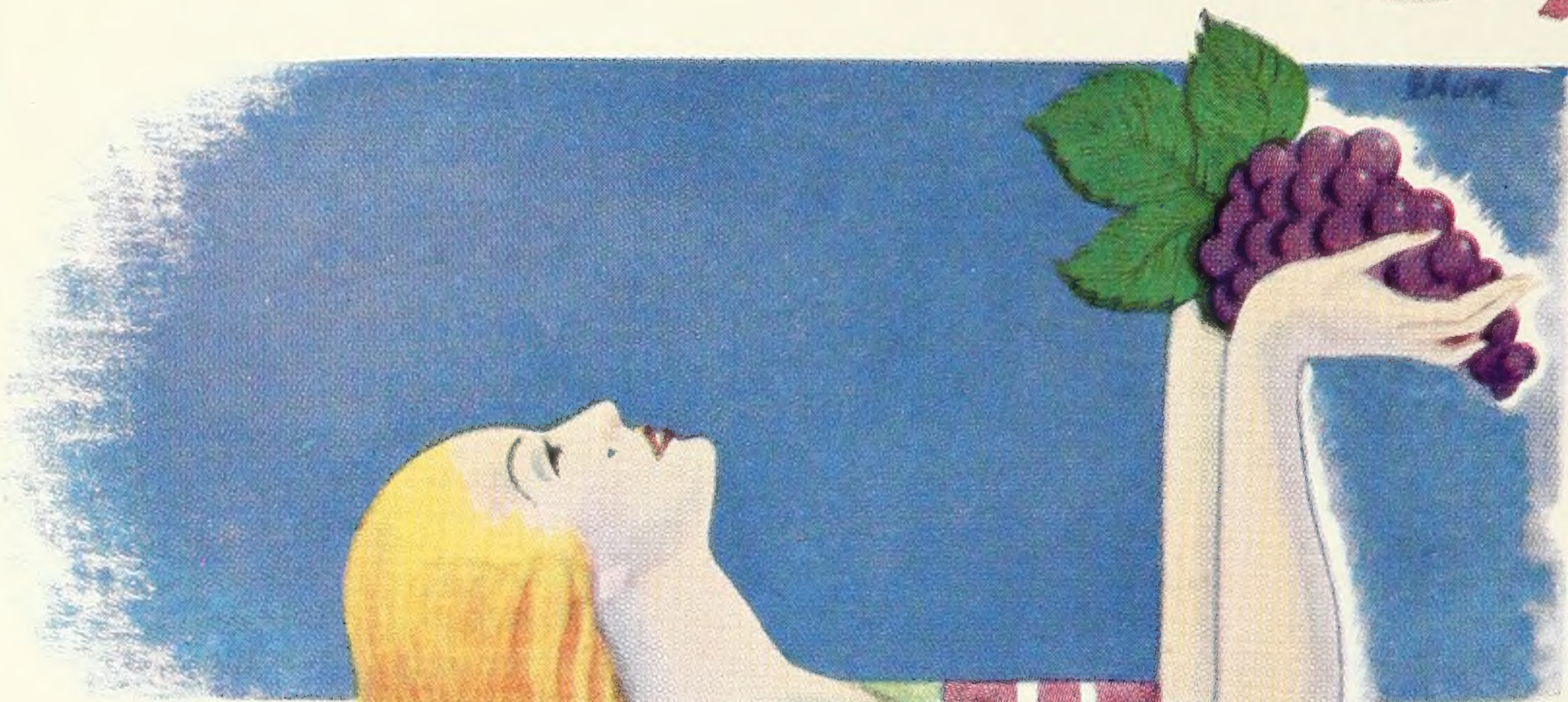
... glowing with the new beauty of a new season ... bred by loving hands, in luxurious materials ... deep rich colors — shoes that bespeak all the elegance of autumn fashion ... that will grace the costumes of the smartest women the country over! A versatile collection of fall JACQUELINE SHOES awaits you at your dealer's! Write Department D-6 for the name of your JACQUELINE dealer.

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6⁵⁰ and 7⁵⁰

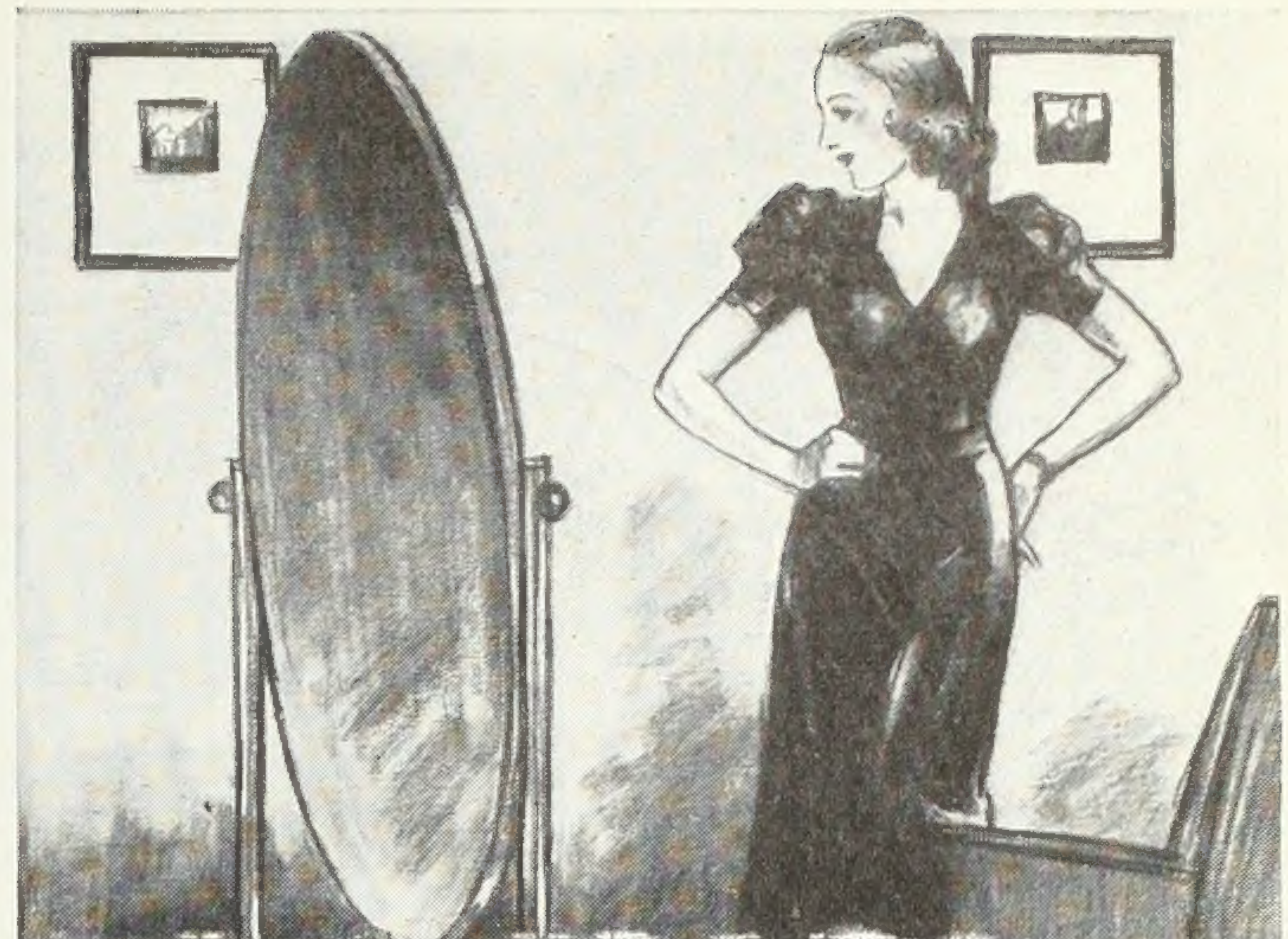


No Cuts

“What a blow I got when I blew...”



1 For years I never gave romance a thought. I was too busy making a success of my little shop. But now, late each evening as I closed its doors a pang of loneliness smote me. I realized the truth: I missed the companionship of men. Why were they so indifferent to me? Nearing 30, why was I 'manless'?



2 “I began to take stock of myself. Age? Twenty-nine. Brains? Yes. Success? Yes. Hair and teeth? Good. Figure? Perfect. Clothes? Smart. Personality? Adequate. What did I lack? I was soon to find out—and it took my own birthday party to teach me the bitter truth.



“Mother had invited several eligible men—among them George Gray, whom I thought the most attractive man I’d ever seen. He had asked me to dinner once or twice, but that was all. Of course I had to blow the candles out. There were 25 instead of 29 (thanks to Mother’s tact). But hard as I blew, not one candle yielded—you’d have thought they were wired to the electric light circuit. Everybody laughed. “‘Poor Mabel,’ someone said, ‘An old maid to the bitter end!’ But I thought there was a little venom in the remark.

I thought, also, that George Gray and the others drew away as I blew upon the candles. Was I mistaken? Or just sensitive? “Later, I had to run upstairs for a wrap. In the adjoining room Jay Jones and George Gray were talking. I couldn’t help but overhear. ‘Mabel didn’t have any luck with the candles,’ Jay was saying. ‘Guess her breath wasn’t strong enough.’ ‘Not strong enough!’ George chortled. ‘You don’t know Mabel well or you wouldn’t say that. It’s too



strong. That’s Mabel’s trouble. She doesn’t use Listerine. That’s why I quit calling on her. Too bad, too . . . she’s such a peach otherwise.’ I never forgot the humiliating lesson I learned that night.



“From that day on I used Listerine morning and night, and between times before social engagements. Instead of dodging me, people now began to seek me out. I gave less time to business and ‘went gay’ indeed—and made up my mind that somehow I’d make George Gray want to see me again.



5 “My chance came several weeks later at the country club dance. “George cut in out of sheer politeness the first time. But the second and third time—and the seventh, it wasn’t politeness. It was *interest*. The following Sunday he came to call—and he’s been calling three times a week ever since.



6 “He’s the most romantic man ever, and we’re going to be married in June. And for that I have Listerine to thank. What a fool a girl is to be without it when halitosis is such a constant threat.”

HOW IS YOUR BREATH RIGHT NOW?

FOR ALL YOU KNOW, your breath may be offending at this very moment. Halitosis (bad breath) spares no one! Everybody suffers, at one time or another, without realizing it. Don’t take a chance. Rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. It cleanses and invigorates the

entire oral cavity, halts fermentation, a major cause of odors, then overcomes the odors themselves. Your breath becomes sweeter, purer, cleaner.

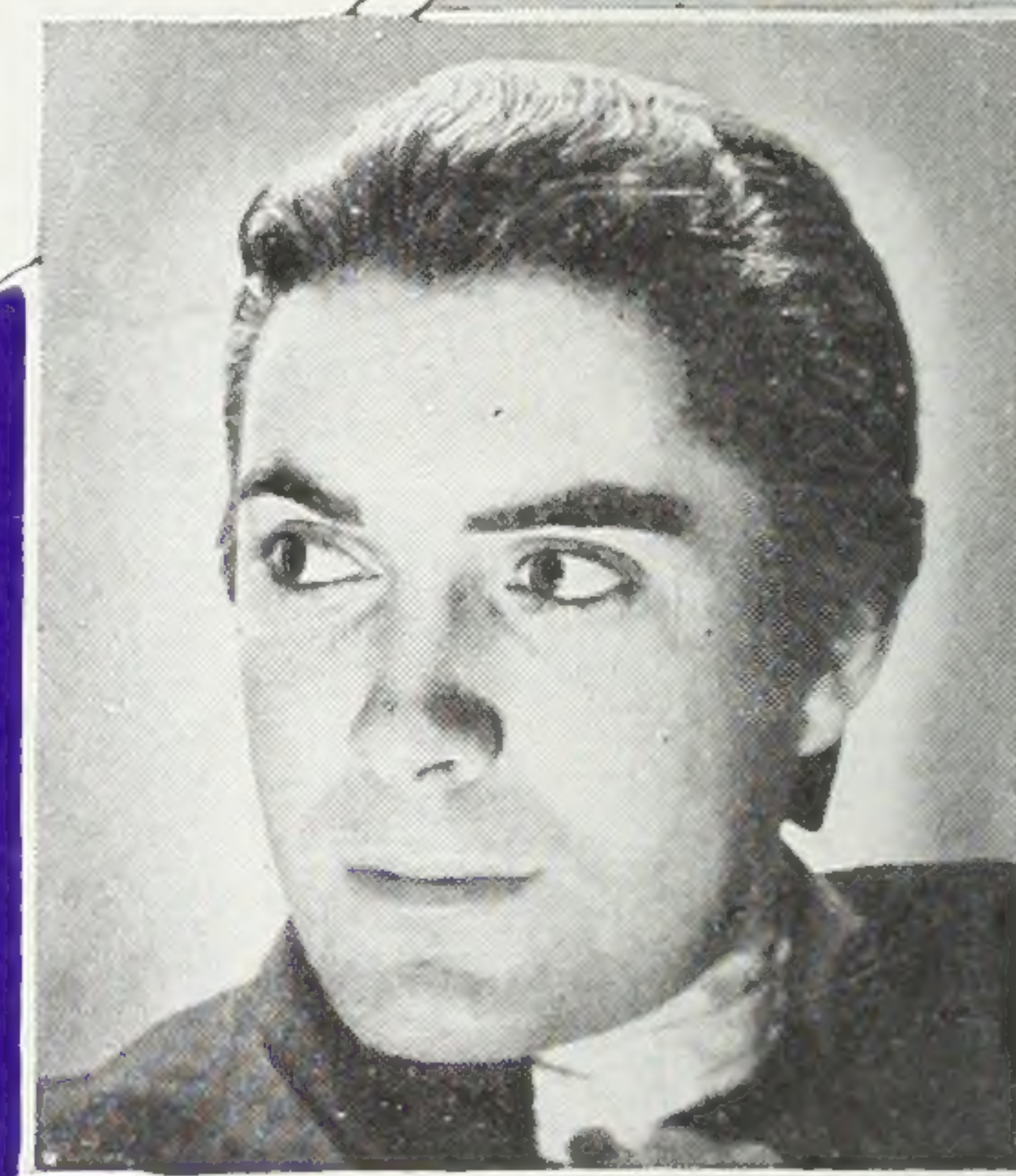
For HALITOSIS (BAD BREATH)
LISTERINE

THE LIFE, THE SINS OF A ROYAL BAD-GIRL!

The world has read and remembered the story of Marie Antoinette... glamorous Queen of France. Of her virtues... her intrigue and brilliance as a queen but... more than anything else... we read of her scarlet history as the playgirl of Europe... of her flirtations... her escapades with the noblemen of her court... her extravagances even while her subjects starved. * Now the screen gives us... "MARIE ANTOINETTE" the woman... we see her, as tho' through a keyhole... not on the pages of history... but in her boudoir... in the perfumed halls of the palace of Versailles... on the moonlit nights in her garden... A rendezvous with her lover... we follow her through triumphs and glory... midst the pageantry of that shameless court... we see the tottering of her throne... the uprising of her people... her arrest and imprisonment... and we follow her on that last ride through the streets of Paris to the guillotine. NEVER... not since the screen found voice... has there been a drama so mighty in emotional conflict... so sublime in romance... so brilliant in spectacle... so magnificent in performance... truly "MARIE ANTOINETTE" reaches the zenith of extraordinary entertainment thrill!



NEVER HAS THE SCREEN WITNESSED A GREATER PERFORMANCE THAN THAT OF NORMA SHEARER AS THE "ROYAL BAD-GIRL"



ROMANTIC TYRONE POWER AS THE MAN WHO OFFERED HER THE LOVE SHE COULD NEVER FIND IN HER STRANGE MARRIAGE

NORMA TYRONE
SHEARER - POWER

in Metro • Goldwyn • Mayer's Finest Motion Picture

The Private Life of

MARIE ANTOINETTE

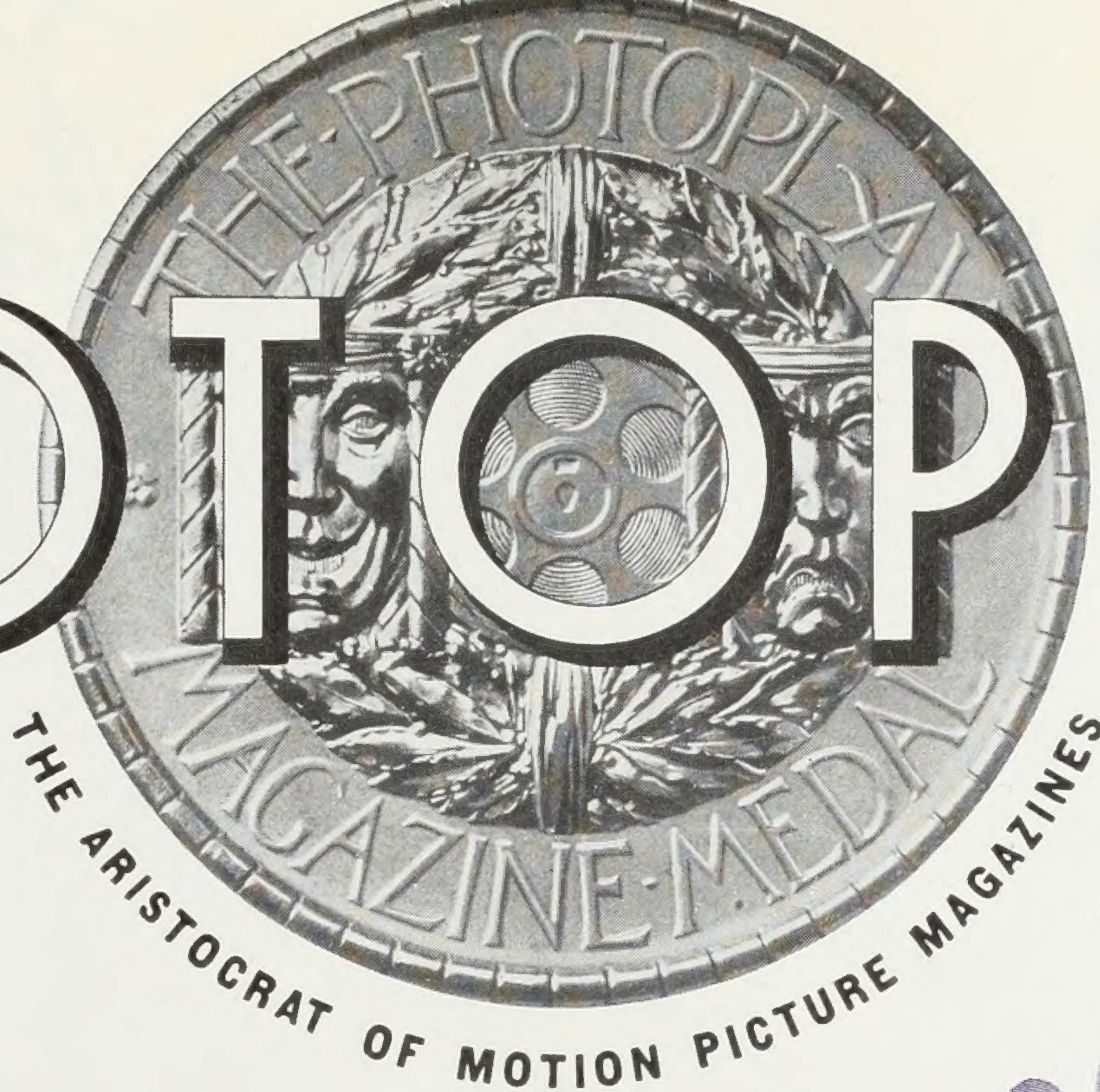
JOHN BARRYMORE • ROBERT MORLEY
ANITA LOUISE • JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

Gladys GEORGE • Henry STEPHENSON

Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II • Produced by HUNT STROMBERG



PHOTOPLAY



ERNEST V. HEYN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

HIGHLIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

On the Cover—Bette Davis, Natural Color Photograph by George Hurrell		
Busman's Holiday	Ernest V. Heyn	12
<i>Photoplay's Executive Editor takes a "vacation"</i>		
Beautiful Brat	Howard Sharpe	19
<i>Beginning the story of Margaret Sullavan's rebellious life</i>		
Portrait of a Young Man Looking at Life	Joseph Henry Stesle	22
<i>A sharp etching of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.</i>		
Hedy Wine	Sara Hamilton	23
<i>Meet the intoxicating Miss Lamarr</i>		
Father's Office Wife	Lillian Day	24
<i>A new chapter of Jane Lyons' autobiography</i>		
Robinson & Co.	Kay Proctor	26
<i>Great guys—Edward G. Robinson and his son Manny</i>		
Your Hopes in Pictures	Marjorie Hillis	28
<i>A famous author gives you some enlightening facts</i>		
The Case of the Hollywood Scandal	Erle Stanley Gardner	30
<i>Second installment of the most thrilling mystery of the year</i>		
Norma Shearer's Handful of Memories	Dixie Willson	32
<i>A warm and human story of a gallant woman</i>		
Hollywood's Soldiers of Fortune	Lowell Thomas	34
<i>Spine-tingling stories of movietown's men of action</i>		
Hollywood's Greatest Enigma—Television	Gilbert Seldes	36
<i>An authority explains this unknown entertainment</i>		
Photoplay Fashions	Gwenn Walters	61
<i>Chic parade of fall costumes, led by Anita Louise</i>		
Mickey, the McCoy	Kirtley Baskette	71
<i>Rough, tough and hard to bluff—that's Rooney</i>		
The Camera Speaks:—		
Easy on the Ice		38
<i>Sonja Henie of the Silver Skates</i>		
Hollywood Dress Parade		40
<i>Mrs. Astor's horse is put to shame</i>		
The Mad Hatters		44
<i>A fashion history—three dashing decades—of women's hats</i>		
Cowboy and the Lady		46
<i>A new marquee team—Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon</i>		
Glad to See Your Back		50
<i>Here's the toughest game of all. How good are you?</i>		
Boos and Bouquets		4
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures		6
How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?		8
PHOTOPLAY'S Own Beauty Shop	Carolyn Van Wyck	10
Close Ups and Long Shots	Ruth Waterbury	15
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood		53
The Shadow Stage		56
We Cover the Studios	Jack Wade	58
Fashion Letter		78
Complete Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue		98

BIRTHDAY BOW:

WITH this issue the NEW PHOTOPLAY celebrates its first birthday. The October 1937 number gave up the usual film magazine format for the style and format of the great women's magazines of America.

Success of PHOTOPLAY in the "luxury" format was instantaneous—despite the late "recession" an average of about forty thousand new readers bought the magazine on newsstands each month and seventy-seven new advertisers have expressed their approval in terms of contracts.

Last year's October issue introduced Gilbert Seldes, Dixie Willson and Lowell Thomas—and these three are to be found again in this October issue. Other nationally known writers introduced were Eleanor Roosevelt, Erle Stanley Gardner, Temple Bailey, Marjorie Hillis, Jimmie Fidler, Louella Parsons, Louis Sobol and Irving Hoffman. Adela Rogers St. Johns was represented by her widely discussed series, "Forbidden Great Loves of Hollywood," as was the vastly popular Faith Baldwin with several impressive movie articles.

Art Editor Heyworth Campbell enlisted the services of America's greatest illustrators—Wallace Morgan, Russell Patterson, C. D. Mitchell, McClelland Barclay, Frederick Gruger, John La Gatta, Galbraith, Carl Mueller, Mario Cooper and Vincentini.

Thus PHOTOPLAY, although concerned primarily with things cinematic, has left the film field behind to explore, from a more widely general viewpoint, what interests men and women who love the movies without being hypnotized by them.

E.V.H.

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BOOS AND

Bouquets

FIRST PRIZE \$25.00

THE WINNER!

OUT here in California, we look on movie people as our neighbors and friends.

A few weeks ago, I woke up one morning to find a Paramount truck almost in our front yard. Just around the corner, on a quiet little side street, Bing Crosby and Fred MacMurray were hard at work on "Sing You Sinners." Every kid in town . . . and a nice crowd of grownups followed that truck just as they would a circus parade. They couldn't lose us!

Now, I'm almost sixteen years old. I've been a movie fan for half my life. But I learned more about movie stars in that week or so than I ever learned from the many pictures I've seen on the screen. To tell the truth, I'd always had the sort of feeling that working in the movies was something like falling into a feather bed. Pretty soft! Just playing around a while in front of a camera . . . and then playing around some more with the dough you made.

Now I know. I know that movie people must get just as hot standing around in the sun as other people do. Their feet must get tired. They must be just as bored with going over a silly little scene a hundred times . . . and then going over it all over again. I got tired. But Bing Crosby and Fred MacMurray kept right on smiling and writing autographs. I saw Bing do one scene in which he had to prime a pump all day . . . and, when I saw the preview, the scene had been cut out entirely. Just so much waste motion.

I'm beginning to believe that working in the movies is . . . working. It means earning your money. Other folks can work in peace, without the assistance of the dear public peeking through hedges at them, leaning from roofs over their head, but I saw how men had to push back slightly crazy movie fans in order to prevent wasting many feet of film and hours of time.

I'm not so sure but what I may change my movie ambitions from now on and become a plumber. Right now it seems kind of simple and easy.

FERNANDO LOPEZ,
Pomona, Calif.

P.S. The Clark Gable cover was swell. Just the same old smile and everything. You'll get plenty of letters on him.

SECOND PRIZE \$10.00

SHIRLEY—AMERICA'S SWEETIE PIE

A couple of weeks ago, I left my office one Saturday afternoon to meet my wife and go to the movies. Immediately after the feature they announced they would show a preview of Shirley Temple's latest picture, "Little Miss Broadway." Just then the lights flashed on. The theater was packed to capacity and the crowd went wild as they spotted our prodigious little star being escorted to her seat. The applause continued to ring throughout the entire picture—let me tell you that little girl is loved. . . .

We were very fortunate in having seats a couple of rows from Shirley. I wish I could tell the world that Shirley is a charming and un-



PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best letters received each month: \$25 first prize, \$10 second, \$5 third, and \$1 for every other letter published. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Letters submitted to this magazine should not be submitted to any other publication. Address: Boos & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

spoiled child. She left immediately after the preview—only to run into thousands of admirers who had gathered outside the theater, struggling to get a glimpse of her.

"Little Miss Broadway" was marvelous entertainment. You may cry a little, but you will get many laughs for every tear you shed.

The following morning, I passed the Mayflower Hotel. Just as I got to the side entrance I met Shirley with her father and mother, who certainly were gracious to the people who had gathered there to see their daughter. The lovely little star passed out several autographed cards which read, "Love, Shirley Temple" and had a photograph of her in the corner. When she handed me a card, I lost my heart. As the big black limousine roared away, I said, "There's the grandest little girl in all the world."

JOSEPH F. SANTON,
Washington, D. C.

THIRD PRIZE \$5.00

HOW TO STAY HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED

I wonder if you have any idea what movies mean to the Young-Marrieds? Before you were married you took movies in your stride—several

With a bad start in "Dinner at the Ritz," imported Annabella takes another whack at fame in 20th Century-Fox's gigantic "Suez," with Tyrone Power and Loretta Young

a week, probably—and it didn't matter too much whether they were good or not, for at least it gave you the chance to be alone.

After you're married, though, you shop around for movies and choose them for themselves. When there is coal to be paid for, house rent, and, after a time, probably orange juice and cod liver oil, you don't feel like throwing away a dollar on a poor show. Therefore, a movie becomes something to look forward to, and one item of your courting days still holds good—a picture theater is practically the only place of amusement where you can recapture that intimate sense of there being only two persons in the world who matter—and those two are your husband and yourself.

And if, for some reason, your feelings have been a bit ruffled before you go, there's a good chance that, as the romance unfolds on the screen, you'll begin to wonder why you were so impatient. For, after all, the man beside you still spells romance, and it's easier to make up in the dimness of the theater than to say you're sorry when the lights are brighter.

The picture over, perhaps you hurry home so as not to keep the girl who stayed with The Young Man too late. Then you'll raid the icebox, bring your cocoa and sandwiches into the living room, feeling relaxed and gay, to talk the picture over. All in all, I think movies should have some award for Achievement in the Promotion of Married Happiness.

LINDA DOUGLASS,
Terre Haute, Ind.

\$1.00 PRIZE

FOR ADULTS ONLY

We have noted with interest your feature, "For Adults Only," in a recent issue—especially the two pictures on venereal diseases, "Damaged Goods" and "Damaged Lives." May I congratulate you on your interesting presentation of films relating to social subjects.

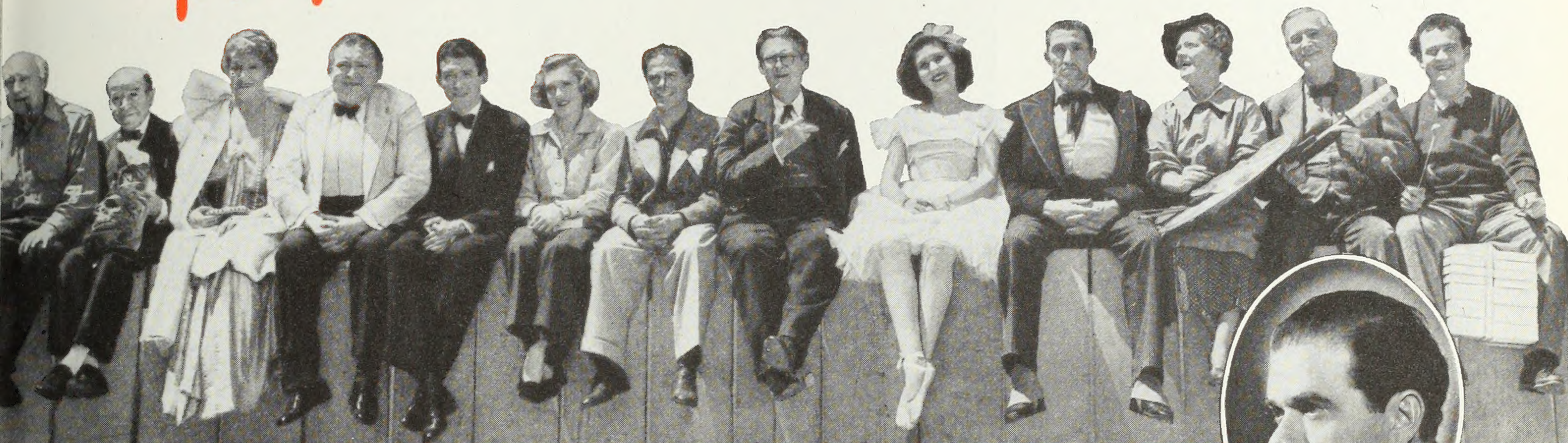
Our staff is particularly interested in your comments as to whether films of this kind succeed in their avowed aim to educate the public. For the record, I would like to say that in the case of the film, "Damaged Lives," at least, social hygiene agencies in communities where it was shown were able to make quite definite measurements of its educational effect on the public through increased attendance at clinics for venereal diseases.

Both in this country and abroad, communities making such measurements noted an increase of 25% or more in the number of infected persons seeking treatment from physicians and clinics.

JEAN B. PINNEY, Associate Director,
The American Social Hygiene Association, Inc.
New York, N. Y.
(Continued on page 84)

*The Great
Pulitzer Prize
Play*

**NOW THE YEAR'S MOST
OUTSTANDING PICTURE!**



FRANK CAPRA

Frank Capra's
**YOU CAN'T TAKE
IT WITH YOU**

with

JEAN ARTHUR • LIONEL BARRYMORE • JAMES STEWART • EDWARD ARNOLD

Mischa Auer • Ann Miller • Spring Byington • Samuel S. Hinds • Donald Meek • H. B. Warner

Based on the Pulitzer Prize Play by
GEORGE S. KAUFMAN and MOSS HART

A Columbia Picture

Screen play by Robert Riskin
Directed by FRANK CAPRA



Miss JEAN ARTHUR
as lovely Alice Sycamore



Mr. LIONEL BARRYMORE
as grand Grandpa Vanderhof



Mr. JAMES STEWART
as dashing Tony Kirby



Mr. EDWARD ARNOLD
as staid Anthony P. Kirby

Memorable Stage
Characters America
Will Never Forget!
Now... At Last...
Brought To New
Life On The Screen
By This Great All
Star Cast!

BRIEF REVIEWS

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD, THE—Warners

The universal appeal of the reckless courage and chivalry of the philosopher-bandit of Sherwood Forest brought to the screen again (in Technicolor this time) by Errol (what a man) Flynn. You will happily enjoy Olivia de Havilland as *Maid Marian*, Alan Hale as *Little John*, Eugene Pallette as *Friar Tuck*, Claude Rains as *Prince John* and a host of others. Magnificent entertainment. (June)

★ ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND—20th Century-Fox

Mr. Zanuck calls this an American Cavalcade told in music. That's what it is—and perfectly swell, too! The story back-tracks thirty years to bring Tyrone Power, a rich renegade to ragtime, Alice Faye, a honky-tonk singer, and Don Ameche, a song writer, through love, war and success. Irving Berlin's old and new songs will delight you. (Aug.)

★ ALGIERS—Wanger-United Artists

Directed by John Cromwell, this is a magnificently photographed, if slow-paced melodrama of the life and loves of a jewel thief in the underworld of Algiers. Charles Boyer, Gene Lockhart, Sigrid Gurie are splendid, but it's the sheer lovely sex appeal of Hedy Lamarr which will get you ga-ga. (Sept.)

ALWAYS GOODBYE—20th Century-Fox

Though overly sentimental in spots, Barbara Stanwyck, Herbert Marshall and Ian Hunter manage to make this modern story of illegitimacy believable and human. Johnny Russell, the little boy who awakens his mother's love after years of separation, steals the show and emerges a child star who will bear watching. Women will go for this. (Sept.)

★ AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE, THE—Warners

Though Eddie Robinson ostensibly is a Park Avenue physician, he doesn't lose touch with the underworld. To obtain data for a medical treatise, he joins a gang of crooks headed by Humphrey Bogart, sinister as ever. Director Litvak, Robinson himself, Claire Trevor and the whole cast deserve credit for a film crammed with tense moments. (Sept.)

BLIND ALIBI—RKO-Radio

Into this emaciated yarn, Richard Dix manages to inject a wholesome atmosphere. Posing as a blind sculptor, he outwits a gang of museum thieves with the help of *Ace*, the Wonder Dog, and blonde Whitney Bourne. Eduardo Ciannelli grimmer than grim. (Aug.)

★ BLOCKADE—Wanger-United Artists

One of the most forceful pictures in the present Spanish Civil War cycle, this is a velvety mixture of romance and high adventure, superbly produced, superbly directed by William Dieterle (of "Zola"). Madeleine Carroll and Henry Fonda are the lovers. (July)

CALL OF THE YUKON—Republic

Love and adventure in the far North with doggies and humans sharing in the drama. Richard Arlen is the rough and ready trapper; Beverly Roberts, the novelist in search of local Arctic color. Waiter, pass the aspirin! (July)

CITY STREETS—Columbia

There are a few chuckles in this hokum story of a crippled orphan (Edith Fellows) befriended by the local grocer (Leo Carrillo). She regains the use of her legs in time to totter to his sickbed—the picture's a bit sick, too. (Sept.)

★ COCOANUT GROVE—Paramount

This is a sort of musical comedy depicting the trials of a band leader (Fred MacMurray) who is down and thinks he's out. Of course he isn't—the members of Harry Owen's Royal Hawaiian Orchestra see to that, also Harriet Hilliard. (July)

COLLEGE SWING—Paramount

Those combustible comedians, Burns and Allen, Martha Raye, E. E. Horton and Ben Blue get together in this rah rah goulash which has some snatches of humor and some good loud hummable tunes but doesn't quite jell into a top-notch picture. (July)

COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN—Warners

A rib-tickling take-off on the lads from Brooklyn who croon a mean lullaby, but can't ride a horse. Dick Powell is the hobo musician who stops off at a Wyoming dude ranch, lands in Hollywood with the help of Pat O'Brien, a theatrical producer. The laughs roll in like tumbleweed in a wind storm. Priscilla Lane is Powell's heart's delight. (Aug.)

★ CRIME SCHOOL—Warners

Those "Dead End" boys are here again, and you'd better go to see them, as they lift a somewhat grim social-problem picture to fascinating entertainment. From slums to reformatory is the theme, with Humphrey Bogart as the understanding Police Commissioner. Very important. (July)

★ DOCTOR RHYTHM—Paramount

Bing Crosby, Bea Lillie (funnier than ever), Mary Carlisle, Andy Devine, Rufe Davis and Fred Keating give you their best in this picturization of O. Henry's "The Badge of Policeman O'Roon," and it's all mirth and a yard wide. Bing, a surgeon mistaken for a cop, thereupon turns guardian to a goofy heiress. A success. (July)

FAST COMPANY—M-G-M

A wabbling imitation of the gay-banter-Thin-Mannish school of mystery with Melvyn Douglas and his wife, Florence Rice, tracking the murderer of a fence who purloins their first editions. Excuse us for yawning. (Sept.)

★ FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER—20th Century-Fox

A striking drama directed with skill by John ("The Hurricane") Ford, this tells of four brothers who set out to clear the name of their father, an English general in India. They uncover plenty of chicanery among the munitioners. Loretta Young is the heroine, and newcomer Richard Greene, David Niven, George Saunders, Bill Henry and Alan Hale contribute to your enjoyment. (July)



PICTURES REVIEWED IN SHADOW STAGE THIS ISSUE

	Page
AFFAIRS OF ANNABEL, THE—RKO-Radio	57
ARMY GIRL—Republic	97
BOY MEETS GIRL—Warners	57
CHASER, THE—M-G-M	97
CROWD ROARS, THE—M-G-M	97
DESPERATE ADVENTURE, A—Republic	97
DRUMS—Korda-United Artists	56
FOUR DAUGHTERS—Warners	57
FOUR'S A CROWD—Warners	57
GARDEN OF THE MOON—Warners	56
GATEWAY—20th Century-Fox	97
GIVE ME A SAILOR—Paramount	97
I'LL GIVE A MILLION—20th Century-Fox	97
I'M FROM THE CITY—RKO-Radio	97
LETTER OF INTRODUCTION—Universal	57
LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY—M-G-M	97
MARIE ANTOINETTE—M-G-M	56
MEET THE GIRLS—20th Century-Fox	97
MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS—RKO-Radio	97
MR. CHUMP—Warners	97
MR. MOTO'S LAST WARNING—20th Century-Fox	97
SING YOU SINNERS—Paramount	56
SKY GIANT—RKO-Radio	97
SMASHING THE RACKETS—RKO-Radio	97
TEXANS, THE—Paramount	56

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

GO CHASE YOURSELF—RKO-Radio

It's Joe Penner again—sans duck, getting himself into tremendous trouble by winning a trailer and being mistaken for a bank robber. Lucille Ball, as Joe's wife, does nicely. (July)

GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS—Warners

The latest of the "Gold Digger" musicals deserves your attention by having Rudy Vallee and the Snickelfritz Band in it. The slim story is built around a Frenchman's mistake in thinking the Club Bali swingers are the American Ballet Group, but it all works out in gay Paree. Rosemary Lane makes eyes at Rudy. (Aug.)

★ HAVING WONDERFUL TIME—RKO-Radio

Revised considerably from the play of the same name, this remains a highly amusing human story. Dramatizing the desire of the business gal for summer romance, it takes Ginger Rogers from the Bronx to a mountain camp where she meets Doug Fairbanks, Jr., a lawyer-to-be waiting on tables for his tuition. Cupid takes a hand then. (Sept.)

★ HOLD THAT KISS—M-G-M

Maureen O'Sullivan, dress model, and Dennis O'Keefe, clerk in a travel agency, meet at a swank wedding. Both pretend to be something they're not until one awful day—but go see this charming picture for yourself. Mickey Rooney, as Maureen's brother, swipes every scene he's in. (Aug.)

★ HOLIDAY—Columbia

Cary Grant and Katie Hepburn top their best efforts in this remake of Philip Barry's play. Cary is the idealistic businessman in love with Doris Nolan, daughter of millions; Katie is the rebellious older sister who helps him to escape too much money. (Imagine!) Lew Ayres is miraculous as the drunken young brother. (Aug.)

HUNTED MEN—Paramount

The story of a killer racketeer (Lloyd Nolan) who finds regeneration and a new life through the influence of a kindly family consisting of Lynne Overman (father), Dorothy Peterson (mother), Mary Carlisle (daughter), and Delmar Watson (son). Pleasant and entertaining. (Aug.)

★ JOSETTE—20th Century-Fox

Don Ameche and Robert Young attempt to free their papa from the clutches of a gold-digging night-club singer whom they think is Simone Simon. When Simone turns out to be all sweetness and light, both boys fall flat on their faces. Nutty but very nice. (July)

KEEP SMILING—20th Century-Fox

Jane Withers escapes from her snobbish girls' school, hitchhikes West, discovers her favorite uncle, a Hollywood director, has taken to the bottle. With the help of secretary Gloria Stuart, Jane reforms uncle, crashes the movies. Children can safely take their parents. (Sept.)

★ KENTUCKY MOONSHINE—20th Century-Fox

Those crack-pot Ritz Brothers riding the crest of their newest laugh wave pretending to be shootin', feudin' hill-billies, to win a radio contract. Tony Martin is in fine voice and Marjorie Weaver looks her prettiest. Three thumping cheers. (July)

★ KIDNAPPED—20th Century-Fox

Robert Louis Stevenson's classic story with Freddie Bartholomew matchlessly playing the Scotch laddie whose kidnapping is the climax of a political feud between Warner Baxter and C. Aubrey Smith. Arleen Whelan justifies her stardom ballyhoo by turning out to be accomplished as well as beautiful. Honorable mention. (July)

LADIES IN DISTRESS—Republic

Imagine Alison Skipworth as Mayor in a racketeer-ridden city. Imagine Polly Moran as her sister-secretary. Then imagine what happens to the gangsters! Robert Livingston and Virginia Grey carry the romance in this roundelay of fun. (Sept.)

LADY IN THE MORGUE, THE—Universal

Despite the gruesome title, this is a breezy small scale mystery with Preston Foster again proving himself a Sherlock Holmes by identifying the unknown murderer of an unknown woman. Patricia Ellis and Frank Jenks are two capable performers. (Aug.)

LITTLE MISS BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox

Little Miss Temple skips happily between an orphanage run by Jane Darwell, and a boardinghouse for broken-down vaudevillians run by Edward Ellis, and keeps your interest in her delightful talents sparkling throughout her latest picture. George Murphy's dance routines are expert; Phyllis Brooks is the light love interest. Another bull's-eye for Shirley. (Sept.)

LITTLE MISS THOROUGHbred—Warners

A laugh, a tear, a bit of suspense are the ingredients of this trim story of race-track lore. Little Janet Chapman (Warners' wonder child) adopts gamblers John Litel and Frank McHugh, later brings them love and lucre. Ann Sheridan is the femininity. (July)

★ LITTLE TOUGH GUY—Universal

There's no indication that the "Dead End" brats have gone "rah-fueened" in Hollywood. Back at their tough tricks, they focus all your attention on them in this heart-rending story of a middle-class family's impoverishment and subsequent decline to crime. Reform school again points a moral, but even if you know the story you must see these amazing youngsters do their stuff. (Sept.)

(Continued on page 8)

The wily-eyed gentleman above is the governor in 20th Century-Fox's "Hold That Co-Ed," best known to his voters as John Barrymore

PHOTOPLAY

PAT O'BRIEN

Pat in a grand new part...a night-world king who rules with a glad hand!



JOHN PAYNE

A dashing new personality fights and loves his way to Hollywood's heart!

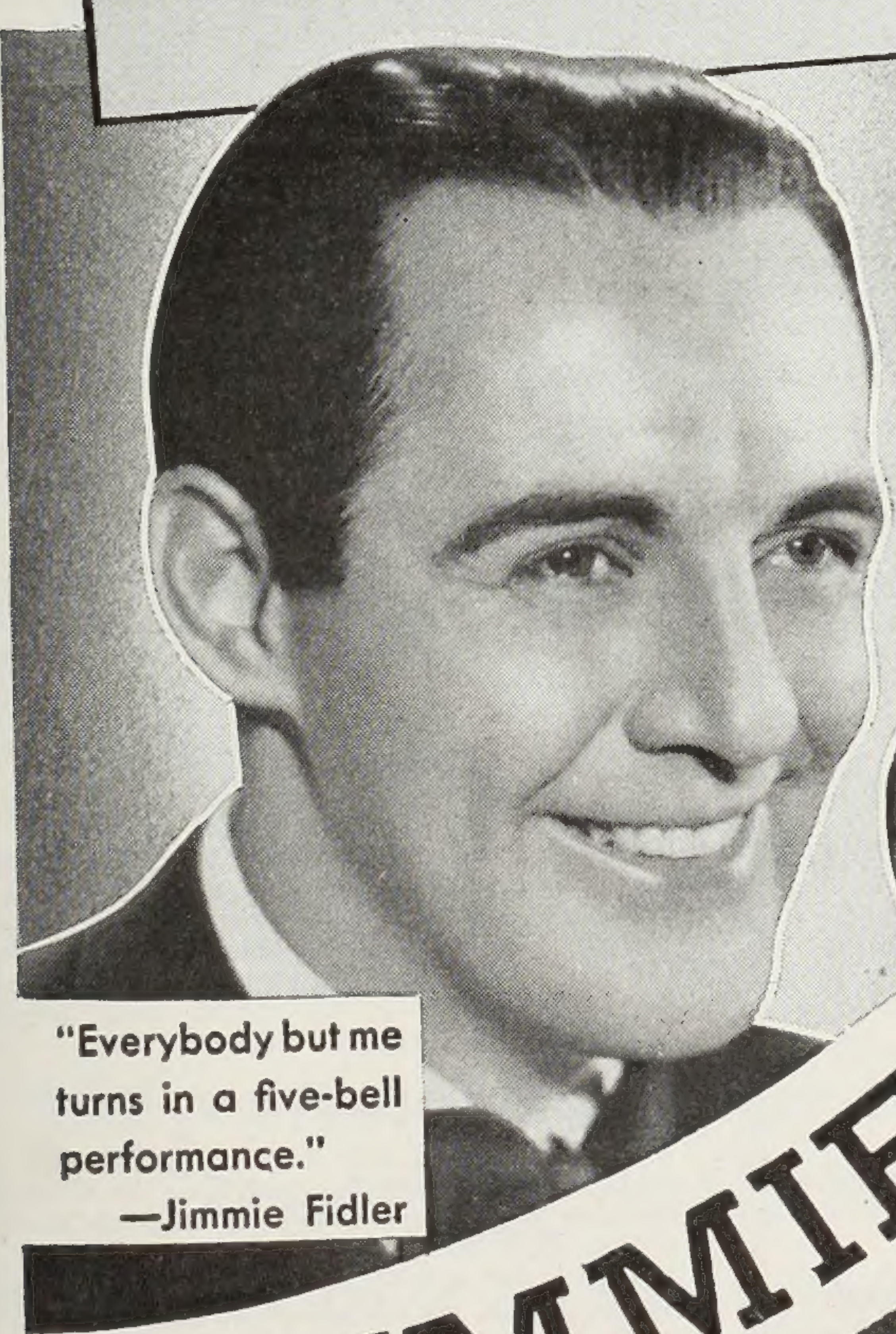


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JOE VENUTI AND HIS SWING CATS • JOHNNIE DAVIS • JERRY COLONNA



"Everybody but me turns in a five-bell performance."
 —Jimmie Fidler

JIMMIE FIDLER



The greatest Lindsay you've ever seen... in a role that's the soul of romance!

MARGARET LINDSAY

DIRECTED BY BUSBY BERKELEY • Screen Play by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay
 From the Saturday Evening Post Story by H. Bedford-Jones and Barton Browne • Music and Lyrics by Harry Warren, Al Dubin and Johnny Mercer • A First National Picture.

Hear these great new song hits: "GARDEN OF THE MOON," "LOVE IS WHERE YOU FIND IT," "CONFIDENTIALLY," "THE LADY ON THE TWO-CENT STAMP," "GIRL FRIEND OF THE WHIRLING DERVISH."

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

★ LORD JEFF—M-G-M

An appealing story of young regeneration and the growth of friendship between two lads in a British marine training school, with Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney battling each other for acting honors the whole way. Take the family. (Aug.)

MERIDIAN 7-1212—20th Century-Fox

The title is taken from the New York telephone exchange which gives the correct time. It all fits in with a newsman's idea of who committed what murder when. Michael Whalen is nicely competent as the journalist; Gloria Stuart plays hob with his heart. (Sept.)

MY BILL—Warners

The big idea in this business of motherhood and sacrifice is that Kay Francis (of all people) is the doting mama of four kidlets ranging from adolescent, bratty Bonita Granville to little Dickie Moore. Dickie is O.K., saves the family fortune and the picture, too. (Sept.)

MYSTERIOUS MR. MOTO—20th Century-Fox

Beginning with an escape from Devil's Island and concluding with an attempted assassination of steel king Henry Wilcoxon, this mystery is handled by suave Peter Lorre, Oriental detective, in top style. Mary Maguire is the love angle. If you like *Moto* films. (Aug.)

NURSE FROM BROOKLYN—Universal

A meekly diverting variation of the old theme of virtue triumphant. Bad boy Larry Blake and good boy (New York policeman) Paul Kelly vie for the hand of pretty nurse Sally Eilers. Kelly convinces Sally that Larry is a murderer and the fade-out is what you expected all the time. (July)

ONE WILD NIGHT—20th Century-Fox

This will bore you with its Grade B-ish antics. June Lang is the society reporter who solves the mystery of the disappearance of the town's leading citizens. Dick Baldwin, son of the police chief, helps in the fracas. J. Edward Bromberg is villainish. (Aug.)

OVER THE WALL—Warners

Based on a story by Warden Lawes of Sing Sing, this is solid entertainment if you like social themes with your after-dinner coffee. Dick Foran is the bully who lands in the hoosegow; John Littel the patient chaplain; June Travis, Veda Ann Borg and Dick Purcell help in supporting roles. (July)

PASSPORT HUSBAND—20th Century-Fox

If you enjoy suspense well seasoned with slapstick, here you have it. Stuart Irwin plans his usual dopey-dope rôle as the husband of a Latin dancer, Joan Woodbury, who marries him to escape deportation. Gangsters step in to complicate the sit-yee-ashun. (Sept.)

PROFESSOR BEWARE—Harold Lloyd-Paramount

After all this time, Harold Lloyd brings forth another of his comedies, and, amazingly enough, its gags seem a little bewhiskered with age. He plays a professor of Egyptology, decides he's the reincarnation of *Nefaris*, gets mixed up with the police, has a light romance with pretty newcomer Phyllis Welch. You'll see it because it is Lloyd's. (Sept.)

★ PORT OF SEVEN SEAS—M-G-M

An appealing and honest picture beautifully directed by James Whale (of "The Road Back"). Maureen O'Sullivan, daughter of a French grocer, has a child by John Beal without benefit of clergy. When he attempts to break up her happiness with Frank Morgan, Beal's father, Wallace Beery, takes charge of the situation. Morgan and Beery have never been better. (June)

PRISON NURSE—Republic

Another Big House story dealing with a convict doctor (Henry Wilcoxon) who wins a pardon for stemming an epidemic, only to become involved in a prison break and get popped back in the hoosegow. Marian Marsh and John Arledge are around. Pointless. (Aug.)

PRIVATE LIFE OF MUSSOLINI, THE—Hullinger Prod.

A highly interesting pictorial summary of the life of Mussolini. Whether you are for or against Fascism, you will like Edwin Ware Hullinger's unusual shots of the dictator at home with his family, at work and at play. Good current history. (Aug.)

★ RAGE OF PARIS, THE—Universal

To introduce Danielle Darrieux, their new French star, Universal has chosen a gay modern comedy of mistaken identity. Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Louis Hayward are the protagonists for Danielle's favor, and Helen Broderick the friend in need who sets out to get her protégé a rich husband. Mlle. Darrieux' charm surpasses the ballyhoo. See for yourself. (Aug.)

RASCALS—20th Century-Fox

This is Jane Withers' picnic, and Jane comes through dancing, singing and clowning with flying colors. The plot has to do with Rochelle Hudson's amnesia and her kidnapping by gypsies. Robert Wilcox is her beau. Borrah Minnevitich furnishes the music with his harmonica band. (July)

ROMANCE OF THE LIMBERLOST—Monogram

Sincerity and simplicity give charm to this Gene Stratton-Porter story of poor white trash of 1905. Jean Parker is lovely as the swamp girl whose aunt forces her into a brutal marriage. Eric Linden, Marjorie Main and Betty Blythe, the silent queen, do nicely. (Sept.)

ROMANCE ON THE RUN—Republic

Here's another of those \$100,000 diamond necklaces that float around in the movies. It's stolen, believe it or not, and Donald Woods keeps trying to get it back. Pat Ellis manages to get Donald's mind off his work. Turn your head the other way. (July)

★ SAINT IN NEW YORK, THE—RKO-Radio

The hero of Leslie Charteris' popular mystery thriller comes to life in the person of Louis Hayward, and a fine job he does too—wiping out a major crime wave with the help of Kay Sutton. Calculated to set your spine tingling. (July)

★ SHOPWORN ANGEL, THE—M-G-M

For the second time this year Margaret Sullavan and soldiers make a marvelous combination. Jimmy Stewart is the gangling, idealistic cowboy whom Maggie, a hard-shelled chorine, marries when he's sent overseas because she wishes his dream of her to remain unbroken. Walter Pidgeon is her jealous manager. Fine drama definitely worth seeing. (Sept.)

SINNERS IN PARADISE—Universal

Now John Boles is a fugitive living on a tropical isle. A plane full of passengers descends on him—Bruce Cabot, Madge Evans and others, and there is a Grand Hotel type of sequence cluttered with racketeers. Dopey and dull. (July)

★ SOUTH RIDING—Korda-United Artists

England expected every man to do his (acting) duty and they certainly did! The story concerns the members of a county council and the reaction of their personal loves on their public acts during a political battle. Ralph Richardson, John Clements, Edna Best (Herbert Marshall's wife) are all excellent. Don't miss this. (Sept.)

SPEED TO BURN—20th Century-Fox

Rowdy fun with the race tracks and the gents who pick the ponies. Marvin Stephens plays the jockey whose pet is sold to the mounted police; Lynn Bari struggles along as the innocent foil of a bunch of crooks. Surprise, surprise, the horsey wins! (Sept.)

SWISS MISS—Hal Roach-M-G-M

Laurel and Hardy return to the screen in a picture very reminiscent of ye old Mack Sennett days. The boys are mousetrap salesmen who journey to Switzerland, meet Della Lind who is in love with

composer Walter Woolf King. The singing pleasant but doesn't save you from the doldrums. (Aug.)

★ TEST PILOT—M-G-M

Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy and Lionel Barrymore (try and top that combination in the most thrilling picture of the month. Gable a pilot addicted to stunts and the bottle; Myrna his wife; Spencer, his sacrificial pal. The shrieking whine of the motors will hum in your ears for a long time, but don't even consider missing this. (June)

★ THERE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN—Columbia

Built along the streamlines of "The Thin Man," this is a delightfully digestible dish. Melvyn Douglas, a private detective, and his frau, Joa Blondell, are both hired by opposite sides in a murder case. There are two fine assassinations and a lot of naughty but screamingly funny scenes in married life. Good work! (June)

★ THREE BLIND MICE—20th Century-Fox

Loretta Young, Joel McCrea, David Niven, Stuart Erwin and Marjorie Weaver in the prize package of all the recent stories of modern maidens efforts to bag a rich husband. Maybe you don't admire the type, but you'll find the way they reconcile wealth and love highly amusing. (Aug.)

★ THREE COMRADES—M-G-M

Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone, Robert Young and Maggie Sullavan have plenty of dramatics and tragedy to contend with here, but it doesn't faze any of them. With unusual social implications, the picture tells of three youngsters banded together in business and friendship in a wasted country after the War. Orchids to this one. (June)

★ TOY WIFE, THE—M-G-M

Another picture in the "Gone With the Wind" trend, having Academy Winner Luise Rainer playing beautifully one of those frivolous pre-Civil War maidens who brings out the dueling instinct among Southern swains. Melvyn Douglas is her husband. Bob Young, her lover, Barbara O'Neil her sister. Well done, as M-G-M's things usually are. (July)

★ TROPIC HOLIDAY—Paramount

Musical Mexico—with not a gun-toting revolutionary in sight. Ray Milland is the screwy Hollywood writer looking for a screen romance; love comes in real life through Dorothy Lamour. Tito Guizar's songs, the Ensenada Singers, the comedy of Bob Burns and Martha Raye—all are elegant. (Aug.)

UNDER WESTERN STARS—Republic

A smash-bang Western introducing a new cow boy star, Roy Rogers, who sings delightfully. As the son of a Congressman, he goes to Washington, wangles a Federal Water project for ranches in the Dust Bowl. Barrels of fun. (July)

★ VIVACIOUS LADY—RKO-Radio

Splendidly written, well directed, romantic and humorous without being sentimental or slapstick this is a picture worth seeing twice! Ginger Rogers lovelier than ever, is a Broadway singer who marries a small-town botany professor (Jimmie Stewart) from an ultra Puritanical family. The cast is perfection and so is the picture! (July)

WHEN WERE YOU BORN?—Warners

Anna May Wong manages to solve the murder of James Stephenson by analysing the horoscopes of the suspects. At this point the action in the picture lies down and dies—but if you want to check on your own astrological character (who doesn't?) you might like this novelty. (Aug.)

★ WHITE BANNERS—Warners

Lloyd Douglas' story of renunciation, stuffed with preachment, but the fine acting of Fay Bainter and Jackie Cooper will enthrall you. Fay is the good Samaritan who takes over a professor's run-down household, brings Jackie through the pangs of lazy adolescence, eggs Claude Rains on to bigger and better inventions. Worthwhile. (Aug.)

WIVES UNDER SUSPICION—Universal

Gail Patrick is the wife under fire; Warren William her obstinate district attorney husband who discovers in his own home an exact parallel of a situation which drove Ralph Morgan to murder. The cast is fine, the material stodgy. (Sept.)

★ WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN—M-G-M

Herbert Marshall, Virginia Bruce and Mary Astor form a sophisticated and charming trio in this modern tale of divorce and remarriage. Its setting is a small town, always good opportunity for homely comedy and recognizable happenings. Juanita Quigley is the child torn between devotion to both parents. (Sept.)

★ YELLOW JACK—M-G-M

A really important picture, intelligently directed and beautifully acted, describing the work done by doctors to fight yellow fever in post-Spanish-War Cuba. Bob Montgomery is the soldier who risks his life for scientific research. Virginia Bruce, Lewis Stone, Alan Curtis and others are admirable support. (Aug.)

YOU AND ME—Paramount

You have seen both Sylvia Sydney and George Raft hounded by the law too many times to find any freshness in this story of two paroled convicts who marry each other. George backslides to his old gang, is brought up short by the little woman. Peerless photography, but little else. (Aug.)

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

GIVE yourself ten points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as Photoplay. Check up on page 96.

1. She's been off the screen for several years, but she's making her comeback in "There Goes My Heart" with Fredric March:

Nancy Carroll Gloria Swanson
Peggy Shannon Colleen Moore

2. Movies generally aren't filmed in their regular sequence. Scenes taking place on a certain set are usually shot first, regardless of their position in the picture. The only movie that was ever filmed in regular sequence was:

Lights of New York Street Scene
Dead End Tropic Holiday

3. This actress will make her debut as a singer in "Ziegfeld Girl":

Isa Miranda Ilona Massey
Claire Trevor Joan Crawford

4. Because she acted as publicity head at Selznick's for a week, this star was named honorary mayor of Culver City:

Ginger Rogers Mary Astor
Carole Lombard Dorothy Lamour

5. He's a fine director now, but he used to be rated as one of the best light comedians on the stage and screen:

W. S. Van Dyke Frank Capra
Gregory La Cava Elliott Nugent



—or is redheaded Nancy Carroll the answer to that debatable first question?



Is Gloria Swanson, young and lovely as ever, the answer to question No. 1?

6. This actress has been borrowed from Columbia by Hal Roach to do "Water Gypsies":

Margo Margaret Sullavan
Jean Arthur Olivia de Havilland

7. Dual rôles are difficult to play and to photograph, but they've been done on the screen for a long time. The first actor to talk to himself was:

Jack Mulhall Ronald Colman
Clive Brook John Barrymore

8. This actor sailed for England recently to play on the London stage in "Idiot's Delight" and was married to a non-professional before he left:

Ralph Forbes Leif Erikson
Lee Tracy Humphrey Bogart

9. Do you remember when Rudolph Valentino made "Monsieur Beaucaire"? Well, it's going to be remade and this actor will play the rôle Valentino made famous:

Robert Taylor Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Dick Powell Tyrone Power

10. She's been in pictures for years, but she announced that she'd retire from the screen when her present contract is up:

Glenda Farrell Kay Francis
Madge Evans Alice Brady

**TOGETHER
AGAIN!**

FRED ASTAIRE GINGER ROGERS

in
"CAREFREE"

Lyrics and music by

IRVING BERLIN



**Come on, Ginger! Hurry, Fred!
Slap that floor and paint it red!
Sing it, swing it, make gloom scam—
Heat your feet and do THE YAM!**



**re they come! . . . Dancing to your heart's con-
t! . . . Dashing, bubbling, floating on a cloud of
thm through a romance that will make you sigh
much as you laugh, and thrill as much as you
your toes! WELCOME, FRED AND GINGER,
YOUR BIGGEST HIT OF ALL!**

with

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LUELLA GEAR

JACK CARSON

CLARENCE KOLB

FRANKLIN PANGBORN

A PANDRO S. BERMAN PRODUCTION

. . . Directed by Mark Sandrich

**Screen Play by Ernest Pagano
and Allan Scott Story
and Adaptation by Dudley
Nichols and Hagar Wilde**

PHOTOPLAY'S

own Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.



Arleen Whelan can smile smugly over a lily-white complexion problem, but she passes on some good advice

FADE-OUT—During the summer it's smart to be sunkist in Hollywood, whether you're an orange or a movie star. But comes the fall and such a scurrying about to undo in one night what it has taken three months of languishing about beaches to create! Autumn this year, more than ever, spells death to tans—and that goes for you and me, as well as for the Hollywood Pretties.

With all this in mind, I went trotting out to the studios last week in quest of advice. The predictions of fashion experts hummed in my mind.

"Romance, romance," they had said. "Soft, Eighteenth-Century gowns with thin waists and hoop skirts, and lovely white shoulders rising above the décolletage. Ringlets and flowers in the hair. And pale skin."

Twentieth Century-Fox seemed as good a place as any to start; it has such beautiful women under contract. I found Arleen Whelan, so newly out of a beauty shop herself, nibbling at her lunch in the café.

"Is that tan or grease paint?" I asked her.

"This is right out of a jar," she admitted.

*With "romance" as its theme song,
a lavender-and-old-lace pallor is
Hollywood's beauty decree for fall*

"Underneath it all I'm the nearest thing to a lily you ever saw. You have to be a chameleon in this business."

"Tell me how," I said. "Several million PHOTOPLAY readers and I are wondering how to turn lily-white overnight and go dainty and fragile all of a sudden. After all, we have to look romantic and it's entirely too difficult with a peeling nose."

Arleen smiled smugly. "Well, you see, during the summer I just put on a heavy tan powder base and some lipstick and I look as outdoorish as anyone else. That's because I freckle and burn so badly, though."

"A fine thing," I grumbled. "Well, sometimes you must have been out in the sun and gotten burned. What did you do then?"

"It has happened," she said sagely, "but, when it does, I lay my hot hands on a pot of bleach cream that has camphor in it. That takes out all the redness and turns you shades lighter. Then, too, I smear myself with lots of rich creams and oils so I won't dry out. That treatment softens and lubricates my skin. I use a rich foundation cream, too, to cover up the freckles. Olive oil and lemon juice are swell to mix together. You just rub the mixture into your skin and go to bed, and the next morning you're lighter already. Keep it up for about a week and you, too, can look pale and interesting."

"And," she said as she finished her salad, "don't forget to keep lightening your powder as your skin lightens, because the important thing is to have your powder always exactly match your skin."

FADE-IN—Armed with this encouraging advice, I moved on to the "Suez" set, to see what went on there. It was a desert scene, and everyone looked as though he were broiling to death. Everyone, that is, but Loretta Young, who was calm and beautiful and fragile under a beach umbrella on the side of the set. I tottered over



Beautiful and fragile, Loretta Young has a head start on the romantic angle and she tells why

beside her and gazed admiringly at her romantic gown and pale skin. I knew she hadn't been in any of the desert scenes and hadn't tanned at all, so she had a head start on the rest of us for fall, but just the same. . . .

"How do you do it?" I asked despairingly. "You look too divine. So nice and delicate. It's not only your fair skin—isn't your make-up different, too?"

"Well," said Loretta, lighting a cigarette, "I went over to see Mel Burns. You know him? He's the make-up expert around here, and I tell you he's wonderful. So I got a lot of tips from him, and, believe me, I do just what he says."

"You tell me," I said, "and so will I. And not only me, but all the other girls who want to know what to do to look fragile and romantic. As a matter of fact, you'll be doing a great public service."

"Okay. Here goes. See how delicate I look? Well, Mel says that to complement the new romantic type of gowns, like the one I have on, your rouge and lipstick must be softer and more subdued in shade. None of that bright, harsh lip rouge—it has to be faint and rosy in color."

She took a puff of her cigarette and gave me some more tips, and here they are. It's a great help if you know the lighting facilities of the place where you're going, because that has a great deal to do with your make-up, almost as much as the type of gown you're wearing. Your make-up for evening should be as delicate as the lighting effects, which today are usually very soft and subdued.

You'll get that nice cameo look, too, by being sparing with your make-up and by using lighter shades. Try applying your rouge with a powder puff, so it will blend easier and go on more smoothly.

IGAZED with my eagle eye at Loretta and discovered that her eye shadow was smoothed very carefully and softly into the lids, with the heaviest amount directly above her lashes—and that wasn't any too heavy, either.

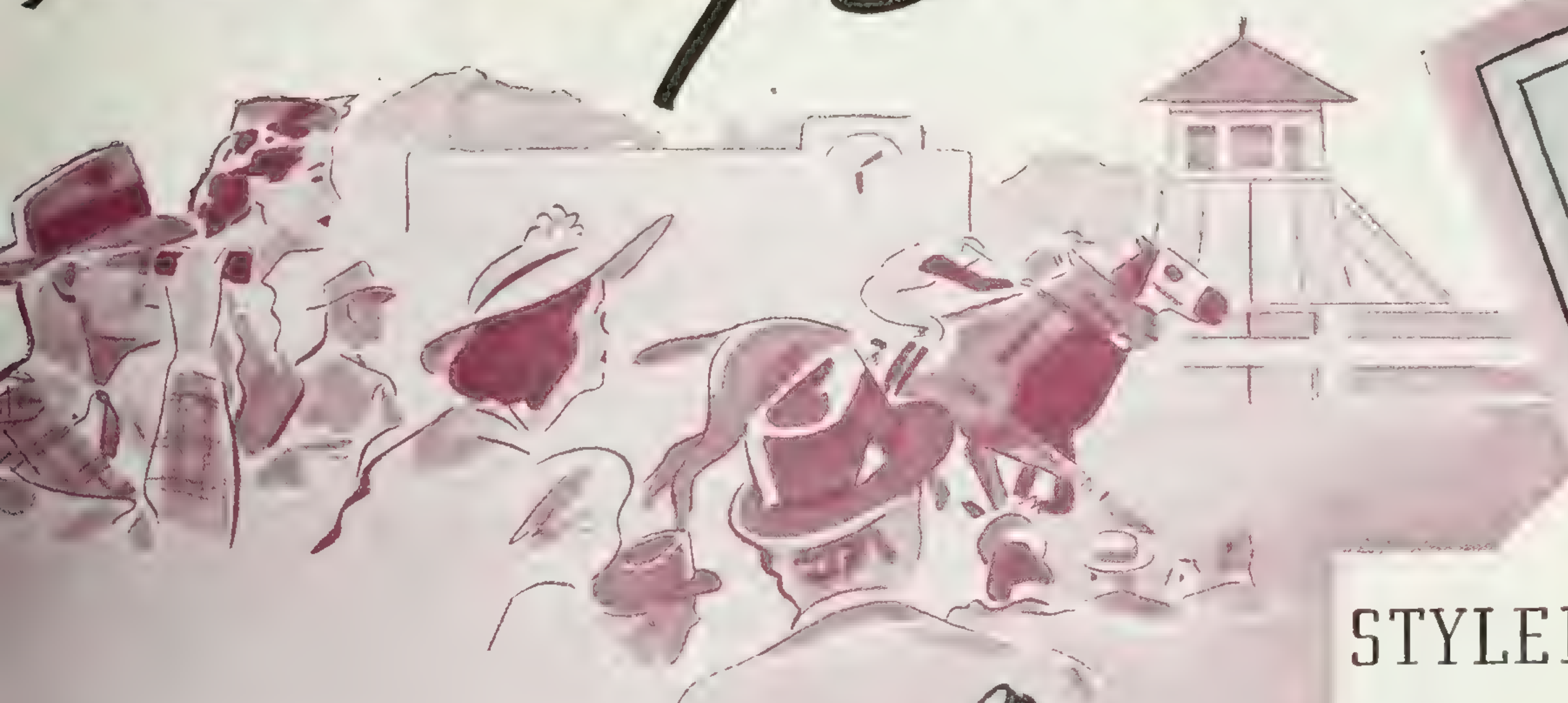
"Blue-grey is a nice soft shade that gives you just enough shadow without being too glaring or obvious," said Loretta. "And my eyebrows are natural, too," she said firmly. "Mel says that penciled lines are definitely out. They look

(Continued on page 89)

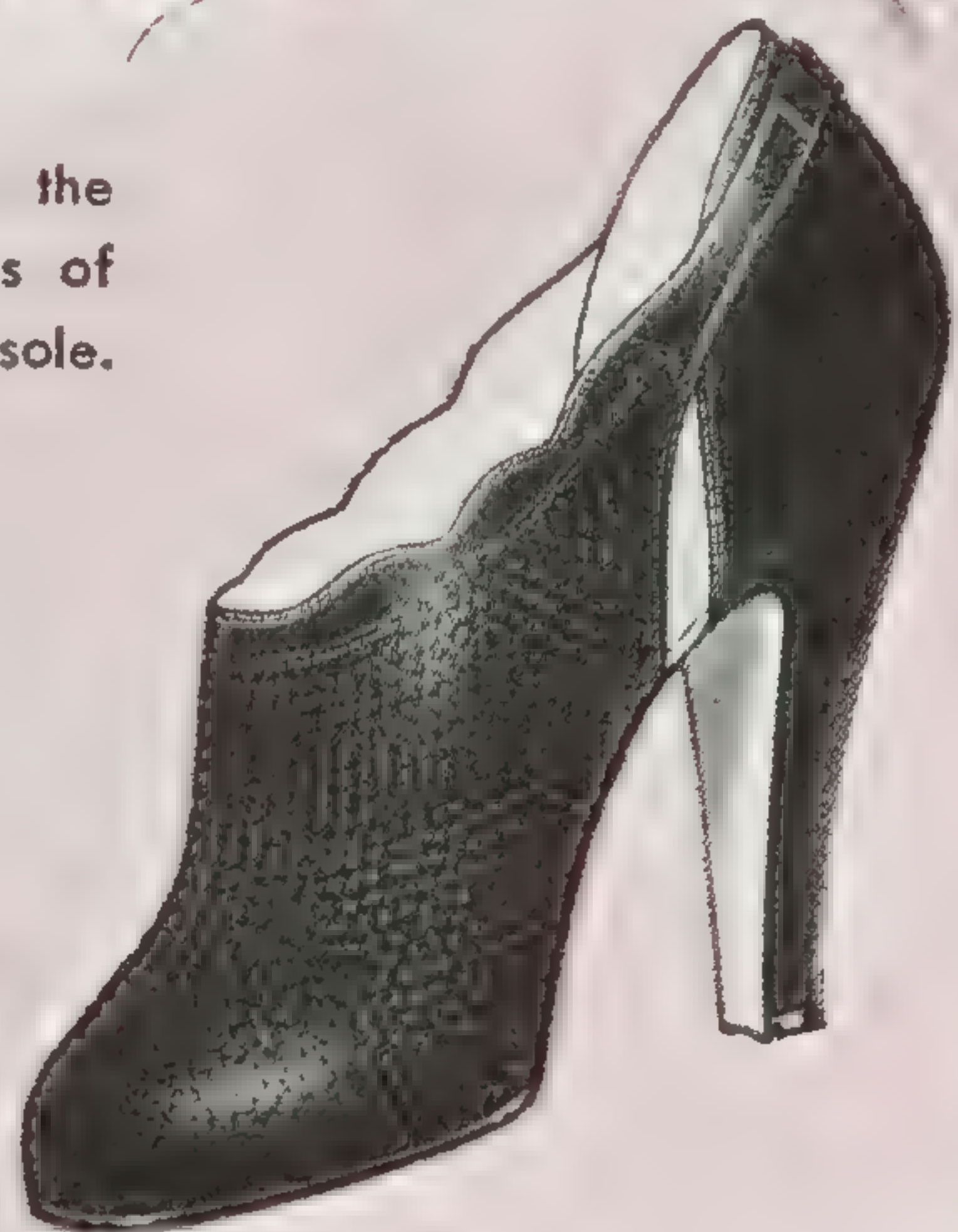
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Maid Marianne...from the rollicking adventurous days of Robin Hood...new platform sole.



Zephyr...light...airy... beautifully perforated stepin.

Stroller...exquisite Alligator* side strap for daytime wear. *Soft, smooth, calfskin.



Sunset...walled stepin lightly perforated and laced.

Everglades...smart Alligator oxford cleverly styled of soft, smooth, luxurious calfskin.



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For the name of your Jolene dealer write direct to Jolene's Studio K, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.



ELEANORE WHITNEY

Glamorous Paramount Star says, "You've won fashion's approval Jolene, by styling your shoes in Hollywood."

See ELEANORE WHITNEY
in the new
PARAMOUNT PICTURE
"CAMPUS CONFESSIONS"

JOLÉNE FASHION SHOES

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BUSMAN'S

HOLIDAY

BY ERNEST V. HEYN

SCRATCH a European and you'll find a movie fan.

While European leaders rub political theories together like boy scouts their sticks of wood, threatening to turn Europe into an unquenchable holocaust, there's one thing everybody has in common—the cinema.

Herr Hitler may say "No" to "Blockade" for political reasons, as he did to "Lost Horizon" for "artistic reasons" or to Eddie Cantor for personal reasons. The Lord Chamberlain may ban "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" because it will frighten little children out of their British accents. La Belle France may turn out a highly praised film, "Pepe le Moko," unintelligible to the rest of the world, until it is transcribed into international film language by Hollywood under the title "Algiers." Signor Mussolini may view with jaundiced eye the entertainments of a community which gave the hot-foot to his son Vittorio. In fact, you may find the most curious inhibitions and nationalistic restrictions all over cinematic Europe, but can you find me a European who isn't in some measure as movie-mad as you and I?

You might be surprised to see in Amsterdam, as I did on my recent trip, a huge painted portrait of Olivia de Havilland in front of a theater quaintly called "The Roxy." You would be surprised not only because the portrait is such a bad likeness of lovely Livvie (that being the way of Dutch posters) but also because the title on the marquee will throw you for a loss. Perhaps your Dutch is better than mine, but I dare you to find me a less intelligible and more poisonous movie title than this one: "Een Liefdesgeschiedenis in de Comedie Francaise."

We simple-minded Americans called the picture "The Great Garrick!"

(My Dutch informant told me that the literal translation of the formidable title is "A Love Affair in the Comedie Francaise," which doesn't sound nearly so frightening once you get the hang of it.)

Or, if you wandered on the Champs Élysées one superbly hot summer's day and then, to avoid the jostling crowd and the hectic screech of Parisian taxicab horns, entered the cinema beyond Le Rond Point, you would find "Snow White" quite as enchanting if less intelligible with her French lingo and the Dwarfs, even Dopey, quite as amusing in their Gallic incarnations.

NO matter how you look at it, everybody goes to the movies, and mostly to American movies! And everybody tries to emulate them.

In London, for instance, the most important productions in work seemed to me to be those which represented a well-mannered and friendly collaboration between American and British talents. At Denham, where I was taken one bright Monday late in June, I found three companies in action, all of them under different sponsorship but all of them virtually under the same roof. There is a spirit of co-operation at the Denham studio which is quite astounding, considering that all three companies are rivals. Underneath the pleasant camaraderie (for instance, everyone meets at noon in the same commissary and a visitor such as myself is gracefully shifted from one rival set to another) someone might find the sort of bad feeling that



A scene from A. J. Cronin's "The Citadel," starring Robert Donat

The Executive Editor of PHOTO-PLAY takes a vacation looking over movies in Europe

so frequently exists between studios in Hollywood—but if it was there I missed it.

I spent part of the day with a very charming gentleman named Geoffrey Carter, who is in charge of publicity for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company, at the moment filming "The Citadel." Later in the day when he found out that I wanted to meet the "Prison Without Bars" company he gracefully arranged a meeting with John Myers, who is in charge of publicity for London Films.

This atmosphere of friendliness is only one reason that Denham is an experience. As King Vidor, the director of "The Citadel," put it: "Everything was so different in London when my wife and I first arrived here—until we walked out on this set. Here, except for a few British colloquialisms, it's a dead ringer for a Hollywood set. They don't use the word grip for the electrician—but aside from that I can't see any difference!"

I WATCHED a scene in which Robert Donat is portraying one of the more dissolute moments in the life of *Doctor Andrew Manson*. Unless my observation, heightened by my extreme interest in the important production, was faulty, this studio operates on a par with the finest studio in Hollywood. Lest you think this is the influence entirely of the great production methods of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, I can tell you that the other companies under the same roof proceeded with equal efficiency, softened by that magnificent aura of *delay* which is so quintessentially a part of a Hollywood set.

London Films is remaking a great French success called "Prison Sans Barreaux," which stars Corinne Luchaire and which is to be



Corinne Luchaire (above right), playing in "Prison Without Bars," is spoken of as one of the "finds" of the year. Even H. G. Wells (above) proved himself a movie fan and makes a startling statement

presented to the English-speaking public with the same star under the title "Prison Without Bars."

Miss Luchaire, whom I met briefly, is so attractive a blonde that she does not need to be beautiful. She seems not at all movie-wise, but is spoken of as one of the "finds" of the year. In her company is Edna Best, wife of Herbert Marshall, who seems to me to be the most gallant and engaging Englishwoman I have met.

Herbert Wilcox is producing a sequel to "Queen Victoria," titled "Sixty Glorious Years." Again Anne Nagel will play Victoria and Anton Walbrook will play Albert, but I question the wisdom of this sort of historical sequel, from a box-office standpoint.

When I had lunch with Robert Donat and Geoffrey Carter in the commissary, a jovial Charles Laughton sat at the table beside me; near by was Ruth Chatterton, who was making "A Royal Divorce"; Pierre Blanchard, who did such

(Continued on page 83)



66

Born for Romance—

99

Lovely Loretta Young tells other girls a secret that wins..



"DAINTINESS IS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT ELEMENTS OF CHARM," says gorgeous Loretta Young. "Luckily, it isn't a matter of dollars, but of Lux!"

Even before screen success came, this charming star had dozens of beaux who thought her handed-down clothes, fastidiously fresh, looked like a million dollars. She still looks out for her wardrobe personally—insists on Lux for its care. "Thanks to Lux, my personal things look so wonderful I can't bear to throw them away," she says.

Luxing dresses, undies, stockings keeps them immaculately fresh—colors lovely looking longer. Anything safe in water alone is safe in Lux. Lux removes perspiration odor, yet it has no harmful alkali—eliminates injurious cake-soap rubbing.



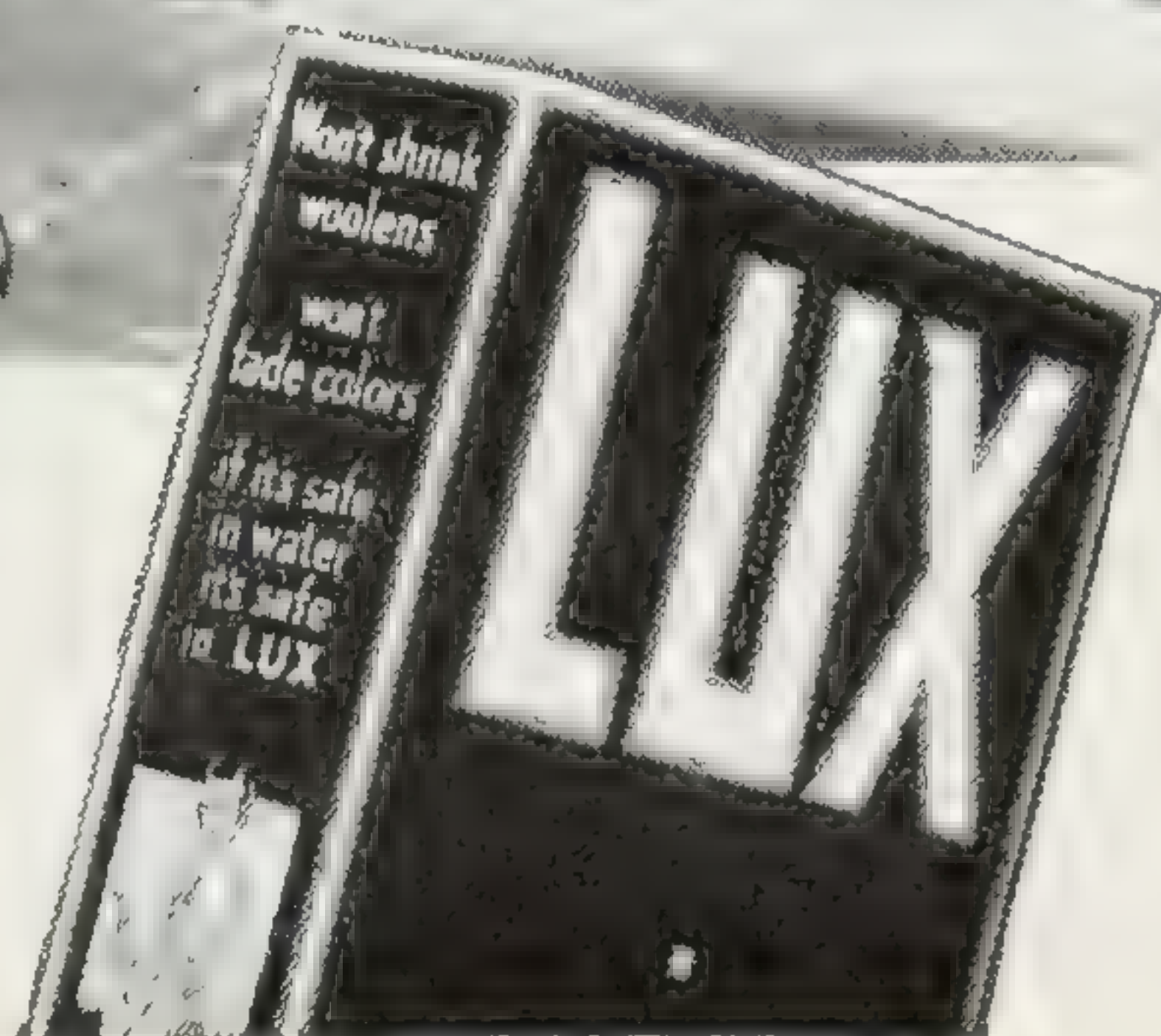
• LORETTA YOUNG poses in a charming negligee (below). Her evening dress (right) is white jersey. Her washable screen costumes, like her own personal things, are cared for with Lux.



• 20TH CENTURY-FOX stars Loretta in a new screen romance, "Suez."

• LEADING HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS specify Lux for all washables. "It keeps them in perfect condition for the camera," says Arthur Levy, wardrobe supervisor at 20th Century-Fox.

BEAUTIFUL STOCKINGS are a matter of course to Loretta. "It's easy *not* to get constant runs," she says. "I just trust to Lux instead of luck." Lux gives elasticity—cuts down runs.



for daintiness

A MODERN GIRL HAVING A MODERN GOOD TIME..
SWANK CLOTHES, SWELL DATES, SWEET ROMANCE..
THAT'S SONJA NOW, SO DAIN'TY, SO DESIRABLE, SO INCREDIBLE

All dressed up, and plenty of places to go, as the queen of a co-ed campus! Laughs sail through the air like ski-jumpers! Love calls in the good young American way — forever and ever! And the sumptuous ice climax will bring you to your feet with shouts of wonder and delight!



SONJA HENIE
and
RICHARD GREENE

in

MY LUCKY STAR

with

JOAN DAVIS
CESAR ROMERO
BUDDY EBSSEN
Arthur Treacher • Billy Gilbert
George Barbier • Louise Hovick
Patricia Wilder • Paul Hurst

Directed by Roy Del Ruth
Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen • From
an original story by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger
a 20th Century-Fox Picture

Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

Snow-deep in the rhythms
of Gordon & Revel!
"I've Got a Date with a Dream"
"Could You Pass In Love"
"The All American Swing"
"This May Be the Night"
"By a Wishing Well"

Every woman in
America will be
crazy about Sonja's
twenty-eight new
Fall costumes
styled by Royer!

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

LAUGHS of the Hollywood Month—or—Occasionally the Life of a Movie Producer Isn't All Beer and Bonuses: M-G-M, early last spring made "Yellow Jack," a very scholarly, distinguished (and pretty dull) production about the discovery of the yellow-fever germ . . . it was a fine, big "A" production . . . when it went out to the theaters, the theater managers couldn't just buy it outright and take whatever profits they could get . . . no, siree . . . "Yellow Jack" was a class production . . . a very a "A" . . . theaters could have it only on a percentage basis, paying back to M-G-M a cut on the fortunes it was expected to reap. . . .

But as a "B" to run along with "Yellow Jack"—a simple little "B" which the managers could buy outright—Metro issued "Love Finds Andy Hardy" . . . the managers looked at the two pictures . . . gave a whoop . . . and made "Andy Hardy" their leading picture, "Yellow Jack," the "and also" feature of the double bill. The result? . . . that's the laugh . . . M-G-M is getting almost nothing, the managers are getting the gravy, Mickey ("Andy") Rooney is getting the glory, and Robert Montgomery, the star of "Yellow Jack," and all the people who worked on that serious film must be getting a pain in the neck . . . and it all goes to prove all over again that we would rather be amused than instructed any day in our movie-going lives. . . .

And take, as laugh two, the strange case of Miss Hedy Lamarr. . . .

Almost in one carload there were imported to Hollywood the Misses Rose Stradner, Ilona Massey and Hedy Lamarr. Each of the ladies had beauty, distinction and talent and something of a career behind her in Europe . . . but, shortly after their arrival, the whispers began, as those things will in Hollywood, that the only truly talented one of the three was Miss Massey . . . she was being given the great big build up . . . her pictures, very blonde and as seductive as the Hays office would allow, were circulated to newspapers and magazines . . . she, herself, was put in the Eleanor Powell picture, "Rosalie," and was expected to knock us all giddy . . . only she didn't . . . and Miss Stradner was quietly buried in a small part in "The Last Gangster," which she did very nicely, though almost nobody noticed it, and even those who did didn't seem to care greatly . . . Miss Lamarr alone stood still, right there at the starting post, with nothing being done about her. . . .

YOU simply can't stand still in Hollywood without the rumor factories working overtime . . . the whispers said it was Lamarr's figure that wasn't right . . . they said it had been discovered, now that she was over here, that she couldn't act at all . . . they said and they said and they said some more. . . .

When a dream died another Hollywood marriage took the count. This month Miss Waterbury analyzes the reasons behind the Crawford-Tone separation and discusses the brilliant rise of Hedy Lamarr



Finally Metro, which had Miss Lamarr under contract, loaned her down the river to Walter Wanger for "Algiers" . . . Boyer was to be the star of the production and Sigrid Gurie had the chief feminine rôle, so it just looked like one of those things for an untried actress . . . whereupon, Miss Lamarr proceeded to burn up the production like a bonfire and make herself the most dazzling and provocative new face seen on the screen in the last year. . . .

Which recalls that lovely occasion almost five years ago when Paramount decided Claudette Colbert was pretty much washed up, and Metro decided the same thing about Clark Gable . . . so those two were loaned out to Columbia to make a little world-beater called "It Happened One Night". . . .

TRAGEDY of the Hollywood Month—or the First Law of the Movie Village: is to remember, no matter if your heart is broken, that you must give out the right statement to the morning papers:

To anyone in Hollywood, the only news in the Joan Crawford-Franchot Tone separation, when it finally did break into the headlines, was the fact that it had, at long last, happened. . . .

Everyone in the picture world who had known Joan and Franchot even remotely had been aware for months that their parting had to take place eventually . . . for the increasing diver-

gence in their personalities had been all too apparent for months . . . yet I do believe that those two, who started out with so much in common, might have worked out their life together to a happy conclusion, if they hadn't tried to be so average about everything. . . .

For great fame doesn't permit you to be average about anything, least of all about love. . . .

Joan and Franchot were idealists, both of them, and both of them most romantic . . . they aspired to being the most completely married couple . . . they wanted to be the most regular of husbands and wives . . . they were going to work together . . . and play together . . . and go on to the heights together . . . it was the loveliest of dreams. . . .

But Hollywood is brutal in its realism and you can't survive in the town unless you accept that realism . . . there was the brutal fact that Joan was the more important of the two when they met and that she was making a much greater income . . . and there was the even more brutal fact that, as the years passed, she kept on being the more important and making more and more money . . . which isn't at all the way it is with normal husbands and wives . . . trying to make a conventional, happy marriage out of such a setup was like trying to win a swimming meet on dry land. . . .

In the Hollywood marriages where the strange, twisted facts of a mad industry are accepted . . . like Irene Dunne's and Dr. Griffin's . . . like Jeanette MacDonald's and Gene Raymond's . . . like Claudette Colbert's and Dr. Pressman's . . . love does survive where the romantic dream that Joan and Franchot had died . . . and the morning after its passing there were those careful statements in the papers, those polite statements that were tactful enough not to mention the broken hearts that lay behind them . . . and meanwhile Joan barred the white gates of her Brentwood house and Franchot closed the set on which he was working . . . and you knew from their very dignity how deeply they were hurt. . . .

Speaking of operations, as nobody was, but as I have every intention of doing, having

(Continued on page 86)

PARAMOUNT DISCOVERS

THE GOL-DARNDDEST FAMILY

IN THE U.S.A.



"You may be my brother, but you're a louse for my money." Joe Beebe (Bing Crosby) gets a piece of David Beebe's (Fred MacMurray's) mind.



"Hold him, Mike, he's rearin'." Uncle Gus attempts to toss Mike Beebe (Donald O'Connor) at the barrier as the big race begins.

MAYBE you think your family takes the platinum ear-muffs for getting themselves into one continuous tub of hot water and parking there. You haven't met the Beebes, that amazing brood, whose family biography bounces blithely upon the screen in Paramount's newest contribution to the nation's mirthrate, "Sing You Sinners." When "Ma" Beebe (Elizabeth Patterson) says, "Bringing up a Beebe is just one big headache," "Ma" is really guilty of understatement. For, when it comes to sticking their necks out, to taking it on that portion of the human chassis known as the chin, the Beebes capture every prize, including the Scandinavian. And that goes for all of them, Joe (Bing Crosby), David (Fred MacMurray), and little Mike (Wesley Ruggles' new discovery, Donald O'Connor).

Take Joe, for instance. Joe claims only dumb

guys go in for hard work. So what does Joe do? Joe bets on the horses. As if that isn't bad enough, he buys one. And what a horse! Uncle Gus Beebe may have been an all right gee-gee, with a little horse sense before joining the Beebe family. Now he is just one more Beebe in "Ma's" bonnet, acting up and sowing his wild oats exactly like Joe. But if you think Joe and Uncle Gus pile the worries on "Ma's" shoulders, you haven't met David. David looks like the only sane, sober, serious one of the brothers Beebe. So what does he do? Well, he takes one look at those bangtail friends of Joe's, buckety-bucketing round the track, and he forgets all about Martha (Ellen Drew, Paramount's newest lovely-to-look-at), he forgets all about being the family meal ticket, and he goes just as haywire as Joe and Uncle Gus.

And what about Mike, baby of the Beebes?

The kid who looks like an angel when he's standing up with Joe and Dave singing in the church choir on a Sunday morning? What about him? Why he makes more trouble for "Ma" than all the rest put together. For it's Mike who gets himself into a canary-colored jockey jacket and climbs aboard Uncle Gus to ride the Beebe entry in the big race. Yes, and has "Ma" reaching for those smelling salts as he gets thrown at the barrier. Nope, when it comes to causing calamity, you can't beat the Beebes, the gol-darndest family in the whole blooming U.S.A. No siree, sir. And you can't beat Paramount and Paramount's Producer-Director Wesley Ruggles when it comes to whipping up the grandest screen comedy

of the year . . . which is, of course, the bounding biography of the brawling, betting, beloved Beebes . . . Paramount's "Sing You Sinners."

Paramount Postscript . . . If you're wondering why the Beebe biography is called "Sing You Sinners," just wait'll you hear the Beebe Boys sing the new Paramount hits: "Pocketful of Dreams," "Small Fry," "Laugh and Call It Love," and "Don't Let That Moon Get Away."



"You're not the only catfish in the sea." The Beebe Boys give out with their number, "Small Fry," as Ma Beebe tells 'em "Sing, You Sinners."

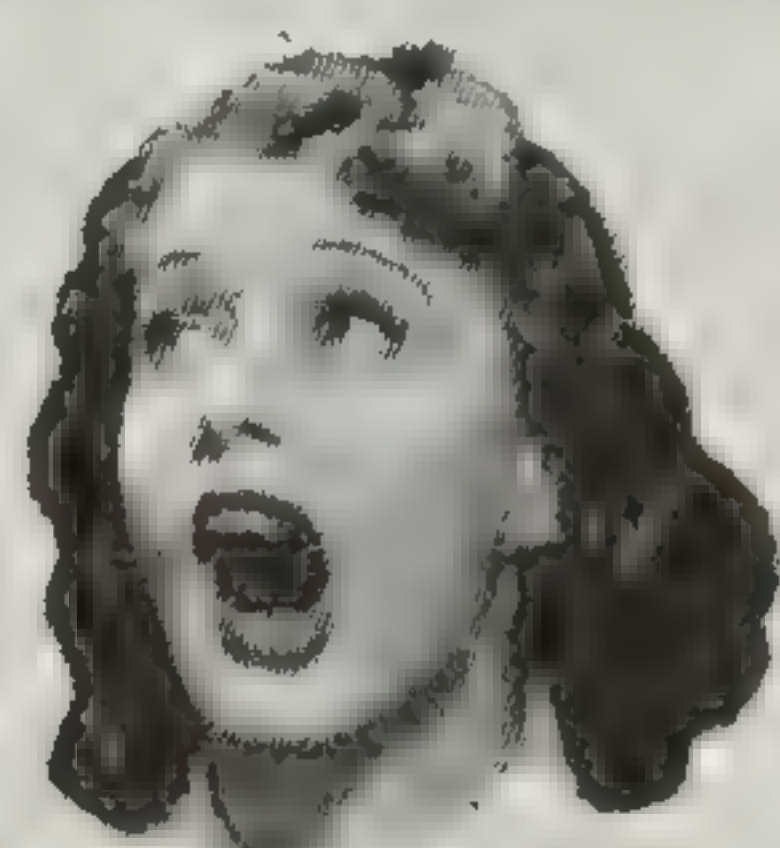


"You can't call us Beebes any names like that." A quiet afternoon with the Beebes as the family unites against a very common foe.

Coming soon to your favorite theatre, Paramount's boisterous biography of America's funniest family.



Slaphappy Joe Beebe (Bing Crosby)



Martha (About-to-Be) Beebe (Ellen Drew)



Two-Fisted David Beebe (Fred MacMurray)

Bing Crosby • Fred MacMurray "SING YOU SINNERS"

with Ellen Drew • Elizabeth Patterson • Donald O'Connor

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY

WESLEY RUGGLES



"Ma," Boss of the Beebes (Elizabeth Patterson)



Uncle Gus Beebe (Courtesy the Crosby stables)



Mike (Small Fry) Beebe (Donald O'Connor)

NEWS FROM THE BIG PARAMOUNT LOT

"ARKANSAS TRAVELER"



"PARAMOUNT'S 'Arkansas Traveler,'" writes Bing Crosby's radio buddy, Bob Burns, "is the story of a very lazy man, which is me. In fact, he's so lazy he makes the ordinary lazy man look like a bundle of nerves. Yet he's got a lot of common sense. For where the hard-workin' feller has it easy on account of when work is offered him all he does is take it, the lazy feller has got to figure ways of gettin' around workin' And that takes a heap of sense. Paramount has handed me Fay Bainter for team-mate in this 'Arkansas Traveler' picture. And you know Fay's just about as fine a gal as there is in pictures. Then they've gone and handed me another person, you'll be glad to hear about. He's a ringer. He ain't a real picture actor like me. In fact, he used to turn out some pretty fancy writin'. But he's got a face on him that's like my Uncle Snazzy's. Once you've seen it and recovered from the shock, you'll never forget it as long as you live. His name is Irvin S. Cobb."

"MEN WITH WINGS"

When they called the roll of stunt flyers assembled on the Paramount lot for the breathtaking plane fights in "Men With Wings," Paramount's Technicolor cavalcade of American aviation, they discovered this was the biggest bunch of air aces to hit Hollywood since Producer-Director William Wellman's first aviation triumph, "Wings."

ANOTHER AWARD WINNER...

Coast critics are predicting Frank Lloyd, many times winner of the prized Motion Picture Academy Award, has a potential winner in Paramount's "If I Were King" starring Ronald Colman.



CALL YOUR THEATRE

ASK THEM TO LET YOU KNOW WHEN THESE PARAMOUNT PICTURES ARE PLAYING

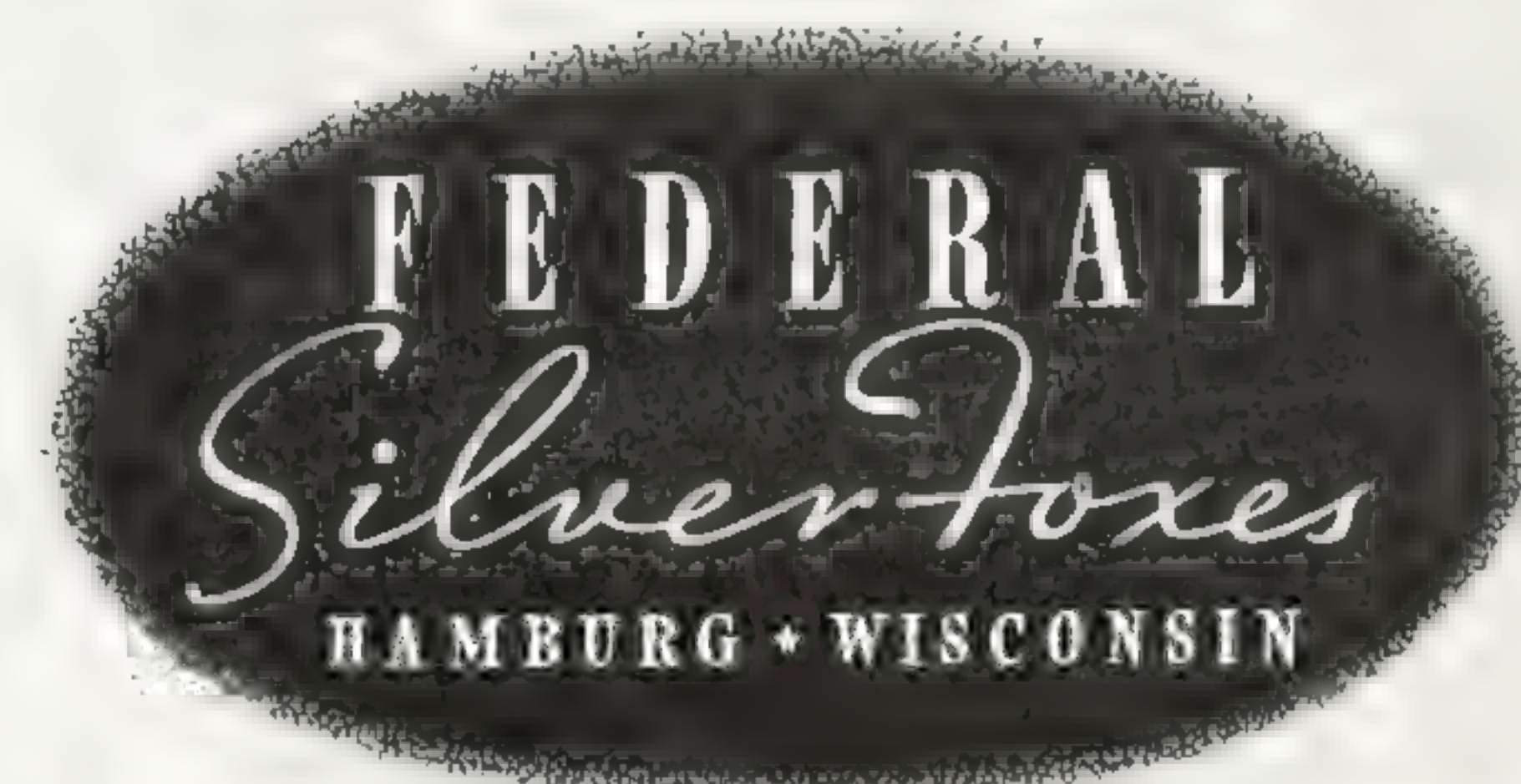
SOCIAL SECURITY

BACKED BY

LOTS OF SILVER!

*FEDERAL Silver Fox . . . with
the FEDERAL name stamped
on the leather side of the pelts*

There is enviable distinction, as well as young flattery, in these luxurious "FEDERAL"-trimmed winter coats. For silver fox is high fashion, and "FEDERAL" is that superior silver fox which is specially selected for glamorous beauty and *lasting* loveliness. You'll see it in better stores throughout the country, always with the name stamped on the leather side of the pelt. Woolen coats wear quantities of it, and so do the chic, new suits. It makes stunning jackets and evening wraps of supreme elegance. In scarfs of one or many skins, it accompanies street and formal clothes with equal smartness. Thickly furred and copiously silvered, FEDERAL Fox pelts are remarkably pliable—warm, yet comfortable to wear. Try on some of the exciting new fashions in "FEDERAL" . . . see what this delightful fur does for you. You'll love it!



Beautiful Brat

BEGINNING THE STORY OF MARGARET SULLAVAN'S REBELLIOUS LIFE

BY HOWARD SHARPE

If she'd been born fifty years earlier she would have been Scarlett O'Hara, with all of Scarlett's charm and all her fury and all her vital regard of custom and, in addition, an intelligence that Scarlett never had. She would have been Jezebel, what's more, and have loved it. Even as it was, she shocked the still decorous, shabby, pants off the South in the years after 1909, when she was born—off Norfolk, Virginia, particular. But that was easy.

That was a pushover, for Margaret Sullavan. In 1909 had brought certain modern changes to Norfolk since Sherman had slapped the rebels down; but it was long before the next mobilization used it for a naval base—long before young Spencer Tracy and Pat O'Brien, aged eighteen each, fought the World War there. Norfolk was still indubitably Southern, in that year: it said, collectively, "Damn Yankee" still—and meant it. Flat, behind time tradition, it had one millionaire and several hundred families who believed staunchly that if you had any important money you made it disgracefully, profiteering during the Civil Combat. Therefore they lived proudly and often untidily, keeping the family silver and their soft accounts highly polished.

One of these clans was that of Sullavan, headed by Cornelius Hancock, successful broker, and Garland Council, his spouse. They had long been childless, but in 1908 Garland informed her husband she was expecting a baby, and on May sixteenth of the next year she bore. Having thought good thoughts and deliberately read many books on polite art.

This did no good. The child was Margaret Sullavan and she turned out disgracefully to be intellectual and, what was worse, a dancer,

(Continued on page 20)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY VINCENTINI



Her school was thrown into chaos when Maggie, on a nocturnal jaunt, met up with a kindred soul



Even today this willful offspring of the Sullivan clan remains an enigma



"Here," one of them said, and she took from his hand one of her own cookies, much battered.

She ate it thoughtfully, regarding the boy.

"You wanna be a constable or a robber?" he asked. "You c'n run, I bet."

"Yes," said Maggie. She didn't hesitate. "Robber, of course."

That was the beginning. She arrived home late, to find Garland in the vapours and Cornelius ready with righteous rage; and she took both lecture and punishment stoically, retiring afterward with the light of battle in her eyes. Thenceforth she would be a rebel, ready with clever machinations to evade the conventional law, ready with open defiance if subtlety failed.

That was the night, too, when she disowned her parents for a time. They were nice people, she felt, but they couldn't be hers—she was so different from them in every possible way. Before she went to bed she packed a little bag with certain essentials: a toy cannon, a slingshot no one but she had ever seen, a pencil and, as an afterthought, a dress and a change of half-socks. This she secreted in the corner of a dark, unused closet so that one day when her real father and mother (surely Royalty) came to retrieve her from those who had stolen her in infancy, she would be ready. She would be ready. . . .

MEANWHILE they put her in school. The schools had lovely titles. The Walter Herron Taylor School, St. George's Private, Miss Turnbull's Norfolk Tutoring School for Girls—in these places she studied art, by command, learned greedily the extracurricular knowledge garnered from under dormitory mattresses, and labored hard to be a problem child. There was no real point, except that it was something to do—something to occupy her restless nervous energy and her quick intelligence which made short work of routine.

She had not many close friends, as such. But to Maggie Sullivan, still thin and still too small for her age, a number of sycophants flocked, intrigued by her industrious hell-making and a trifle awed at her daring.

She made one friend, whom she could trust and whom—of more importance—she could respect.

It happened because of her habit of climbing down, in the middle of an occasional night, the lattice from her room and going for long walks in the moonlight. She did this partly because she couldn't sleep, partly because it was a highly punishable infraction of discipline, partly because the damp strong-smelling fields and the stark silhouettes of trees against a pale Southern sky satisfied some fierce need within her that any amount of books and gussy teachers with their rock-bound ideas was powerless to gratify. And one night as she swung quickly along a narrow road somewhat farther from school than usual, she saw a slight figure dodge off into the shadows at the side.

She stopped, panic in her throat. A kidnapper—a tramp—a highwayman. . . . But then it had

and, what was still worse, a stage actress; and after that there was little excuse for the high-held heads of the Family Sullivan. Before these things, however, during the years before she was capable of really important activity, Margaret did her best. She was a Trial. Dusty shroud-wrapped Calvins and Councils and Chownings and Fleets and cousins of Lee and a round half-dozen Honorable Killed in Action were turning rhythmically in their tombs at her escapades, by the time she was six.

She was a thin, undersized, pale little kid then. "Peaked," certain of her aunts were wont to call her, with secret pleasure; at least she had not committed the vulgarity of being too robust for her select blood. But Cornelius Hancock worried over her. On her dressing table and in the pockets of her blouses he put round boxes of pills, with impressive instructions as to the hour and method of taking them. He never understood why they made no difference. This is no libel on the pills, because she never took them. "Sissy stuff!" she told the imaginary company with whom she talked when alone: at each prescribed time she extracted a pill, spat contemptuously through a missing tooth, and flicked the pellet at the nearest target.

SHE did other outrageous things. Professionally Southern families had then, as many do now, a list of people one knew, and of children one's children played with. Others were spoken of with soft supercilious mutterings; and it was this that interested small Maggie in the outcasts.

Southern by birth—Rebel by heri-

tage, Maggie was kicking over the

traces even in her bassinet days

They sounded definitely much more exciting.

Thus, at evening one day when she was nine, she sneaked through the kitchen, snaffling a pocketful of cookies on the way, dodged in haste from brush to shrub through the garden, climbed the wall and set forth in search of the untouchables. It was a quest easily fulfilled; she ran smack into a cops and robbers game three blocks from home—or rather it, in the person of two ten-year-old ragamuffins, ran into her as she came around a corner. The cookies went flying. Maggie, from her sprawling position, glared with venom at the two tittering tots. Then she arose in wrath and began her vengeance.

They held their own, the two boys, for a time. They must have that credit. But they emerged from the fray black-and-blue and bleeding, and Maggie had another gap in her teeth to spit through and she was triumphant. Children are unexplainably honest. The vanquished, after sidling about at a respectful distance for a time, approached her warily and offered friendship born of admiration.



Iberi Davis Collection

An embryo actress at the age of six, her actions belie this angelic pose. By now, her illustrious ancestors were turning in their tombs at her escapades



Not even the genteel Chatham Episcopal Institute could subdue Margaret



At three months, already ruler of this proud Southern family—Margaret, with her mother

seen a very small figure, and it had run first. Maggie Sullivan was never the one to take the defensive. She called out, in her young treble, "Whoever you are, come out of there!" There was a paralyzing instant in which nothing happened. Then from the darkness appeared a boy, of about her own size, dressed in a smart jacket and short trousers and a pair of the loudest, most beautiful socks she had ever seen. He approached slowly, grinning a little. "What're you doing way out here alone at night?" Maggie asked sternly. "What're you?" "I'm going for a walk." "So am I. I do this lots." Pause. "I'm from that school up the road," she informed him then. "I go to a boys' academy just the other side of those woods. I hate it," he added dispassionately. "They're all crazy, those guys. You like to catch frogs?" Maggie gulped. Here was a contretemps. But she faced it bravely. "Yes." "I caught three last night," the lad told her. "Come on, I'll show you my way." The next morning a strange thing happened at Chatham Episcopal Institute. A frog was found

in the top drawer of the principal's desk, causing chaos. If it had been a boys' school, they could have understood it; as it was, they observed the curious look of peace on Maggie's face, took into account her previous activities, and assessed her a hundred lines of Gaul on general principles. She didn't complain. It had been worth it. But a few weeks later the boy asked her to a dance at his school, and they wouldn't let her go. Young ladies did not go to dances, at her age (and with her record); particularly, they did not accept invitations from young men to whom they had not been properly introduced. . . . And that was the end. All that was bitter, all that cried out in protest, all the capacity to remember for future vengeance that dwelt within her furious heart gathered into a compact knot of hatred which she nourished with care. After

that, a little quirk of amused disdain rode the corners of her mouth, and her eyes said nothing openly, ever, and she obeyed orders in a way that was gratifying unless you were shrewd enough to perceive the set of her shoulders, the magnificent, scornful insouciance with which she did what she was told. Then her obedience, in some subtle manner, became an insult. In her last year, they asked her to play Bab in "Bab, a Sub-Deb," and she refused quietly. Then she changed her mind. During rehearsals she read her lines with a queer meekness, making an acceptable job of them. But on the night of the performance she dressed herself with fingers that trembled, not with nervousness but with suppressed excitement. The quirk at the corners of her mouth was emphasized tonight, and her eyes held a secret which obviously de-

(Continued on page 80)



OF A YOUNG MAN LOOKING AT LIFE

*A sharp etching of the Fairbanks who
hates being called Junior, but admits
liking public adulation and spaghetti*

National in 1930. He thinks judicious use of perfume on men is all right.

As a boy he didn't get along very well with girls. He never wears a hat in the evening, and speaks German badly.

He is twenty-eight years old. He is not flattered by autograph hounds but he recognizes them as an indication of his own cinematic value.

He thinks very few women look well in mannish clothes. He is a collector of old maps, and does not like lapel watches.

Douglas Fairbanks, Junior hates being called Junior.

He feels, rather vaguely, that someday he would like to have children, but fears that he is unfit for such responsibility because of his own "youngish attitude towards things."

He enjoys the radio only when he is driving; drinks very little water; sleeps very restlessly.

He wears neither belts nor suspenders.

He plans to marry again.

He is a believer in mental telepathy.

HE thinks that, although it is embarrassing at times, he would be a hypocrite if he said he didn't like public adulation. He is six feet, one-quarter of an inch tall.

He would rather have been a writer than an actor.

He is fed up with screwball comedies, and his only pet is a mastiff pup. His favorite sandwich is made with American cheese.

He does not think the average man as happy today as he was before the World War. He does not like colored shirts, and smokes too many cigarettes. He is given to moods, easily depressed, cannot listen to sopranos.

He likes to eat alone because he likes to read while eating.

He signs himself "Jayar" when writing to his father, which is the pronunciation of the abbreviation of Junior. He is quite blond off screen and resorts to a hair tonic to make his hair look darker on screen.

His wit is not above average, and he prefers sweet wines. He would rather listen to the singing of Richard Tauber than anyone else.

He cannot eat shellfish of any kind. He thinks the most interesting street he has ever seen is one in Zurich, Switzerland. Its name he cannot remember.

He was born in an apartment house at Seventy-Eighth Street and Broadway, New York. He does not like swing music.

He thinks, generally speaking, that Hollywood people are unhappy.

At horse races he always bets on four or five horses in one race. He is not superstitious, and does not read the comic sheets.

The younger Fairbanks has been happiest in England, and although he is not systematic or orderly he is insistent that those about him be.

He is not punctual.

He does not like cats.

He never takes care of his money.

His famous father always comes to him for advice on personal and business matters. He is an easy victim of colds, and derives great pleasure from playing "Indications."

He cannot dance the tango or rhumba. He speaks French fairly well, and never sticks to an outdoor sport long enough to be good at it.

He got only as far as the twelfth grade at school.

His eyes are blue.

He calls his father Pete.

He still has stage fright on the first day of every picture, and his favorite cocktail is a Stinger.

He does not keep a scrapbook, and he flunked consistently in arithmetic at school. He carries a lighter and wears a gold wrist-watch.

He misses most the lack of individualism in Hollywood. He

(Continued on page 85)

He's moody . . . likes Turkish baths . . . loathes champagne

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

HE is constantly putting up a show of bravado but actually he is utterly lacking in confidence.

His stepmother was Mary Pickford.

He loathes the taste of champagne.

He suffers from a bad case of nerves.

He was married to Joan Crawford for five years.

His name is Douglas Fairbanks, Junior.

He thinks time-saving devices have not increased the American capacity for happiness, and he hopes double-billing will be abolished.

He gets bored with the perpetual sunshine of Southern California, and dislikes highly spiced foods. He likes the smell of a stable.

He thinks modern furniture endurable only if comfortable.

He considers as his worst picture, "Loose Ankles," made by First

HEDY WINE-

BY SARA HAMILTON

ONCE in a long blue moon, at a time when Hollywood least expects it, it happens. Out of nowhere, with no particular build-up, name or past glories, there comes a woman to upset completely the motion-picture applecart.

Today, a red-lipped, tawny-eyed, black-haired girl called Hedy Lamarr is the woman of the year in Hollywood—not of the hour, but of the year!

The woman Lamarr will be remembered for many a day, as the girl who, in all her lush, exciting beauty, brought back to the screen at a time when motion pictures needed it most—sex and glamour.

At a time when most screen beauties had chosen to parade in bare feet, with uncombed locks and socks to the jaw, Hedy Lamarr, coolly, quietly, appeared on the screen in "Algiers" and—well, you saw her. You know.

Sex, with Hedy Lamarr, has come back to a screen that has hopelessly floundered without it. It has been brought there by one woman who mingled mystery with beauty, and the long line waiting nightly before the Four Star theater where "Algiers" is showing, (and at the lowest box-office ebb in movie history) is proof that the public wants the thing this woman has to offer—feminine mystery, glamour, sex.

It's important for us to record facts concerning Hedy "Glamarr" as Hollywood calls her, not

only because she is the most discussed personage in Hollywood, even to rating discussion on the "March of Time" program, but because Hedy takes her place among the rare stars chosen overnight by a demanding movie public.

No producer or motion-picture studio set about with a carefully laid campaign to thrust this actress down a movie public's throat as an overnight star. In fact, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wavered at placing the actress in any picture just at present. They just weren't sure. And then, through Charles Boyer, Hedy met Walter Wanger one night at a party and the up-and-coming young producer suggested Hedy appear

at his studio for a test in "Algiers."

The result you know.

Three times only in ten years has an event such as this happened in Hollywood. Once when a platinum-haired girl with ripe mouth and alluring figure startled a movie world out of its calm in a picture called "Hell's Angels"; again, when a woman came from Germany to excite and stir the imagination of fans in a picture starring Gary Cooper called "Morocco."

And now—"Algiers."

"If I had only known," moans an executive of the theater where that preview was shown,
(Continued on page 74)



Even as a child (above) Hedy Lamarr showed potentialities of becoming the great beauty she is today. And to think—Hollywood almost passed her up!

FATHER'S

Office

ILLUSTRATED BY GALBRAITH



I AM worried. I think my father has an office wife.

He has been acting strangely lately. He sits buried behind his paper and I wonder where his thoughts are wandering. He was late for dinner twice last week, saying he had to stay at the office and work. I never met Miss Thayer, his secretary, but I've spoken to her on the phone and she has a Betty Boop voice, so I wouldn't be surprised if she were a bit icky. Of course, a man is putty in the hands of an unscrupulous woman. Yesterday for no reason at all he brought mother a dozen roses. "Ha," sez I to myself, "conscience."

I don't know if poor mother suspects anything, but sometimes I detect a far-away look in her eyes. I keep telling her to buy new clothes and to have her hair upswept which takes off at least two years. A woman mustn't neglect her appearance even at thirty-six.

Barbara and I have had several conferences. She being girl friend No. 1. I tell her my innermost thoughts and she tells me hers, though she seldom has any. We decided not to tell anybody yet. The first thing to do is to make secret investigations, and the next is to *take steps*.

Edward G. Robinson is in town and while I can't say that I admire his type so that I would want him as a lover, nevertheless a signature is a signature, so Barb and I are going to cut Eng. Hist. tomorrow morning and stalk him. Besides I've been too busy to do my homework and if I'm going to get a zero anyway I might as well get something for it.

Yesterday went with Barb to her meeting of the Joan Crawford Club. I go to every meeting but am not an official member because I feel it would be disloyal to Bette. We had a swell time looking over each other's scrapbooks and comparing pictures. We cast "Gone with the Wind." We do every week. Then we had a discussion as to whether Joan is better off with Franchot than she was with Doug. Jr. They made out a list of I.T.R.'s (impossible to reach) and agreed to boycott their pictures. The nerve of stars who think they can get along without fans! Hepburn used to think she was Garbo herself, but now she knows better and we are supporting her. Next meeting they are going to have a debate. Subject:

Resolved: That a star's life is his (or her) own business and not his (or her) public's. Barb is taking the negative. I'll have to write it for her.

Must take leave of my Muse. Dinner is calling and I'm famished not having had a morsel since four o'clock.

ON the stroke of nine this morning Barb and I parked ourselves before the Picardy to wait for E. G. R. Only two other fans were there and they soon gave up. We had provided ourselves with enough chocolate almond bars to sustain life for several hours. About ten-thirty he came out in a light polo coat without a big black cigar and got into a taxi before we could pounce. So we hopped into another and I said to the chauffeur "Follow that yellow cab for all your life is worth" which he did. We kept watching the meter because we had only \$1.86 between us. The cab went up to 57th Street,

we trailing it, and he got out and of all places, went into an *art gallery*, we following and thank heaven there was no admission charge.

It was very quiet with only a few people tiptoeing around. I didn't want to make him feel more conspicuous, so I whispered to Barb that we should pretend we were looking at the paintings, too, which we did and they were lousy. I couldn't help thinking, here's man who can do anything he wants to; he doesn't have to go to school, he could have breakfast in bed, or could get passes to any show or could drive a high-powered car, and what does he do but come to a place as dead as a morgue and stand gaping for ten minutes at the portrait of an egg. I'm nto exaggerating, it *was* an egg. There was also one of a lot of junk that should have been thrown out, including an old broken mandolin. Then there was a picture of some rotten vegetables which was called "Nature Morte" and certainly ought to be buried.

Eddie seemed to go into raptures over this one and we thought he would never get through looking at it, so we decided that the moment had come. I was to attack the left flank and Barb was to close in the rear. Everything was going alright, when he started backing away from the picture for which I couldn't blame him. He backed right into Barb and stepped on her toe. She wearing toeless shoes it must have hurt.

"I'm sorry, did I hurt you?" he said with a voice like his voice on the screen.

"Not at all," said she, "it was a pleasure and would you mind signing my autograph album?"

He made his gangster face and growled, "My lord, isn't *any* place sacred from you hounds?" Tears sprang to Barb's eyes only because her toe hurt (the true fan never being daunted by rebuffs), and he felt sorry and signed her book and motioned me to bring mine.

"It's a beautiful day," I remarked in order to say something.

"Yes," he replied, "and you kids ought to be out in the open air."

"We were," I said, "while waiting for you."

"Why aren't you at school?" he asked.

Barb didn't answer. Whenever we are embarrassed I speak for both of us as I have more poise.

"Mr. Robinson," I said in a voice like dialogue, "there are certain things in life that are more important than other things."

"Quite true," he said.

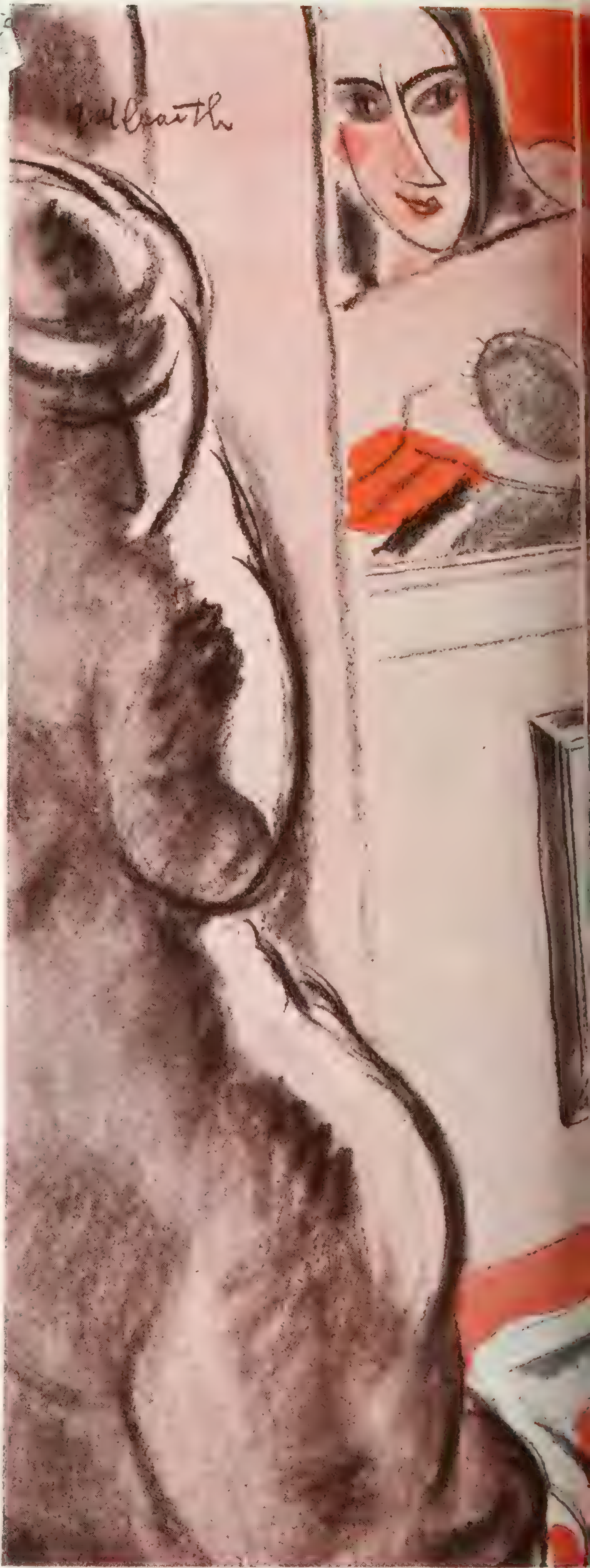
"Sometimes we are called upon to choose the lesser of two evils. So when we saw in Winchell's column yesterday that you were leaving town, and who knows whether you will ever return alive, we decided that it was more important to contact you than the Wars of the Roses, which will keep."

"Don't be so sure," he said. "Nothing keeps. Here you are chasing me while the poor little princes are being murdered in the Tower and the Duke of Clarence is being drowned in a butt of malmsey."

He must have studied history besides being a gangster type.

"What is a butt of malmsey?" asked Barb who hates hist. her *forte* being math.

I said it was a sweet Spanish wine and he said he was glad to know as he had been want-



ing to look it up for years. He said he had been to the Tower of London and had palled with the beef eaters. He looked to me as if he ought to cut down on proteins, though I didn't say so. He said we should go back to school and pay attention to our history so that when we traveled we would know what it was all about.

I said history was alright in its place which was the past, but after all it was life one had to live, wasn't it? He said there was something in that, though he had never thought of it that way. Then he said he would have to be running along to an Auction (I'm sure I heard right) and we'd better be getting to school.

Wife

A Hollywood torchbearer, who knows her movies, handles a problem parent—with what results! A new chapter from Jane Lyons' autobiography

RUSHED INTO DEATHLESS PRINT BY

LILLIAN DAY



"—and for ten minutes there stood Edward G. Robinson . . . gaping at the portrait of an egg. I'm not exaggerating, it was an egg"

"High School," corrected Barb. He invited us to walk to the corner with him which we accepted with pleasure. He walked in the middle and we didn't meet a soul we knew. At the corner he shook hands with us and raised his hat and we told him our names. I think he is magnificent if not romantic, and I shall go to all his pictures several times, and I'll never see him on the screen without being reminded of a butt of malmsey.

We got to school just in time for the lunch period so we told the gang we had spent the morning going to an art gallery with E.G.R.

and all about his views on life and art and the Tower of London. We hinted that he had invited us to tea to make it more interesting. Vera Bailey said she didn't believe it. The nerve of that truck horse doubting our veracity! We were furious. Vera is burning up to have an autograph collection but she's too fat and lazy to chase them.

I'm having a recession. Having spent money on the taxi and there being several important programs at the big houses, my finances are in the red. Pops says I burn my allowance at both

ends. He loves to make wisecracks at other people's expenses. Even with taking sandwiches to school and walking home and having only one soda per day, I can't possibly last out the month. Barb can always raise funds in case of a crisis, her parents being reasonable, and she has credit at two drugstores and a doughnut stand. Pops won't let me charge a thing not even gum, and raises Helen Damnation if I let Barb stake me. He thinks I ought to get along on \$15 per mo. He ought to try it.

Last night Henry, my boy friend, took me to see "She Married an Artist." I wish H. had *repartée*, like John Boles. I think I should like to marry an artist even though their models always fall in love with them.

H. also gave me a Dopey Doll. I put him in my bookcase opposite Charlie McCarthy and it's the cutest thing the way they grin at each other. I sit and look at them for hours at a time.

Have been too busy to do my Latin. Don't know where the time goes.

SAT. a.m. Barb and I took the first step. We went down to Pop's office to get a look at that woman and also to touch him for a bonus. I didn't telephone as I wanted to catch him unawares and know the awful truth. Well, just as I expected, it's worse than I anticipated.

When we arrived he was dictating. He couldn't be disturbed. He sent out word for us to wait which we did, straining our ears but all was silence from the inner sanctum. I questioned Tod, the office boy, very surreptitiously about whether father and Miss Thayer went out to lunch at the same time and he said they always did because he wanted her in the office whenever he was there. (The italics are mine.) Then I asked him indirectly if they generally left together and he said no, that father went first and she followed. Well, that settled it in our minds. If they had walked out openly together, it might have been innocent. Lawyers often take their secretaries to lunch to talk business. But to sneak out separately . . . that's what I call underhanded.

Finally the door opened and out came Miss Thayer herself with a notebook in her hand, just as if she had been taking dictation. Well, if she isn't a Menace, then I don't know one when I see it. She was dressed in *uncrushable* crêpe with a white collar, supposed to be businesslike but really quite hot-cha. And she has red hair. Nuff said. That only means one thing. I thought of poor mother sitting home and was quite rude to Miss Thayer though she didn't notice it.

Getting three bucks out of the old man was a cinch. Conscience for squandering money on her and letting his own flesh and blood go in want.

I remarked on his swellegant tie and he said, "You're only young twice." I wonder what he meant by that.

HE took us to lunch at the Bankers' Club. It was up on the 46th floor with a beautiful view of the river which would have been romantic if Henry or Fred March had been there. Pops met a judge he knew and asked him to join us. They talked a lot about an appeal (not sex) and Barb and I weren't interested so I interrupted with a quite casual question:

(Continued on page 92)

ROBINSON & CO.



You can't know the real man until you see him in the rôle of father

BY KAY PROCTOR

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY HYMAN FINK

A MAN and a little boy stood at a counter in a five-and-ten on Hollywood Boulevard. The boy, a sturdy little fellow with a shock of light-brown hair that was tousled boy fashion, cast calculating eyes of clear blue over the merchandise in front of him. After careful deliberation, he selected a five-cent package of ammunition for his cap pistol. Then, in a polite voice, he told the clerk, "Now I would like to see some of your bigger packages."

The man, who had been standing by quietly, broke in. "Wait a minute," he said, "What do you think you're doing?"

"I'm going to get some more. Some of the bigger ones," the boy answered confidently.

The clerk, having recognized the man, went to bring out the bigger packages of bigger caps quite as a matter of course. Why not? The

kid's father could afford it and why deny the child any little thing his heart desired. She ought to know; she'd seen it happen often enough, heavens knows.

Then the man spoke again, in decisive tones.

"That's what you think," he said to the boy, "and that's where you are one hundred per cent wrong. Most boys consider themselves darned lucky to get a nickel's worth of caps and so should you! Any good reason why you should have more?"

No good reason forthcoming, Edward G. Robinson fished down in his pocket, gave the astonished clerk a nickel, and handed the package of caps to his son, Manny.

Manny is only his nickname, taken from Emanuel, which is what his famous father once was called; his given name is Edward G. Robinson, Jr.

Edward G. expounds his theories on

how a boy should be reared today

to prepare him for tomorrow. What's

more, he puts them into practice

HOLLYWOOD has been saying that Eddie Robinson is so batty about that five-year-old son of his that he's spoiling the very daylights out of him. Well, if that's a sample of the spoiling I know a lot of kids who ought to be spoiled in the very same way.

They are a great team, Robinson and Son. The boy patently thinks his dad is the greatest guy on earth, barring none. It shows in his voice, his eyes, his whole bearing whenever he is within sight of his father. But there is nothing mushy or sentimental about it; it is a man-to-man relationship.

Eddie just as patently thinks Manny is the greatest guy on earth, barring none. His daily sun rises and sets on the boy. His whole world revolves around him. The lad has given significance to Eddie's life. But—he has some good sound theories on how a boy should be reared today to prepare him for manhood tomorrow, and, what's more, he puts those theories into practice.

One or two of them may be radically different from the way you were reared, or even from the way you are rearing your children; but one thing is certain: pampering, petting and indulging the lad are *not* among them.

"A child must learn two things to be able to face life successfully," Eddie said when we talked about his theories and his plans.

We were sitting in the restful drawing room of the Robinson home in Beverly Hills, with its deep pile carpeting of solid black and walls hung with magnificent paintings worth a young fortune. (Directly over the fireplace is a commanding canvas by Corot.) Through French doors we could see Manny romping on a broad expanse of green lawn with Marlene, the little girl who lives next door.

"A child must learn self-reliance, the faculty of being able to cope with things," Eddie went on. "You cannot teach him that by indulging him, smoothing his path, making things pleasant and easy in every respect. As a matter of fact, I think a parent who indulges a child really is indulging himself in selfish fun, feeding his ego. It is the lazy way to bring up a child; it calls for the least effort.

"The other important trait to be developed in a child is a social conscience. If the world is to come out of the chaos it is in at the present, it can do so only by respecting the other fellow and his rights. That is what a child must learn—to get along with his fellow man.

"But—and this is equally important—he must



Eddie thinks five-year-old Manny is the greatest guy on earth, bar none. And vice versa. But—if Hollywood thinks his famous father spoils him, it'd better guess again

learn to be a man who can be indignant at the right time and for the right reason, and to back up that indignation with fight until he wins his point!"

CHILDREN really bring themselves up, Eddie said. All parents can do really is to give them a little guidance at the right time. And that "guidance" should not be by the rod, according to Eddie's lights; he advocates reasoning with a child, treating him with the respect he deserves; not robbing him of his individuality.

"You know, a child's intelligence is vastly underestimated," he went on to say. "Basically, that intelligence is an honest one. They learn hypocrisy from their elders."

Eddie doesn't want Manny to be handicapped by "old school" discipline. He is most definite about that. So definite, in fact, that, although he did not say it in so many words, I have the feeling he is seeking to protect his son from some indelible experience of his own youth. It explains, I think, the leniency with which he permits the boy to express himself and many of his desires, such as helping a train conductor collect tickets, playing waiter in a dining car, or pretending he is a deck steward on board ship and gravely going around tucking passengers into their deck-chair blankets.

"The average parent prevents that sort of thing. I don't," Eddie acknowledged. "I cannot see any harm or wrong in it. It gives a child a sense of being important to himself and others, and I think that is essential."

The "old school" of discipline, to Eddie's way of thinking, bred inferiority complexes by the carload in children because it robbed them of all initiative by suppressing wholly normal instincts.

MANNY walked quietly through the room just then and, called by his father, came over to be presented. He shook hands politely, chatted for a moment, and then went on about his business, which was playing some phonograph records to Marlene on the little phonograph in his own room. Soft strains of nursery rhymes and some of the tunes from "Snow White" drifted down the broad staircase.

I wish you could have seen Eddie's eyes when he was presenting Manny. You've seen them hard and calculating on the screen, filled with venom and hate as he portrayed some character of the underworld. You saw them cold and a little frightening in his current picture, "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse." But you should have seen them at that moment if you wanted to see the real Eddie Robinson. The pride, the joy, the happiness in them defy description. Seeing that, you realize why Gladys Lloyd Rob-



Gladys Lloyd Robinson deemed it worthwhile to risk her life to give her husband that which he wanted above all else in the world

inson deemed it worthwhile to risk her life, as doctors frankly told her she was doing, to give her husband the child of his own flesh which he wanted above all else in life. She gave him more than a son; she gave him what is given to few men on this earth—completion.

By one act alone, Eddie repaid her the other day. Any woman who has seen her child cringe in fear at something that ordinarily cannot be avoided would so agree I think. He saved her the torture of standing helpless while her child suffered.

Manny had to have his tonsils removed. The surgery was to be done in a local hospital. Now, in a child's mind (as in adults', too), fear of an impending event is ten times worse than the

event itself. Eddie was determined to prevent that in Manny's case, if it was humanly possible. A week before the surgery was scheduled, Eddie broached the matter to the lad.

"Tell you what, let's rehearse it so we all can play our parts perfectly," he suggested. Immediately, Manny's interest was fired and his first touch of panic completely allayed. "You be the patient, I'll be the doctor, and Mother can play the nurse," Eddie went on. Manny thought that was a great idea.

"First of all, we've all got to put on white clothes," Eddie directed. "They always wear white in a hospital, you know." Solemnly they all changed into white clothes. "Now I'll

(Continued on page 82)

YOUR HOPES IN

Last year 35 women—17 men crashed Hollywood. Were they blonde or brunette? Did they use pull or go it alone? Could you do it? How? This famous author gives you some enlightening facts

BY MARJORIE HILLIS

ARE you, by any incredibly lucky chance, a young lady twenty years old, blonde, five feet, four inches tall, weighing one hundred and thirteen pounds, living in California, with a background connected with the show business and not *too* advanced an education? Or are you a young man of twenty-seven, six feet tall, weighing one hundred and seventy-eight pounds, also living in California and having a college education? If you are, you'd better go straight out to Hollywood on the next bus, for, according to the law of averages, you're perfect material for the pictures.

For years, of course, Hollywood writers have been playing a little game called, "Giving Advice on How to Get into Pictures." The object (or, at any rate, the result) has been to refute what the other writers have said and thus confuse the reader.

"Stay out," one writer says. "The odds against you are seven hundred and eighty-two thousand to one and you haven't a chance." "New stars are signed up every day," says the next. "Use initiative and you can't fail." "The shortest road to Hollywood is via the New York stage," says another.

The trouble is that these writers are on the spot and know all about it, but they don't know about you and your special qualifications or the opposite. You and I, on the other hand, probably never having been to the glamour city except perhaps as tourists, have none of this first-hand information to confuse us by its glitter; but we do know about ourselves. Which is, after all, what counts, provided that we know how to measure it to picture requirements.

The question is, have we got what it takes to make a star? And what does it take?


Omitting for the moment that certain something that has no accurate name, but is sometimes called charm, genius, and half a dozen other things, let us look at fifty-two young people who broke into the magic city last year. These are not Gables and Hepburns whose conquests of Hollywood are yesterday's familiar stories, since yesterday's tales, though they may have all the glamour of Cinderella's romance, don't quite fit today's facts. These are more or less current events—thirty-five young women and seventeen young men—and we will regard

them as parts of a geometric problem for which we should be able to get some kind of an answer.


TO begin at the beginning, where did they come from? Eighteen of them, it seems—fourteen of the gals and four of the men—came from California, and eleven more came from New York. Apparently, you catch the flavor and the feeling of being a star better there on the home ground or in a big sophisticated city. However, eighteen and eleven add to only twenty-nine, which leaves twenty-three exceptions scattered all over the country (to say nothing of one from England, one from Tahiti and one each from Poland, Hungary and Austria). So, if it isn't convenient to establish a residence in the extreme East or West, your case isn't hopeless.

Still looking backward, how were these fifty-two successes educated? This is a pretty significant question and any movie-minded young person had better consider the answer thoughtfully. For it turns out that ten out of the seventeen young men in the group are college graduates and the other seven all graduated from high school. Apparently, a young man can't be beautiful but dumb and get to be a star. He needs brains as well as brawn, these days, and training in how to use both. The girls don't rate quite so high scholastically. Only ten of the thirty-five went to college, twenty-two graduated from high school and the other three only got as far as an elementary school education. In spite of all the courses in mathematics, they don't seem to teach the right facts about figures at feminine colleges. What they do teach, however, is undoubtedly one more asset to be acquired if possible, since developing brains has never failed to help anyone from Hollywood to Hungary to Hong Kong.

BEFORE telling you what these fabulous fifty-two did next, you might like to know who they are—but if we did list their names (their real ones) you wouldn't be much wiser. For half of them changed their names to something more elegant or musical or easily remembered than



These started out in life under different names but—Betty Jaynes is more elegant than Betty Jane Schultz; Dennis O'Keefe is a better movie name than Bud Flanagan; Sheila Darcy is more musical than Rebecca Wassem and Alan Curtis is easier to remember than Harry Ueberroth



These are exceptions that prove a rule. How Arleen Whelan, Lana Turner and Sigrid Gurie broke into the movies reads like the Cinderella stories of yesterday

PICTURES

the ones with which they started life. Betty Jaynes was Betty Jane Schultz, once upon a time; Alan Curtis was Harry Ueberroth; Sheila Darcy was Rebecca Wassem; Dennis O'Keefe was Bud Flanagan. You might think that one over, too, if you're looking longingly towards Hollywood.

As to training during the interval between school and triumph, it turns out that thirty-six of them (all but sixteen) had laboratory experience—small parts on the stage, dramatic school training, radio work, professional modeling and what-have-you. To be specific, eight had been on the stage, six on the radio, six had worked as models, seven were foreign players of one kind or another, two had won contests, six had attended dramatic schools, and one had danced in vaudeville.

Half of the remaining sixteen had a sister or a cousin or an aunt or, at any rate, a friend in a pretty influential job in the movie world. Those who had relatives probably absorbed a lot of general motion-picture data as they grew up, and had a semiprofessional outlook as foreign to you and me as that of a Fiji Islander.

A few, like Stella Ardler (whose real name is Adler) and William De Wolfe Hopper, were born into theatrical families and no doubt learned parts with their first prunes. Sisters lent a helping hand or two—Joan Blondell to her sister Gloria Blondell and Olivia de Havilland to her sister Joan Fontaine. Even the few foreigners seem to have found it necessary to put in some apprenticeship work on home ground either in foreign films or on the stage. One of these, to be sure, was an ice skater, which sounds like a very different field, but, as a matter of fact, requires a good many of the qualities of a movie star—things like co-ordination, stage presence, grace, and the ability to look well in action.

In other words, it's a pretty special case that walks cold from ordinary life onto the screen. The truth is that the show business, with all its branches, is another world, like Mars. And out for the rare exceptions, the naturals, you have to learn how to get along in it.

Even in the records of the so-called exceptions, you are apt to find something that served as preparation, though it may have been sketchy. Anthony Averill, for instance, graduated from college, where he majored in academics and journalism, and then became a newspaper man in St. Louis. A movie talent scout discovered him at a party, and he was signed by both Warner Brothers and Selznick simultaneously. Not quite just like that, however, for he did

spend three months at Paramount's training school in New York between the party and the contracts.

John Patterson, another example, skipped the training school, but he had starred in college plays at Williams College. He worked on the New York *Daily News* till a Paramount executive gave him a screen test that resulted in a contract.

Sheila Darcy got herself a job in the Hollywood Vendome Café in the hope of being noticed by a producer or talent scout. When she was noticed, however, she was told she needed stage experience. It took several years of coaching, playing with Little Theater Groups and playing bits in studios, to get her a real chance.

There are, in fact, among the whole fifty-two, only three exceptions to the rule that you'd better have at least a little experience before you try to be a star. These are Sigrid Gurie, Lana Turner and Arleen Whelan. The first is a New York girl who met Samuel Goldwyn while she was studying art in London and, just for a lark, pretended to be a Norwegian star. He offered her a job, but she didn't accept until a year later, when she came to Hollywood and got a contract and the rôle of an Oriental princess in "Marco Polo," with the hoax still undiscovered.

Lana Turner was taken by a newspaper acquaintance to an agent who introduced her to Mervyn LeRoy, through whom she got a job, after a screen test and the usual preliminaries.

And Arleen Whelan was discovered by a Twentieth Century-Fox producer while she was working as a manicurist in a Hollywood barber shop. But these Cinderella cases are few and far between, in spite of all one hears about pull, and it's scarcely safe to bank on them.

There is still the matter of looks and how they photograph. For, as you undoubtedly know, there are beauties in real life whose photographs would scare a hardy child, and fairly plain

(Continued on page 84)

The odds are with you for a Hollywood career if you match up with the facts below.

IDEAL GIRL STARLET		IDEAL BOY STARLET	
20 Years	AGE	27 Years	AGE
113 Lbs.	WEIGHT	178 Lbs.	WEIGHT
5' 4"	HEIGHT	6'	HEIGHT
Blonde	HAIR	Blonde or Brunette	HAIR
California	HOME STATE	California	HOME STATE
High School	EDUCATION	College Graduate	EDUCATION

REPORT (Condensed)

On 52 young stars who crashed Hollywood last year, these are the facts we discovered:

- 1—Twice as many girls as men
- 2—34% came from California
- 3—21% came from New York City
- 4—45% came from all other localities
- 5—100% of the men starlets were high school graduates
 - 60% of the men starlets were college graduates
 - 8% of the girl starlets attended grammar school only
 - 62% of the girl starlets were high school graduates
 - 28% of the girl starlets were college graduates
- 6—50% of group changed their names
- 7—69% of group had definite dramatic experience—such as bit parts in the theater, radio work and the like
- 8—16% had influential friends who helped them crash
- 9— 6% came in "cold"



It was a "relatively" easy job for these three. Family had a finger in the movie pie that helped Gloria Blondell, William De Wolfe Hopper and Joan Fontaine get their breaks



Anthony Averill and John Patterson belong to a new school. Training along other lines served as preparation

THE CASE OF THE

HOLLYWOOD

Within fifty feet of her was the body of a dead man. The dank aura of murder, baffling but compelling, filled the dark house. Then the unbearable silence was broken by the sharp ringing of a bell. Don't miss this breathless mystery—

BECAUSE Lawyer Foley, a former court reporter, judged all people by their voices, and mine indicated both poise and self-confidence to him, I was selected to replace his secretary who had been injured in an automobile accident. Thus it was that I plunged into the mysterious case of the Hollywood scandal. In the midst of my first morning's work, I was surprised to find myself facing a detective who was investigating Mildred Parker's accident.

That afternoon it was my duty to execute for Mr. Foley a secret legal contract between talent promoter Frank G. Padgham and one Carter Wright. Before leaving for the day, Mr. Foley instructed me to bring the contract to an address where he and Mr. Padgham would meet me that evening. While I was busy transcribing my notes, the detective returned and decided to wait for Mr. Foley, despite the fact that I told him my employer would not be back. To my utter amazement, I found him covertly reading my notes. I slammed the book shut. He left.

Having plenty of time on my hands, I took a streetcar to my destination. In a traffic jam I happened to see and recognize Miss Blair, a rejected candidate for my position, and as I walked briskly up the street I pondered over her strangely rigid position as she sat in the car. Suddenly an automobile came swooping down on me. Miraculously, I got back out of the way. Fear gripped me as I started to run. As I dashed onto the porch and rang the bell, I all but screamed. In a panic, I tried the door. It was open. For a moment there was no answer to my "Hello." Then I became conscious of a thumping noise upstairs. I felt goose-pimples of cold terror; but went to investigate. The noise came from a closet and as I opened the door a human bundle fell at my feet. When I had unbound his hands and removed his gag, I recognized him. It was Bruce Eaton, my favorite movie star. We sat there looking at one another. Finally he pulled himself together and suggested getting a drink. I sat there fully five minutes waiting for him to return. Then it dawned on me—he had slipped away.

ON picking up my brief case, I found a key which had apparently fallen from Bruce Eaton's coat. Pocketing it, I started for the stairs. It was then I saw the open door at the end of the corridor. A man was sitting at a big desk, his head slumped over on his chest. He was dead. I stood there, my feet rooted to the floor.

Suddenly, without warning, every light in the place went out.

I had no idea that any place could be so ut-



Frank Padgham jumped back. The man was absolutely terror-stricken

terly and completely dark. It seemed as though someone had pushed a thick strip of black blotting paper into the corridor, and the paper had just sucked up every bit of light in the place.

And within fifty feet of me was the body of a dead man.

There was not the faintest ray of light which seeped in from the street. The rich, heavy hangings were as efficient in preventing light from getting in as they had been in preventing any from showing on the outside.

I'd been frightened enough when I first came running up to the house, seeking refuge from the dangers of the outer night. Now I realized all too keenly the proverb about "out of the frying pan into the fire." I'd been anxious enough to get into the house, but now I was twice as anxious to get out. Whatever dangers the street held would at least be met in the open air, not in this place with the dank aura of death clinging to it.

I groped for the stairs, and then, afraid that I'd miss them, dropped to my hands and knees, swinging my right hand out in long, exploring circles as I crawled in the general direction of the stairs, my left hand dragging the brief case along the carpet beside me. I found the staircase and started down, walking on tiptoe, trying to avoid creaking boards.

I was halfway down the stairs when a bell shattered the silence.

I stopped, motionless, listening. Was it a telephone, or . . . It rang again, and this time I knew it for what it was, the doorbell. Someone was at the front door.

I suppose, logically, at that moment I should have become completely panic-stricken. As a matter of fact, the ringing of the doorbell had exactly the opposite effect. I steadied down to fast, cool thinking. It was, I realized, quite possible that Bruce Eaton had decided to return. It was also possible he had notified officers of what they would find in the house, bringing assistance to me in that way, yet keeping out of it himself. Or . . . Suddenly I laughed. A feeling of vast relief surged through me. *Of course!* It was Mr. Foley and Frank Padgham coming to keep their appointment.

I PUT my hand on the bannister and ran down the stairs as rapidly as I could. The doorbell rang once more while I was still fumbling around in the corridor. I propped my brief case against the wall near the door, so I'd have both hands free for groping. Then I found the door-knob, and flung open the door.

It was dark as a pocket inside the house, and in contrast to that darkness the street seemed

CANDAL

BY ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

author of "The Case of the Substitute Face," "The Case of the Howling Dog," etc.

well-lighted. I could see the fleshy form of Frank Padgham silhouetted in the doorway. Apparently, he couldn't see enough of me to recognize me. All that he could see was an oblong of blackness, with the vague, indistinct lines of a figure standing within reaching distance of him.

I'll never forget the way he jumped back. There was far more than the startled reaction which takes place when one encounters the unexpected. The man was absolutely terror-stricken.

"Where's Mr. Foley, Mr. Padgham?" I asked. He took two deep breaths before he was able to answer me. Then he said, "Oh, it's you, Miss . . . Miss. . . ."

"Miss Bell," I supplemented. "Oh, yes, Miss Bell," he said. ". . . You . . . ah . . . startled me. How did it . . . ah . . .

happen that you answered the doorbell?"

For a moment I was irritated at him. There was something ponderous and patronizing in his manner, now that he had recovered from his fright. So I said, "Suppose you answer my question, and I'll answer yours."

"Oh yes, Mr. Foley . . . why, yes. Mr. Foley was . . . er . . . ah . . . detained. A matter of the greatest importance. That's why we were a little late keeping the appointment."

"These lights won't go on," I told him. "There's a switch out, or a fuse blown, or something."

"Indeed," he said, solicitously, and moved forward. "I'll have to investigate. You'd better stay close, Miss Bell. I wouldn't want to lose you in the . . . er . . . ah . . . darkness."

I could hear one of his hands scraping along the wall as he searched for the light switch, but

the other hand rested on my shoulder, then dropped down so that his arm was around my waist. I twisted out from what was about to develop into an embrace and said, "Hadn't you better take both hands, Mr. Padgham? I'll stay right behind you."

He found the light switch, then, and clicked it fruitlessly.

"I'm afraid," I told him, "there's something radically wrong here."

"You mean about the lights?"

"I mean something in the house," I said. "There's a dead man upstairs."

FOR what might have been four or five seconds, there was complete silence. He didn't move. I doubt if he even breathed. I was sorry that I couldn't see the expression on his face. Was he
(Continued on page 72)

ILLUSTRATED BY
MARIO COOPER

anxious enough to
the house, but now
twice as anxious to
. I groped for the
and then, afraid
miss them, dropped
hands and knees as I
in the general di-
of the stairs, my left
ragging the case
e carpet beside me





Norma Shearer's

HANDFUL OF MEMORIES

BY DIXIE WILLSON

THERE is a new "glamour girl" in Hollywood. Everywhere she goes Norma Shearer is a bit of a sensation in beauty, in smartness of appearance, in charm of manner. She is somehow younger, more arresting, more tireless in work than ever before.

How she has found the courage to accomplish it (in the face of her great tragedy), nobody quite knows. But she *has* accomplished it. She's riding the crest of the wave.

As for her *future*, she has, in her portrayal of an unforgettable Antoinette, set a brilliant pace.

As for her "*past*" . . . we herewith turn back the months . . . the years . . . to a handful of her memories:

The first one, the occasion which inspired her decision to be an actress!

IN Montreal, life for the three Shearer children, Athole, Norma and Douglas, was aimless and gay. There was a pleasant, roomy old house of parlors and stained glass windows. There was a stable of saddle horses, a pony and gig. And nobody thought of a "future." Never did it occur to the littlest of the blue-eyed girls, as she faithfully practiced her music and learned her geography, that sometime her life must have a design of its own.

And then one night her mother and father were to attend an "affair." An affair of such aplomb, taking up at so late an hour, that Norma, put to bed as usual on the eventful evening, shared none of the excitement which attended preparations.

This arrangement, however, she saw a way to remedy. In bed, wide-awake, she waited until sounds indicated that departure was near, then downstairs she went, a little barefoot ghost in the shadow of the stairs.

She remembers watching her *own* shadow traveling grotesquely on the ceiling as she crept

along. She remembers the hall clock striking nine. Then in the bright parlor, as she peered down through the spindles, she saw her mother, dark hair piled high in a cascade of curls, a white aigrette, bare arms and shoulders, a gown of amethyst satin embroidered in seed pearls. And with the faint fragrance of lavender, a glimpse of white kid slippers, the impressive elegance of fur, presently she was gone, the front door closing with a little flurry of snow, its cold breath left to follow small Norma's bare feet all the way back to bed.

And that night a little girl not yet eight years old, not especially clever, not especially pretty, lay wide-awake, her eyes fixed on the window's pattern of frost as she pulled the blankets closer and made her decision to grow up to the only state which she could be certain would provide for her such glamour as she had just witnessed . . . not a mere one night of it, but a world of it!

Many a time afterward she could smile at the naïve mind behind planning a destiny about the rustle of amethyst satin and a cascade of curls,

*A warm and human story of a gallant woman who finds in her
past the courage to make the present always worth living*

never, from that night on, did she admit to doubt that she could and would become Miss Norma Shearer an actress, her wagon hopefully hitched in fact, to . . . Miss Norma Shearer . . . a star!

If she didn't take into account such terms as the second memory she shares with us . . . any night in April in New York City seven years later.

She, her mother and her sister, the family gone lost in the aftermath of war, had come to New York to earn a living. At the wickets of Broadway agents, of commercial photographers, Norma and her sister took turns asking if anything was to be had today. At night in their third-floor room, they took turns making tidy their clothes for tomorrow. Their mother managed the evening meal on the gas stove.

And so, on an April night, a steady noiseless smearing the lights across the street, Norma, in her crepe kimono (since it was

Athole's turn to mind the dresses) helped their mother; counted out three slices of bread, three cups of tea.

She remembers as though she were hearing it now, the shrill voice in the street of the dwarf who sold night papers. She remembers, as though she were still watching it, the spongy shape of the leak on the ceiling. But most vividly of all, she remembers how she hoped that tonight her mother had managed a new kind of meat, hamburger, stew . . . anything at all except more of the cracker-dipped variety (what brand of meat she didn't quite know) which had been their menu for six nights in succession!

For though it put up a fine appearance on the meat platter, it left Norma in a state frankly known as hunger! She had been hungry for a week! For a week she had awaited each evening meal hoping for a change even to good old-fashioned bologna!

But hope was again in vain tonight. The smell of frying proved to presage, after all, only

more of the same. And things had now come to a pass where a sight of this fish, flesh or fowl, whatever it was, was something the young Miss Shearer felt she simply could not endure again!

"Mother," she said, with the hesitance of apology for seeming to me difficult, "but couldn't we have some other kind of meat tomorrow? Eating this doesn't do any good. You eat it, but you're still hungry."

"Well, of course," reminded her mother, "we haven't had very much money, and so. . ."

And so the classification of the "pièce de résistance" was now divulged.

"And so," laughs Norma Shearer, "there's one dish which to the end of my days I shall consistently decline. I found out that night that what had been on our table for a week, disguised as meat . . . was egg plant."

A THIRD memory, the thrilling day when, with a four-week contract, Norma Shearer arrived in Hollywood.

At the desk of Hollywood Hotel she signed the register, making it, however, as inconspicuous a bit of business as possible since she hoped not to be noticed until she could appear in the one fine dress she proudly possessed; proper support for the fact that she was now a person in pictures.

For, in this history-making lobby, lounged the directors, producers and important "innocent bystanders" who measured and manipulated fortune and fame. And in Hollywood you couldn't divine what accidental moment would prove the great one. The block-long veranda with its palm-tree shade, porch chairs and summer swings, was "Peacock Alley," no less, for the entrances and exits of this, that and the

(Continued on page 87)

A little girl, "not yet eight," hopefully hitched her wagon to . . . Miss Norma Shearer . . . a star! Came struggle for a foothold . . . finally, a "break," in which a georgette dress played an amusing part . . . success . . . and her marriage to the brilliant Irving Thalberg . . . a honeymoon in Heidelberg . . . working together . . . playing together . . . then tragedy striking close to the heels of that great picture, "Romeo and Juliet" . . . retirement . . . today, a new Norma Shearer . . . star again



HOLLYWOOD'S

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

*The most fabulous movie script isn't
equal to these spine-tingling true
stories of movietown's men of action*

BY LOWELL THOMAS

A thrilling escape from Red Russia is only one episode in Ivan Lebedeff's amazing career

Basil Rathbone and adventurer Howard Hill almost didn't live to tell the tale of their bow and arrow boar hunt

A BEWILDERING place, Hollywood. There are enough unwritten true-life stories right on the lots to make exciting plots for innumerable pictures for years to come. Whenever you see a picture of action and daring-do, you can be sure at least one member of the cast is acting a scene which is no more amazing or fabulous than one he has experienced in his own life.

From time to time, the screen affords me, vicariously, some curious experiences. One of them occurred when I saw "Under Two Flags." One face flashed into view that seemed vaguely familiar. It suggested, not Hollywood and make-believe, but that far-off golden fall day in 1918 when the tanned and weatherbeaten troops of Field Marshal Allenby and Lawrence of Arabia made their triumphal entry into Damascus. I also associated the face with grapevine stories of official and diplomatic intrigue. Hadn't I seen that face on the terrace of Sheppard's, the famous hotel in Cairo?

As a matter of fact, I had. Just the other day I learned the face belonged to a young Arab of distinguished origin. In the list of dramatic personae in "Under Two Flags," his name was Jamiel Hassen. When I saw him that day in the Syrian capital, he was Jamiel Ben Khyatt, a handsome, black-eyed youth of sixteen. During the campaigns in Mesopotamia during the first part of the War, Jamiel and his brothers, famous horsemen all of them, had been forced to serve in the Turkish cavalry. Allied propaganda induced them to desert and offer their services to the British. Jamiel became an intelligence officer. Afterwards, in Cairo, he was pointed out to me as one of the dashing irreconcilables, known to have taken part in the perilous military and diplomatic undercover activities incident to the formation of the Arab state, transplanting into action their hatred against the broken promises of the Treaty of Versailles.

He had had a wide education acquired partly in America, partly in France. After further adventures in Africa, and later in Brazil, he gravitated to Hollywood where he is called in as a technical director on many sequences of films that are laid in Asia Minor. He occasionally acts in pictures, too.

Hollywood's mystery man—Abdsolem Ben Mohammed Kombarick, with Herbert Brenon





Two sons of Erin who share a lust for life. Above, Errol Flynn, most famed of Hollywood's daredevils . . .

. . . and, left, George Brent, who had a price set on his head in the days of the Irish Rebellion

Victor McLaglen (right) takes any fighting or soldiering rôle in his stride. He knows!



One day, working on the set of "Under Two Flags," a member of the cast came up and said to him:

"Weren't you a Turkish cavalry officer in the Mesopotamian campaign?"

"Why, yes—yes, I was," answered the surprised Jamiel.

"And during a bitter skirmish near Bagdad, weren't you in command of a detachment which nearly captured a British officer?" continued the actor.

"That's right," said the puzzled Jamiel. "We fired several shots at him but he escaped over a wall. But how did you know?"

"I was the British officer," said the actor.

The actor was Victor McLaglen.

QUITE as varied as the Arab's is the saga of Victor McLaglen. The rôle of the bitter, fighting Irish patriot in "The Informer" and the wise-cracking, genial sergeant in "Wee Willie Winkie"—in fact, any rôle which includes fighting or soldiering, McLaglen takes in his stride. He knows.

It is strange to think McLaglen was born in a humdrum London suburb, a rectory, to boot. Six feet four in height, he says he's the "runt" of the family, which includes eight enormous

brothers and one sister. When Victor was fourteen, the Rev. McLaglen became Colonial Bishop of South Africa. Then the Boer War broke out. The strapping fourteen-year-oldster had little trouble persuading the Recruiting Sergeant that he was old enough to fight. After the War, he worked in the gold mines of the Rand, the diamond mines of Kimberly. Even that was too tame. Footloose, he drifted to America, took up prize fighting and wrestling, won the heavy-weight championship of Eastern Canada. In between bouts, he worked as a stevedore. (Remember him not long ago in "The Magnificent Brute," heaving the huge ladle of molten steel into the vast maw of fiery furnaces below him?)

Once McLaglen even turned copper. He looks back upon that experience with reasonable pride, for he was no ordinary harness bull but Chief of the Railway Police at Owens Sound where he pulled off exploits of real value for the law, including the arrest and imprisonment of a fur-stealing gang.

He finally gave up the ring to join a medicine show, left that to travel with a Wild West outfit. When that palled, he shipped aboard a tramp steamer bound for Fiji and Australia. He landed in Perth just as the gold rush to the Kal-

goorie field was beginning. It was inevitable that he should join this expedition, but McLaglen was one of the thousands who found more experience than gold. Aboard another tramp steamer to Ceylon and Bombay. Since his boyhood in the rectory, the tales of Rudyard Kipling had aroused in him an ambition to go through the jealously guarded Kyber Pass. It was no journey for a tourist, but McLaglen accomplished it.

During the War he was in Mesopotamia with the Irish Fusileers, was decorated for bravery in action against the Turks and the Germans. He eventually became Prevost Marshal with the rank of Captain.

It was in England that Captain McLaglen first got into pictures. British films in those days were pretty poor affairs, but they were the means of his eventually going to Hollywood. Since "What Price Glory," the Laurence Stallings-Maxwell Anderson war play in which McLaglen could practically make up his own lines he knew them so well, his career has been easy sailing. Today he lives on one of the most enviable estates in California, surrounded by horses and dogs, served by an Arabian valet,

(Continued on page 90)



Upper right, a studio shot of an experimental demonstration; center, the image two seconds later as it appeared on the television receiver. Above, the author and Dr. Peter Goldmark, television engineer, inspect new equipment

HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST ENIGMA— TELEVISION

How will this great unknown entertainment affect our movie going? An authority answers all your questions

BY GILBERT SELDES

Director of Television Programs
Columbia Broadcasting System

WHENEVER people ask me whether television will take the place of the movies, I blush, pant rapidly, stammer, and finally manage to ask them whether they think the automobile will ever take the place of the horse. To which they reply (if they bother to reply at all, and some of them do not) that the motor car has already taken the place of the horse, which is exactly what I want them to say. Because, if you examine that statement carefully, it turns out to be one of the silliest on record. For certain common purposes, the car has displaced the horse; but even that was

a long and tedious process. There were as many horses between the shafts in 1912 as there were before Ford ever tinkered or Selden took out a patent. What's more: if the motor car had merely taken the place of the horse, it would be comparatively unimportant today. Actually, millions of people own cars who never owned—because they couldn't afford to own—horses.

Later, people said that the movies never would take the place of the horse—I mean, of the theater. And there, too, the facts are illuminating. To be sure there used to be eighty legitimate theaters in New York City and now there are less; there used to be shows with living actors in hundreds of small towns, and now there are not, unless the Federal Theater comes around. But, again, if the movies had merely taken the place of some other form of entertainment, they wouldn't be important, Hollywood would lack dazzle, and you would not be reading a magazine devoted to the pictures. The movies are important, not for what they displaced, but for the new things they did; for the new art they created; above all, for the new millions to whom they brought entertainment—

millions who didn't know the theater at all.

The above ought to make clear my slant in this matter. Actually, I refuse to make short-range prophecies; for long-range, anything is possible in fifty or a hundred years. We have speeded up invention so much in the past two generations that in a century all our present forms of entertainment may be outmoded and forgotten.

We have also speeded up economic confusion and military preparation so much in the past ten years that within fifty years the world may not have time or capacity for entertainment—by which I mean that too many of us may be dead. Anything is possible in a world so inventive, imaginative, enterprising, and stupid as ours.

But, for the immediate future, I do not think that television is going to take the place of the movies (or of the radio) and I have no concern in seeing that it does. Quite the contrary, I hope to enjoy all three. If I saw no future for television except as a replacer, I would have little interest in it. Like radio and the movies, television will have to create something of its own if it wants to become interesting and sig-

(Continued on page 94)

THE Camera SPEAKS



male title holder of Hollywood,
dy, boasting the largest fan mail
best baritone voice extant, is the
e moment for fifty million fans—and
MacDonald—in M-G-M's "Sweethearts"

Willing



ON THIS AND THE
FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY
BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD
AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST



EASY ON TH



Her name spells glamour in letters a mile high—Sonja Henie, 20th Century-Fox's orchid of the ice. Endowed with the beauty and poise of a ballerina, legs that were insured for \$100,000 by Lloyds of London and a pair of silver skates, she flashed across the Hollywood panorama two years ago and proceeded to establish herself as firmly upon American celluloid as she had upon the ice rinks of the world. A brown-eyed little person with a Norwegian heritage, she is, primarily, the competent sportswoman who smashed all box-office records early this year in a now famous cross-country skating tour; secondarily, she is the dimpled movie actress, official siren of "My Lucky Star"

Hollywood Dress Parade

—and the sights at the "Marie Antoinette" opening put Mrs. Astor's horse right in the shade

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
HYMAN FINK



Three orchids — plus Gable — are more than any gal deserves. Carole takes it all blithely in stride



Curls brushed into the clouds and an unbelievably long tulle hankie that dangles and dangles for Joan Bennett. Black-and-white contrast by Walter Wanger



Frilly femininity—with a dazzling dash of ermine: Miriam Hopkins

The co-stars of "Marie Antoinette"—Norma Shearer and Ty Power. Norma bought up all the gold sequin coats to avoid duplicates

The last public appearance of the Tones before their separation, Joan speeding up the fashion pace with a bright eye-catching moiré girdle on her crepe dress

The "silver fox for evening" contingent was led by Irene Dunne, be-orchided. Husband Dr. Griffin wore bachelor buttons



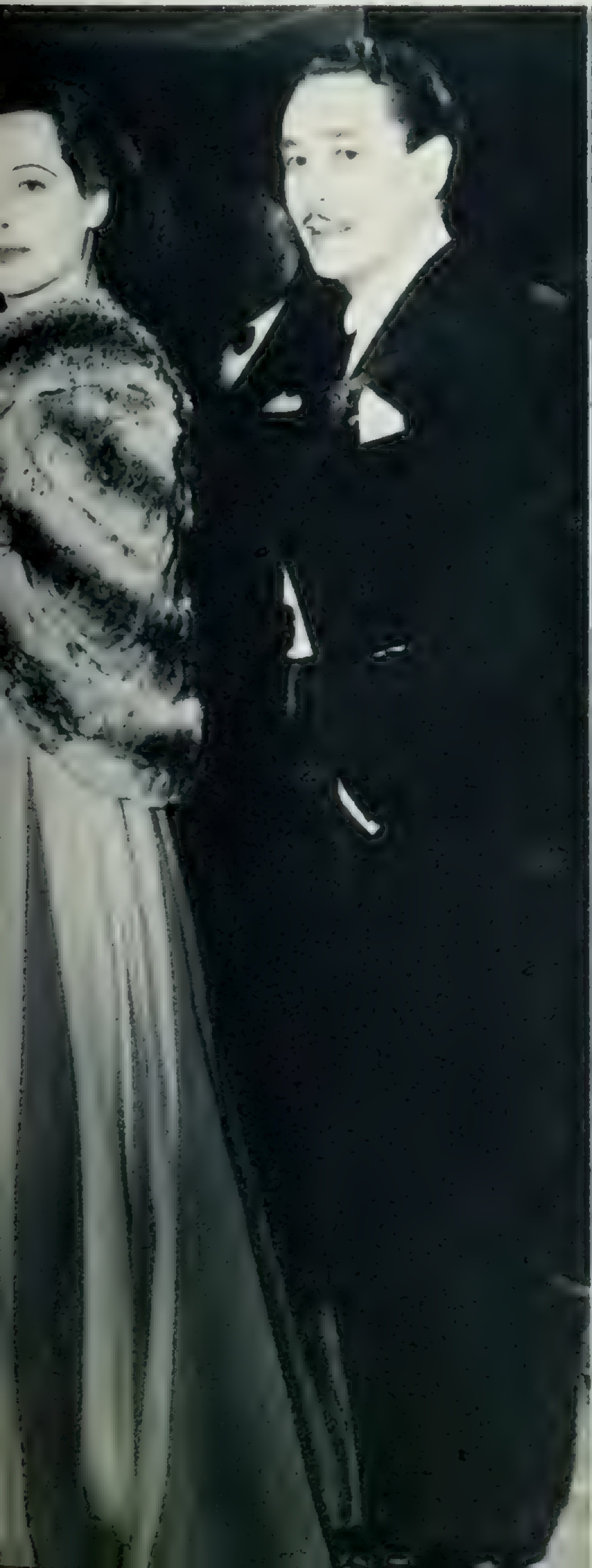


...ers of the Younger Set were a com-
cent Mr. Bartholomew, in Eton collar,
Judy Garland, with a posy as a decoy



Doug, Jr. brought Merle Oberon, who, in turn,
brought a fashion note from London—ermine coat
with bands and muff of silver fox for evening

ntinental Cinderella with a million-
ar personality—and a chinchilla wrap:
dy Lamarr, with Reginald Gardiner



A woman who dares to be different—Jeanette Mac-
Donald, forsaking satins and sequins, goes in for a
hooded jacket à la peasant. Beaued by Gene Raymond

...THEN, to the Troc!



The Queen's Comte Axel (Ty Power) divides his
grin between Annabella and Evelyn Abbott



Norma with the Raymonds. For the after-pre-
mière party, the star did a quick-change act



Score ten for Maggie Sullivan's intriguing white
outfit; score five for Leland Hayward's profile




A foursome that hobs and nobs with the greatest
of ease: the Robert Youngs and the Allan Jones



English style with a French accent—Pat Paterson
in white banded with sequins, and Charles Boyer



Past masters in the art of romance, Fredric March and Virginia Bruce swing nicely into step in Hal Roach's "There Goes My Heart." Two small-town Middle Westerners, they both romanced on Broadway before they made their star marks in Hollywood. Teamed together now for the first time, they give a stepped-up version of the poor boy-rich girl theme by co-starring capably, holding hands competently

A black and white portrait of actor Bob Montgomery. He is shown from the chest up, turned slightly to his left, looking off-camera with a gentle smile. His dark hair is neatly combed back. He is wearing a light-colored, possibly white, jacket or sweater. The background is a soft, out-of-focus landscape.

Actor's ACTOR

Paradox in Hollywood is Bob Montgomery, matinee idol who, as Guild President, can talk turkey like any hard-boiled businessman. Male attraction of M-G-M's "Three Loves Has Nancy," he boasts a technique that registers equally as well on the polo field as in the projection room, is envied by fan and film folk alike for his professional skill, his grin and his supreme mastery of the art of living

Graybill



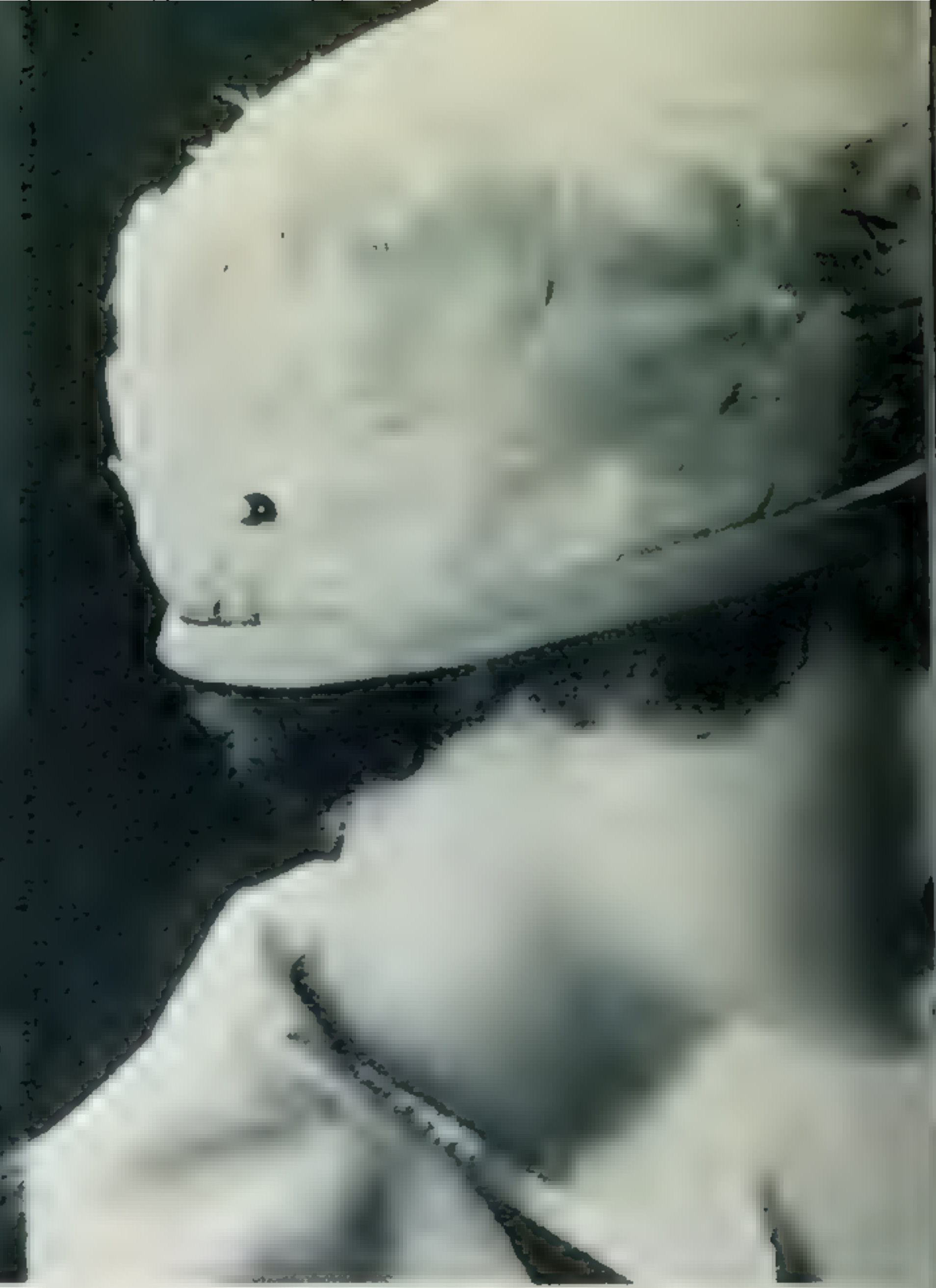
Beverly Bayne—1913
Two Tails to the Wind



Blanche Sweet—1914
Four Layers of Froth



Florence Lawrence—1915
It's a Birdie



Ruth Chatterton—1919
Feather Your Nest



Norma Talmadge—1919
In the Velvet



May Allison—1920
A Love Set in Fuzz



Alice Brady—1921
It's All in the Angle



May McAvoy—1922
Lumberjill



Claire Windsor—1925
Fur and Warmer



Jetta Goudal—1925
Satanic Satin



Viola Dana—1926
Hat-check Girl



Mary Astor—1927
Something Daring in Duvelty

THE MAD HATTERS

A fashion history of the greatest thorn in the male side—women's hats, with headnotes on the heights and depths that have marked these past three dashing decades



part—1917
tch with Sugar

Doris Lee—1918
Pink Bonbon

Billie Burke—1918
Tailor-made Sailor Maid

Shirley Mason—1918
Mushroom Growth



Windsor—1922
Lampshade

Gloria Swanson—1923
Veiled Profit

Pauline Garon—1923
It's Got Everything!

Betty Compson—1925
Fashion's Trump—the Egret



n—1928
e Shave

Mae Busch—1929
Horsehair for Handsomeness

Kay Francis—1930
Nights in Armor

Joan Blondell—1931
Wide Open Faces



1932-1938: Betty Furness, Anita Louise, Joan Crawford and Sigrid Gurie
thus the styles—and the crowns—rose and sank: from Betty's knit-witticism, to the box for pills, worn by Anita, to Joan's cartwheel. Last, but not least,
Sigrid exhibits the latest feminine fantasy—or folly—today's Toy Hat

COWBOY



East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet—that is, until Sam Goldwyn takes a hand. Which he does, in his forthcoming "The Lady and the Cowboy." His first step was to cast, as his cowboy, Gary Cooper, who, as an emigré from Montana, first stole the Hollywood show twelve years ago by gunning his way through Western melodramas. He then induced that nice likeable English girl, Merle Oberon, to trek her way from London to the West, where she is now carrying on as a most capable "lady." From then on, matters were simple. Goldwyn aimed his cameras—the cowboy meets the Eastern debutante on a Texas cattle ranch; thinks she's a servant; marries her. Even after discovering her real identity, he-man Cooper is equal to his rôle—and the East meets the West to form a new pattern of romance, and, incidentally, a new marquee team in the bigger and better Goldwyn fashion





D

THE LADY



FRANCES

—as a royal lady-in-waiting in Paramount's "If I Were King." A bright chattering youngster, she talked her way into the film profession eight years ago; took care of her personal life by exchanging the Scotch "Dee" for the equally Scotch "McCrea." Poised mother of two, she is apt to twinkle at the slightest provocation; still remembers fondly her choice childhood talent—she could climb telephone poles higher, stay longer and shout louder than any boy on the block

Walking



Exclusive to Photoplay are these Hurrell pictures of a new Carole



CAROLE

—has a new hairdress. Lombard, the witty, the winsome, the wise, rolls up her curls, swirls them into a white silk hair net, and is ready to take her stand in Selznick's "Made for Each Other."



1. A hooper and her better Half



2. His name's on page 3; what hers really is is a moot question



7. He's June Collyer's husband



8. She's "America's Ideal Girl"



3. Fox's "Jess"



Cal York's talking about them



10. She's always on her toes; he's



"kidnapped" manicurist



5. These three don't have glamorous profiles, but they win by more than a nose



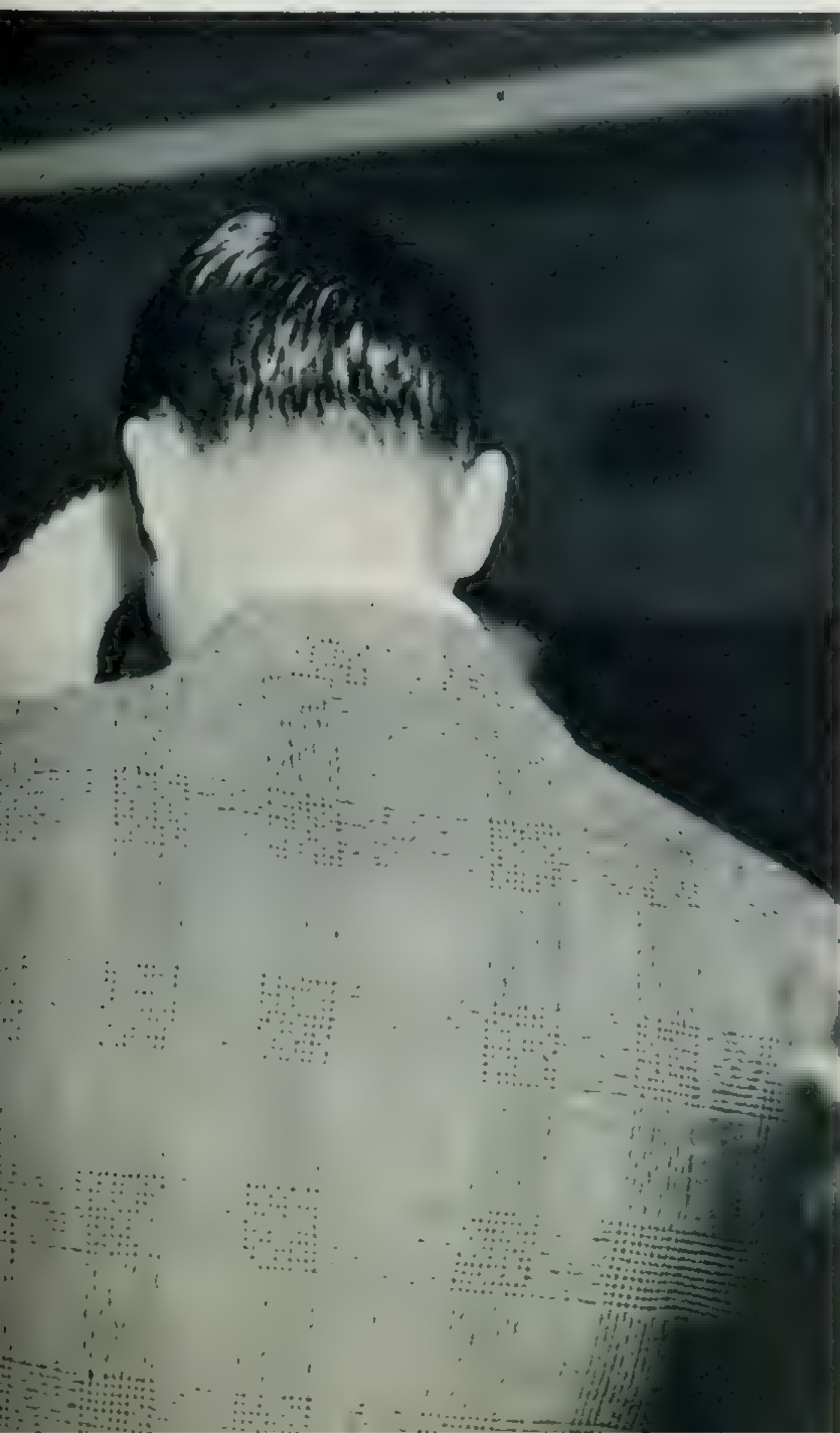
6. Mustachioed product of Kenosha, Wis.

Glad to see Your Back

Nineteen good actors gone wrong—they've committed the cardinal sin of turning their backs on the audience. In case you can't identify them, their names are on page 73

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Male star is leaving films for good



12. "Cute as a button," the President said



13. If you're not careful, he might gang up on you





FIFTY YEARS HENCE?

Not a picture of fun-loving oldsters, but a crack disguise trumped up by those gay Young Marrieds, the Gene Raymonds. For a "Fifty Years Hence" fete, they donned a few wigs and wrinkles, kept their own smiles, became Gene and Jeanette in 1988—and the hit of the party



His first public appearance since his separation from Joan Crawford
—Franchot Tone helps Sally Blane celebrate her twenty-eighth birthday



PHOTOGRAPHY BY HYMAN FINK

Cal York's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

Onto the highways, into the byways goes our favorite Peeping Tom to bring you this intimate glimpse of Glamour Town

The End of the Eddy-MacDonald Myth

AT last (and it's about time), we lay before our readers the whole truth concerning the highly publicized feud between that popular screen team, Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald. We found it out by a little private investigation on the "Sweethearts" set, where Director Woody Van Dyke was in charge.

"It's a damned shame," he told us bluntly, "the way those two kids are maligned."

"Well, how do all the rumors get around?" we asked him.

He motioned us over to a chair close to the camera. "Sit here a minute," he said, "and watch."

We hadn't long to wait. Jeanette called time out to rearrange her hair just before a take and, like a flash, Nelson was at her. "Temperamental prima donnas," he cried, "always fussing with their hair and their faces."

"Oh, go away," Jeanette said, "I wouldn't have to wear this shawl around my shoulders if you hadn't breathed cold germs on me."

"Me? Cold germs on you? Well, I like that," Nelson stormed.

The next instant they were engaged in another make-believe battle.

"You see," Director Van Dyke said, "it goes on like that all day. They rag each other from nine in the morning till five at night. Casual visitors on the set who don't seem to understand

that only the finest and deepest friendship would permit such continual joshings take all this kidding seriously and go about spreading the gossip.

"Believe me, there are no finer friends in all Hollywood, and I know, than Nelson and Jeanette."

—And Lombard Flopped

CAROLE LOMBARD as a publicity agent! How does it strike you? The Hollywood press seemed to enjoy the idea immensely. When Carole actually took her place behind a desk in Selznick's studio, reporters gathered in droves to watch the blonde star at work.

A fire siren summoned Miss Lombard's secretary to her office. What sounded like a steam calliope called in staff members for conferences. In fact, as a publicity stunt it went off swell until a seasoned reporter hustled in and asked, "Isn't Carole Lombard going to make a picture here soon?"

Carole giggled. "Yes, that's right." "Okay," snapped the reporter, "I want some dope for straight wire service tonight. When is Miss Lombard going to marry Clark Gable?"



The long and the short of it—Jimmy Stewart and Helen Hayes were the cutest couple caught dancing together at the Troc. Helen, stage actress supreme, has just turned down a fabulous sum for film-making

The smile died on Carole's face. Turning to a staff member she asked in a thin little voice, "Now what do I do?"

She solved the problem by buzzing both the fire alarm and calliope at once.

The reporter fled.

Incidentally, the picture in question is Selznick's "Made for Each Other," and in it Carole will be switched from comedy into a drama of modern marriage. Teamed with her is the box-office man of the moment—Jimmy Stewart.



Here's a rare "who's-going-with-whom" picture—Nelson Eddy Café Lamaze-ing with his off-screen gal, Ann Franklin



Hollywood said it wouldn't last, but, to explode that theory, all you need is one look at the grinning gaiety of Manuel del Campo and Mary Astor, having fun together at a Bowl concert

We talk to Lunnon town:

WITH Robert Morley's playing of King Louis XVI in "Marie Antoinette" the talk of the town, imagine old Cal's amazement when M-G-M studios rang our bell and said:

"How would you like to interview Morley in London by way of telephone? We've chosen you among the Hollywood press for the honor."

Picture our jitterbug nerves as we sat in a studio office one midnight later waiting for that call to be completed.

And then it happened. "Hullo, this is Robert Morley," came the voice of that unforgettable King Louis. "It's a fine morning in London and I'm all excited about this call. Been up since dawn waiting for it."

"How did you like working over here?" we asked first. "Were you lonely or unhappy?"

"I've never been happier," came the reply. "The kindness of everyone in Hollywood has impressed me deeply. I didn't dream Hollywood could be so kind."

And then, question by question, we unfolded the story of this newcomer to the screen.

In his native England, Robert Morley had been a hard-working, sincere actor who had toured the provinces for eight years before landing on the London stage. A competent thespian, he was unknown outside his country. Then to England came the great American producer, Hunt Stromberg, to try to persuade Charles Laughton to play the part of King Louis XVI. Laughton refused, and, in despair, Stromberg decided to go to the theater and forget his disappointment. There, on the stage in "The Great Romancer," he spied Morley.

"But I've never faced a movie camera in my life," Morley protested. "Suppose I should go over and fail."

Eventually Stromberg persuaded the actor, and Morley traveled 6,000 miles to take the chance that made him one of Hollywood's most talked-about stars.

"And what are you doing in London now?" we asked.

"I'm rehearsing a London company in a play I've written, called "Goodness How Sad." I shall be in New York to appear in "The Life of



Ann Sothorn takes a lesson from Fanny "Baby Snooks" Brice on "How to woo Robt. Taylor" while Barbara Stanwyck just wears an inscrutable smile and says nothing

Oscar Wilde" on the stage there. Then I hope to go to Hollywood again."

Hollywood, we may add, is just as enthusiastic over the actor as Morley is over Hollywood. They see in him the opportunity to fill the rôles that have been waiting so long for Charles Laughton, who refuses to leave England.

Someone had told us of Morley's kind understanding of American star worship. When Morley first arrived on the "Marie Antoinette" lot, no portable dressing room could be found for him, since there were so many important actors in the film.

But Director Van Dyke himself scoured the lot and at last found a very old room that had once belonged to Marie Dressler. "We'll have it cleaned and redecorated, of course," Van Dyke said.

"Oh, no. Leave it as it is," Morley protested. "It would be a shame to disturb it." And so, with Marie's old but beloved rocking chair midway between dresser and court, Morley used the room as it was for many long weeks.

It didn't take long during our interview to discover the rapierlike, quick mind behind the slow, hesitant speech of the King. He has written stories as well as plays and is behind England's movement to establish the Little Theaters.

With many thanks on both sides, Hollywood said good-bye to London, hoping that the Morley of London would soon be Morley of Hollywood.

Autrey Mows 'em Down

WHEN Melvyn Douglas rode his horse over some of the high hurdles in a scene for Universal's "That Certain Age," he came proudly back to where his small son, four-year-old Peter, was seated among the interested onlookers, hoping for a word or two of praise. But when the director, Edward Ludwig, asked the lad what he thought of his dad and the feat just accomplished, the infant merely looked at him and said, "Well, I like Gene Autrey better." And that, so far as Peter was concerned, was that!

Help Wanted

FIELDSIE has left Lombard. After seven years of faithful secretarial co-operation, working hand in glove with her boss to shock Hollywood and make the movies safe for democracy, Fieldsie left to get married. Sympathizing with an employer who has lost her most valued possession, PHOTOPLAY has decided to help out by running practically free of charge the following Help Wanted ad:

Wanted—one nerveless specimen with unusual qualifications. Must be able to outdo mule skinner when mad. Must remain calm during temperamental fireworks any hour of day or night. Must know what to do about Valentine Day presents from man named Gable. Prefer one who can speak only Russian when reporters are around. No males need apply. Write, Miss Carole Lombard, care Selznick-International Studios, Hollywood.



Writer Edwin Knopf and the lovely Irene Dunne are interested spectators at the Roller Derby

A Whale of A Rôle

AFTER a strenuous trip across the continent in their own private boxcar, Bambi and his girl friend, Saline, are resting in their palatial quarters at the Walt Disney Studios, enjoying the feel of their soft grass yard between feedings from their oversize nursing bottles.

Meanwhile, the entire lot dances in admiring attendance. Studio officials state that Bambi and Saline will be ready for the arduous (?) duties of modeling the characters of the forthcoming Walt Disney feature, "Bambi," in a very short time.

In case you don't know, Bambi and the girl friend are two minute Virginia white-tailed deer sent from Maine to the Disney Studios for the animators to study.

Meantime, the animators of "Pinocchio" are wandering about, mumbling in their mustachios, as it were, on account of they say it ain't fair or just to their "Monstro." Fact is, there's considerable talk of organizing a whaling expedition to bring back a baby whale so their pet can get a break or two, too—"Monstro" being a baby whale who plays a whale of a rôle in the "Pinocchio" opus.

Star-Studded Stable

SHE drove up to the Bel-Air riding academy in a swanky limousine and emerged in the but niftiest of riding habits.

"I want a good lively horse," she demanded. "I like spirit in a horse."

Five minutes later she was back, limping and rubbing the spot on which she had obviously landed.

"I demand to see the owners here," she cried. "No one but the owners."

Out of the door, for all the world like heroes in a musical comedy scene, popped Allan Jones and Robert Young.

The lady stopped in the middle of a word, her jaw falling open.

"I—what—say—who owns this Riding Academy?" she spluttered.

"We do, Madam," they replied. "Anything wrong?"

The lady broke out in laughter.

"To think I've been in California six months without meeting a star and I finally had to fall on my—I mean—I had to fall off a horse to meet two of them."

Tourists' business increased leaps and bounds for the boys from that moment on.

(Continued on page 96)

Author S. S. Van Dine sips to the success of hostess Gracie, but Edward Everett Horton (right) does a little private ribbing about the novel, "The Gracie Allen Murder Case," being named for her

It isn't always white tie and tails, or orchids and ermine in Hollywood. Buddy Adler and Anita Louise (they're engaged) go to the Bowl prepared for the cool California night

Remember, we told you that Cupid got in some deadly work at a recent Photoplay party. His victims were (and still are — definitely) Viennese Ilona Massey and Michael Whalen





GARDEN OF THE MOON—Warners

THE real Garden of the Moon is the famous Coconut Grove. However, the resemblance between that supper room and this picture is slight. Pat O'Brien, wisecracking like fury, is the manager who will stop at nothing to get business, and attractive, new Johnny Payne is the bandleader. Aside from removing the glamour from the night club as an institution, this depends little on plot for entertainment value. It's obvious that Johnny's going to get the girl press agent (Margaret Lindsay) and Pat is going to get the business. You are pleasantly regaled by Jerry Colonna; expert comedian Johnnie Davis; Curt Bois; Jimmie Fidler, who plays himself; and Garden owners Granville Bates and Ed McWade. Apt dialogue, good romance, swell music.



★ **SING YOU SINNERS—Paramount**

DARNED clever, these *Beebes*—the happy-go-lucky family consisting of *Ma*, Elizabeth Patterson, sons Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray and Donald O'Connor. Having spent her money on the boys' musical education, *Mrs. Beebe* is determined to make them sing for their pot roasts. Fred, the serious one, hates warbling, wants to marry Ellen Drew, can't because Bing is a loafer and has a hysterical propensity to "swap" everything in sight. When he finally trades a "swap shop" for a race horse, the *Beebes* make their fortune on the nag. Bing's horse and his Del Mar track practically star in the picture. The songs, particularly "I've Got a Pocketful of Dreams" and "Small Fry," are delightful. For sheer unadulterated fun, this takes the blue ribbon.

THE SHADOW STAGE

A REVIEW OF THE
NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURE



★ **MARIE ANTOINETTE—M-G-M**

IF you read Stefan Zweig's magnificent story of Toinette, the tragic doll of the Trianon, you will come away from this superb picture with two outstanding impressions. First, that Norma Shearer really understood the Queen and her gradual evolution from a bored spendthrift to a historical figure. Second, that the French people should have been nicer to the poor woman, if only because she was so lovely and had such an amusing imagination. It is perfectly cast, with new Robert Morley amazingly good as the misunderstood Louis XVI and Gladys George an acceptable du Barry.

Tyrone Power is the dead spit physically of Fersen, Antoinette's lover, and, although he was inconspicuous in that part, his performance was authentic; after all, the Swedish nobleman was not a brilliant or flashing personality. It is not the story that gives this piece originality, because everyone knows it—how the Austrian Princess was married for State reasons to the impotent Dauphin and, thus frustrated, worked off her energies madly and extravagantly, how she fell in love with Fersen, who remained loyal when the deluge came. It is, instead, the interpretation of these almost legendary persons as simple human beings that leaves you breathless.

Director W. S. Van Dyke may easily call this his finest job. Technically, it is as civilized and complete a motion picture as has ever been created. John Barrymore, Anita Louise, Joseph Schildkraut and all the rest are excellent. In any case, Norma Shearer has her triumphant comeback.



★ **DRUMS—Korda-United Artists**

"FOUR things greater than all things are, Women and Horses and Power and War." Although Kipling didn't write this picture (it's from a story by A. E. W. Mason), no film that we can remember has come so close as "Drums" to depicting the fierce, glorious battling atmosphere of the India of Great Britain on her march to Empire, for which the poet is famous. All the native Indian scenes were photographed in the heavily guarded tribal territory of the Khyber Pass on the northwest frontier.

Knowing the Moslems are being egged on to a holy war, *Captain Carruthers* is sent up from Peshawar to make a treaty with the *Khan*. He takes his bride, daughter of the Governor, with him. Before the treaty plans are completed *Prince Ghul* has the old *Khan* murdered; the *Khan's* son (*Sabu* of "Elephant Boy" fame) barely escapes. The assassinator then invites the English garrison to a dinner at which he intends to slaughter the whole troop. *Sabu*, in the meantime, having made friends with a little Scotch drummer boy, manages to drum out a signal which is heard too late for the Gordon Highlanders to escape without terrific slaughter. Built up to an amazing tension, this banquet scene has been magnificently directed by Zoltan Korda. In fact, the atmosphere throughout is highly realistic due in no small part to Technicolor. India's dusky blues, browns and reds are ideal for this medium.

The actors, Roger Livesey, Raymond Massey, *Sabu*, Valerie Hobson, Desmond Tester and numerous others are each completely satisfying.



★ **THE TEXANS—Paramount**

IT all breaks down to a stampede. When any studio can photograph the removal of a herd of cattle across country and out of it discover such a wealth of action as well as such spectacle, credit must be distributed lavishly.

Here is history, romance, a tale of courage; it is beautifully filmed and produced in the grand manner. Of course, the plot is disjointed and overshadowed, but you can't have everything.

The entire story centers around a family in Texas during the Reconstruction Period that followed the Civil War. May Robson, owner of vast lands and ten thousand head of cattle, finds the new taxes and the carpetbag politics of newcomers are leading her to ruin. So up she gets, and, with a determined cry, decides to move the herd 1,500 miles through Indian country to Kansas, where she can sell it at the railroad. To this end, Randy Scott is brought in, and in true big-time fashion, leads the exodus, finding time between fighting and other heroics to make courteous passes at Joan Bennett, May's granddaughter. Robert Barrat and a troop of Yankees make a chase out of the whole affair, but you can guess the outcome.

Miss Robson has the juiciest rôle and steals the picture, but Walter Brennan does a wonderful job, too. The historical background and the hazards attending the trek in the form of blizzards, stampedes and dust storms cannot fail to hold your interest throughout despite the somewhat lukewarm romance.



★ **BOY MEETS GIRL—Warners**



THE AFFAIRS OF ANNABEL—RKO-Radio



★ **FOUR DAUGHTERS—Warner Brothers**

EAGERLY awaited because the stage version was such a knockout, this cinema plug for—and satire on—Hollywood is true to the original, and fine comic entertainment. It marks the return of Jimmy (Bad Boy) Cagney, this time as a screwball film writer; his companion scribbler is Pat O'Brien. Stuck on a story for a Western star, Dick Foran, the two guys find the answer in Marie Wilson, a dumb waitress. She's going to have a baby, and they decide to create a baby star with her offspring. Bruce Lester plays Marie's romantic interest; Ralph Bellamy, the affected producer; Frank McHugh, the typical Hollywood agent. No matter what the boys do, it's funny. Cagney is better than ever. Marie Wilson's excellent in her biggest rôle to date.

HERE again, Hollywood points an amused finger at itself. This time with Friend Oakie, lighter in physical weight but just as heavy on the humor, playing a press agent. Those who know the real Praise Persons of the movie city, hard lean-faced men, spary of the spoken word and bitter of wit, must find Jackie's interpretation a little soggy. The story has pace, though, and good comedy: it's the crazy tale of Oakie's efforts to bring back a slipping screen star, Lucille Ball, by any kind of publicity. He gets her in jail, makes her pose as a housemaid, gets her into other fantastic situations. Fritz Feld and Bradley Page, with Ruth Donnelly, contribute interesting background and Lucille herself uses her good rôle for everything it's got. In any case, you'll laugh.

HEREIN three stars are born—notably John Garfield whose characterization is one of the high spots of the year; a new Priscilla Lane who emerges as another Ginger Rogers; and Jeffrey Lynn, emphatically a "discovery." Based on Fannie Hurst's novel, the story of the four Lemp girls (Priscilla, Rosemary, Lola Lane and Gale Page) and their search for romance consistently touches the heart, occasionally lets you laugh and always entertains you. Tragedy comes to the Lemps when Priscilla sacrifices her love for her sister and marries the dour pianist, John Garfield, instead of the composer, Jeffrey Lynn. The end is happy, even if tragic circumstances lead to it. Michael Curtiz' direction is superb throughout. Recommended for all!

YES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Marie Antoinette Drums
Four's a Crowd Boy Meets Girl
The Crowd Roars Letter of Introduction
Sing You Sinners The Texans
Love Finds Andy Hardy Give Me a Sailor
Four Daughters

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Norma Shearer in "Marie Antoinette"
Robert Morley in "Marie Antoinette"

Errol Flynn in "Four's a Crowd"

James Cagney in "Boy Meets Girl"
Marie Wilson in "Boy Meets Girl"

Robert Taylor in "The Crowd Roars"
Frank Morgan in "The Crowd Roars"
Edward Arnold in "The Crowd Roars"

Adolphe Menjou in "Letter of Introduction"
Andrea Leeds in "Letter of Introduction"
Edgar Bergen in "Letter of Introduction"
Charlie McCarthy in "Letter of Introduction"

Mickey Rooney in "Love Finds Andy Hardy"

May Robson in "The Texans"

Donnie Dunagan in "Mother Carey's Chickens"

Martha Raye in "Give Me a Sailor"
Bob Hope in "Give Me a Sailor"

Priscilla Lane in "Four Daughters"
John Garfield in "Four Daughters"
Jeffrey Lynn in "Four Daughters"



★ **FOUR'S A CROWD—Warners**

THOSE of you who have always thought of Errol Flynn as a nice-looking romantic, without too intellectual a grip on comedy, will be pleasantly shocked at his performance in this. It has a Cary Grant quality. Frankly, the picture itself is most confusing, if you regard it as a whole; but its individual sequences are splendid gems and every character is cast perfectly.

The story starts off with Rosalind Russell as newspaper woman No. 1 of Pat Knowles' New York sensation sheet. The paper's failing, and they want to get back Flynn (who turned Public Relations council when Knowles fired him). Flynn plays a tireless, fast-thinking young businessman whose work is to whitewash the reputations of millionaires who have made their piles by despoiling widows and orphans. Fourth in the crowd is Olivia de Havilland, giggly daughter of Wall Streeter Walter Connolly. The confusion is not concerned with Flynn's business; that is direct and highly interesting. He finds Connolly a hard nut to crack, takes back his job on the paper, campaigns to make the old man the Most Hated Millionaire in America, and then uses his victim's hobby—miniature railroading—to cheat him out of a contract.

What will floor you is trying to find out who loves whom. I think it's Errol-Rosalind and Olivia-Patric in the end, but no quoting, please. Anyway, everybody has a wonderful time.



★ **LETTER OF INTRODUCTION—Universal**

LET there be no more talk concerning dull movies resulting in empty theater seats, at least so far as "Letter of Introduction" is concerned. Universal has created the apparent solution to the current problem in this beautifully blended gem of comedy, drama, and pathos; it has every essential, including Charlie McCarthy. To Director John M. Stahl goes a major portion of credit. His handling of every situation, whether it be out-and-out McCarthy fun or the tragic scenes of a vain man's attempts to override his weaknesses, is well nigh perfect. The performers themselves are excellent—each shrewdly cast and each in fine fettle.

Andrea Leeds, a young girl with high hopes of becoming a great actress, comes to New York with a letter of introduction to John Mannering (Adolphe Menjou), screen and stage idol. When the apartment house in which she lives burns down, Andrea rescues the letter and seeks refuge with Rita Johnson and her dancing partner, George Murphy. George and Andrea fall in love at first sight. When Andrea presents her letter to Menjou, it is revealed—surprise, kiddies—that she is the actor's daughter; and, in his joy at finding her, he promises to bring her stardom. Tragedy strikes before he can fulfill this promise. Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen are the hits of the show; never has the sophisticated artistry of Bergen been more pronounced.

(Continued on page 97)

Director Keighley and Wayne Morris smile when they face a contretemps on the "Brother Rat" set



"The Road to Reno," with Glenda Farrell, Hope Hampton and Randy Scott, gives you a peek at the how-come of the divorce mill

WE COVER

On his fascinating set-covering tour, this scout of ours gets a lesson in the three R's as he travels from "Reno," to "Rich," to "Rat"

WE knew Hollywood was really back in the groove when we heard Sam Goldwyn was shooting again. He has rounded up the old hands to get "The Lady and the Cowboy" rolling with Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon. That pair of aces alone makes a first set-stop at United Artists practically compulsory, as we start stalking the studios to see what's what.

When we arrive, Merle, so gorgeous in a white frock with wine hat and gloves, stands by the rail of a cutaway movie ship and cozies up to Gary. It's not hard either because Coop is back in the attractive rags that suit him best—cowpoke clothes. He has a ten-gallon hat slung over one ear, high-heeled boots and a silk bandana.

We watch while "Solly the Serpent" almost

huffs and puffs Gary and Merle off the flimsy set-deck. "Solly" is the caterpillarlike contraption they invented for the "Hurricane" tempests. Merle and Gary have to take Solly's synthetic sea breezes and, what's more, roll cigarettes in the teeth of the gale. Merle tries—and the "makin's" almost blind us. Gary brags he can roll it with one hand. Solly snuffs out that boast like a birthday candle. So Director Hank Potter takes a hand. "We'll shoot it that way," he decides "for comedy!"

Which strikes us as a nice solution.

But Coop's pride is wounded. "I can still do it with one hand," he says grimly.

"Show me how," pleads Merle, in an oh-you-big-mans voice. They sit right down in some canvas chairs, Gary peels off his coat, Merle slips off her hat and gloves, and tobacco flies all over the place. We duck before the inevitable cuss words start to flow.

WE make a break next for Universal, where songbird Hope Hampton (remember?) is using "The Road To Reno" as the trail back to a film career.

In "The Road to Reno," Hope's an opera star who hops to Reno for a quick unhitching, meets rancher Randy Scott, marries the guy, and then tries to make him over into a dude.

What particularly interests us about the scene we see is the fact that it's taken from an actual case on Reno court records, and gives us a bona fide peek at the how-come of the notorious divorce mill.

You have to answer just two important questions to get your walking papers in Reno: "Have you been a resident of this state for six weeks?" and "Is it your intention to make this state your permanent residence?" The answer in both cases is "Yes." But once, a fluttery lady got mixed up on the second one and said, "Heavens, no—I'm leaving this joint on the 3:30 train!" Which is what actually occurs in most cases—only you don't say so in court. She did, and lost one of the few divorce cases on record!

We watch Hope pull the same classic boner. It's very funny, so we're still chuckling in our beard when we find Deanna Durbin growing up on the set of "That Certain Age," next door.

Deanna shakes our hand and gives us a smile. Only she doesn't give smiles; she shares them. You smile, too. You can't resist. Deanna has a pad and pencil in her hand. Her teacher hovers near by. Between shots she puts the bee on Melvyn Douglas to help her with her homework.

"That Certain Age" is the third stage in the process of Deanna's movie growing up. Here, for the first time, a heartbeat enters the picture. He's writer Melvyn Douglas, and, though he doesn't know it, Deanna's heart thumps with a young girl's worship of an older man. Jackie Cooper, the boy friend in this one, doesn't get a break. She tries to act grown-up and glamorous and—well, you can imagine it from there. Songs, of course, classical and otherwise. There'll be a surprise, too. Deanna's voice has grown much fuller since "Mad About Music."



Between scenes of "That Certain Age," Deanna Durbin puts the bee on Melvyn Douglas. And is he stumped! Irene Rich (left), hits the comeback trail in this



Newcomer Nancy Kelly, with Richard Greene in the picture, "Wooden Anchors," isn't really a newcomer

THE STUDIOS BY JACK WADE

WE'RE awfully glad to see Irene Rich back in Hollywood playing Deanna's mother in this one. Irene's the ideal maternal type for our money, and when Hollywood got stingy with parts, she up and went right into radio and made a big name for herself. She looks young and happy and we ask her the secret. But she brightly cracks the name of a well-known fruit drink she advertises on the air.

Across the sandy Los Angeles river and around the bend of Mount Warner, a shaggy mountain backdrop, we find the Warner Brothers without a single star rebellion or player holdout.

We make a beeline for "Brother Rat"—yep, that's the name of it, and if you're at all up on the New York stage you'll know it's a sockaroo hit about what goes on inside the South's proudest military academy, Virginia Military Institute. "Rats" in that place mean just—freshmen. Affectionate little term, what?

The main Brothers Rat are Wayne (the Kid) Morris, Ronald Reagan and Eddie Albert. Priscilla Lane and Jane Bryan take care of the distaff side, which is pretty minor as you'd imagine—in a military school. The Lane-Morris lineup presents one of those awkward little contretemps that make-believe and real-life are always posing for Hollywood stars. Wayne and Priscilla were as thick as country cream for months, then—boom!—it was all over. Now they have to make sweet love to each other!

Things are running smoothly today, however, as only Wayne and Ronald Reagan are punching

the clock. When we enter the set—a study barracks room—bedecked with swords and guns and battle flags and—oh, yes—a few books, Wayne is distracting Ronald from his trig lesson with an account of his love troubles.

After three or four faulty takes, Reagan cries, "Will somebody please work this trig problem for me? I've been looking at it so long I think about the answer instead of my lines!"

BACK in town, Columbia calls with "I Am The Law," Edward G. Robinson's racket-busting picture patterned quite obviously after the spectacular Dewey house cleaning in Manhattan. Eddie's a college professor who spends his vacation cleaning up the town, and has more fun than the trip to Europe he planned.

This season Eddie tried two careers, heavy drama on the screen, and the same on the air in "The Big Town." He likes them both so much he hates to give them up, but, he shakes his large, round head, "I'm crumbling, crumbling."

We'd do most anything to avoid the spectacle of Edward G. Robinson crumbling in little pieces like a layer cake, so we roll down Gower Street to RKO—for lunch, and, what's even more important, for "Gunga Din."

The three principals in this are Doug Fairbanks, Junior, a cockney soldier; Cary Grant, a Scotch trooper; and Victor McLaglen, an Irish *Tommy Atkins*. The story is pretty much the three musketeers idea, with said three in constant hot water, mixing fun, frolic and heroism with a light dose of love. Cary and Victor work

out a minor plot trying to keep Doug from marrying pretty Joan Fontaine.

There's another epic brewing, of a different sort, over at Paramount, where we waste no time heading for Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Bert Lahr and company on the "Zaza" set.

"Zaza" is tuneful and glittery, in what the Continent considered snappy stuff back in 1904—cancan dancers, champagne, wasp waists, parasols, naughty songs. Really the story's a sort of Parisian "Back Street," with Claudette as a vivacious little music-hall entertainer who wins French gentleman Herbert Marshall's heart, but hasn't the heart herself to break up his home—an item the French consider in a world apart from their romances, don't you know.

Today, we spot Claudette, in a chic, bouffant dress with black circles and a perky pink horse-hair and flower hat, sitting on a stool in the center of nimble workmen. Her arms look like a jewelry window. She's nervous because she's about to do a song number with Bert Lahr. Singing, Claudette confides, always makes her as jittery as a bride.

Bert is sporting a comic straw hat and loud striped pants that draw a protest from Claudette. "I know why you're wearing them," she tells him. "So nobody will notice *me* in the number!"

Bert looks wounded momentarily.

"Never mind," smiles Claudette, "I'll wear a spangle on my nose!"

"Your nose," objects Bert, "just isn't the type. Wait till it grows up—like mine!"

We think Bert has something there.

Twentieth Century-Fox is always busy as a bloom-time beehive—the hilltop lot bustles with movies-in-the-make. A new one for us is "Wooden Anchors," which we catch on the very first day.

Richard Greene really gets his first starring chance in "Wooden Anchors." He plays a spoiled, rich man's son who tries to gold-brick it through the Navy during the World War, but has a lot of foolishness knocked out of him en route.

Richard tells us he hopes to prove in "Wooden Anchors" that he's been thoroughly de-Britished. The process, he further confides, is due largely to his girl friend, Arleen Whelan. She coached him out of his Oxford accent while they stepped out together to see Hollywood's night sights.

Nancy Kelly is the one who draws our eye, though, because Nancy is brand-new to Hollywood.

She's the bright-eyed, vivacious girl who made such a hit with Gertrude Lawrence in "Susan and God" on Broadway, and after we talk to her she confesses that she was a child star 'way back yonder. Made fifty-two pictures, but had to make good on the stage when she grew up to get a Hollywood break!

WATCH Alice Faye in her first heavy dramatic rôle minus the songs and the streamlined supports—"By the Dawn's Early Light." It may sound like the theme song for a man-about-town, but it's really a flag-waving picture glorifying unsung American consuls in scattered countries. This country happens to be Mongolia and, true to type, Missy Faye's a nightclub entertainer. But she doesn't sing or dance. Instead Alice and vagabond-newspaperman Warner Baxter get all mixed up with bandits, seek protection in Charles Winninger's American consulate compound and learn to love between bullets. Then Warner writes a story about it and Charlie Winninger gets the heroic recognition he deserves for keeping the stars and stripes flying.

Gregory Ratoff ushers us in on the set in style. Gregory informs us in his miraculous English that he's through acting unless they draft him; he's directing this one.

We watch a scene with Alice and Keye Luke. Alice is supposed to adopt a Russian accent to foil the bandits. Keye is supposed to speak English with a Chinese inflection. Gregory tries to tell both of them how to do it. Ever heard

of the Tower of Babel? That's the idea. Even Alice and Keye can't keep a straight face.

"Phooey!" says Gregory, finally, "such a business! I'm dying!" He plops in his chair and mops his brow. And Alice and Keye do the scene as they were going to in the first place!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER is doubling up with dances on "Sweethearts," when we finally get around to Culver City. On one set Ray Bolger and a hundred chorus girls are rehearsing his big dance number. On another, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy shoot their comedy dance-scene.

We pop in first for a peek at the Bolger set—a giant Dutch mill banked by a mass of blazing paper tulips and some dancing Dutch cuties who have a terrible time keeping the curtain fringe from hooking onto their hats. Through the fields of flowers and pretty maids Ray, who is our man for eccentric dances, comes making motions, only—because the take is silent, being cued by a loud-speakered "playback." Albertina Rasch, high up in a box overhead, supervises the toe-twinkle of her dancing girls.

"Sweethearts" is, of course, based on the Victor Herbert operetta, with all those lilting melodies—"The Sweetheart Waltz," "Pretty as a Picture," and "Klip, Klop, Klop." They give Jeanette and Nelson plenty of chance to sing. M-G-M has modernized the story adroitly, though, by taking it out of Holland and showing the operetta as a hit show on Broadway. Nelson and Jeanette are the stars who get so sick of hearing their own songs that they run away to—of all places—Hollywood! Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell wrote the new script, and Frank Morgan plays a balmy Broadway producer, so there's a ton of fun in it, like the scene we see:

It's Jeanette and Nelson, having an after-theater celebration. The piano is banging away and Nelson and Jeanette trip a ludicrous light fantastic. They bump heads, sneeze, trip and have all sorts of accidents, to the amusement of Director Woody Van Dyke, who always seems to be around whenever Nelson and Jeanette make a movie.

"How a big lug like you gets away with dancing is beyond me," Woody tells Nelson.

We notice at once that Jeanette's hair looks funny. So much lighter. "Sweethearts" started out to be in black and white, but after the first week they decided to film it in Technicolor. Jeanette's lovely hair proved to be about two shades too red. So she had to have it lightened. Now it almost matches her pink evening gown.

Workmen, who have been tearing out a wall

PHOTOPLAY

Fashions

BY GWENN WALTER

Tricolor chic predominates in this fall costume by Anita Louise, currently appearing in M. "Marie Antoinette." Her Plumtone Voris suède is topped by a swagger coat of Safari brown sealskin created by Willard George. Accent of suède flashes from the ascot and gloves, and around the brim of the fringe-edged suède hat. "The Sisters," starring Bette Davis, is a newest film for her home studio, Warner Bros.

PHOTOGRAPH IN COLOR BY HUBERT
BACKGROUND—COURTESY OF UNITED AIR

so the camera can roll back, shout "Okay!" and Van Dyke echoes.

"Bring on the army!" cries Jeanette. She sits patiently in a chair while four people poke, dab and fuss over her. Hairdressers, make-up men, wardrobe pinners. Nelson powders his face and fumbles his white tie.

"All right," says Van Dyke, "let's take it. Now, Nelson, give us your real art." There's a sly gleam in Van's eye.

Again they prance, sway, whirl and stumble as the camera turns. Nelson's tails almost trip him, but he struggles on. Van Dyke has his hand to his mouth. "Cut!" he finally yells, then he steps into the scene, one hand behind him.

Before Nelson, Woody bows. His hand comes out. In it is a loving cup. On the cup is engraved: "Nelson Eddy—Dance Champion of Hollywood—1933, Judges: Jeanette MacDonald and W. S. Van Dyke."

Nelson blushes; the set whoops. Another picture, another rush of gags. When that trio get together—Nelson, Jeanette and Woody Van Dyke, they work hard and long, fast and furious. But they're never too busy to cook up some fun.

Gangster turns hoofer! Can you tie it! Edward G. Robinson and Wendy Barrie run through the Big Apple sequence for Eddie Larkin (far right), dance director of Columbia's racket-busting film, "I Am the Law"





Janet Gaynor sets the pace for tweed tailors with these two costumes designed by Omar Kiam for her to wear in Selznick-International's "The Young in Heart." Janet's suit, left, features a herringbone tweed of brown and deep ivory. Keen style interest centers in the full-length coat that is collared and paneled with beaver, and in the saddle-stitched rose rust suede front of the short-sleeved tweed jacket that has a concealed zipper closing. (Note Omar Kiam's detailed sketch of the jacket)



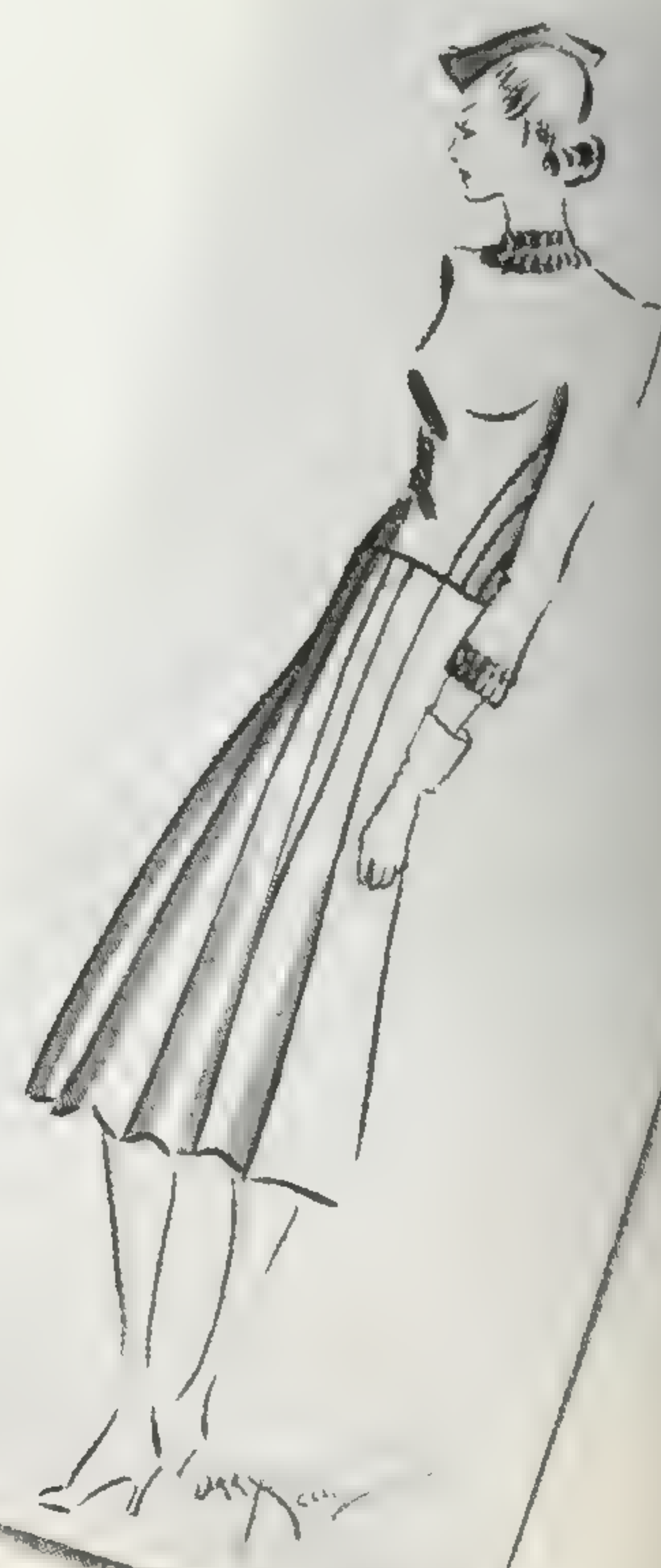


Kiam selected an Angora tweed in a shade of deep sand for Janet's second suit. The revers and collar of the single-breasted jacket (which closes to the right, man-fashion) are of sable seal to match the perfectly elegant full-length top-coat—a coat which Kiam tells me is one of only two in existence. If you plan a new fur coat, this would be grand to have copied in Alaska sealskin, beaver or muskrat. The two-gored skirt of the suit is joined to a matching blouse to fashion a one-piece dress. (The detail of the bottle-green inset stripes can be clearly seen in Kiam's sketch of the blouse)



For fall Howard Greer sponsors a flared skirt in this surplice, collarless, draped-open sleeved black woolen coat designed for Ginger Rogers to wear in RKO's "Care-free," in which she costars with Fred Astaire. Greer belts and bands the sleeves with patent leather and uses the gold choker collar of the frock beneath to ornament the neckline. His sketch (above) pictures the sheer black woolen frock which has a circle skirt, high front waistline (the back drops to a low point) and zipper closing. The narrow appliquéd stripings are of gilded kidskin

Bette Davis (opposite page) wears a fur and fabric model from her personal wardrobe. The front panel and the Pan collar are Russian caracul—the best of black woolen. A bloused, self-fabric belted back contrasts the slim front panel. Bette's chic black tricorn is of felt. The frock (sketched below) was designed by Orry Kelly, famous Warner Bros. designer. Identical back and front, it is outstanding for its fabric—black jersey—awkward-length sleeves, high waistline, moulded hip, hemline flare, unique collar and cuffs, quilted and padded to resemble those of a turtleneck sweater. Orry Kelly also designed Bette's clothes in Warners' "The Sisters" and "The Sign of the Cross."





REFLECTIONS

of Fall



A little sweater of bugle beads that closes casually on the left shoulder distinguishes this all-white dinner gown from the personal wardrobe of Norma Shearer, currently appearing in M-G-M's "Marie Antoinette". The crepe skirt, which is moulded over the hips, falls into hemline fullness with a slight suggestion of a train

Norma's two-piece woolen suit created by Irene stresses the importance of black and white for fall. The back of the jacket, in contrast to the front with its dramatic yoke which closes with a carved ivory maple leaf, is all black—the white sleeves disappear into an armhole line. (Notice the deep setting of the sleeves.) The jacket is hip-length, fitted and beltless, with a zipper closing. The stitched woolen turban is crownless. Norma will wear stunning Adrian-designed modern gowns in her next starring production for M-G-M, "Idiot's Delight"



PHOTOPLAY'S *Fashion*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BACHRACH

Smart "budget" dresses for office or college wear are no easy task to find, so Photoplay brings you the cream of the crop—and all priced under \$10. Lucille Ball, playing in RKO's "Room Service," models them. The bolero frock of Cynara crepe, a Duplex fabric of Eastman Acetate Yarn, with its flap pockets (top), is outstanding because it is styled so that the white piqué blouse zips off the gored skirt for laundering purposes. The contrast leather belt matches the buttons on the blouse. Sizes 12 to 20—in navy, black and Allspice (a new rust shade). Center, Lucille wears a shirtwaist frock with a box-pleated skirt. The little "push-up" sleeves are fashion's newest whim—they have cuffs of white piqué to match the collar. Sizes 12 to 20—in navy, black, brown and Allspice Cynara crepe. This two-piece frock (right) has gay collar and cuffs of candy-striped piqué. Notice the scalloped blouse hemline and the skirt that is gored to a flattering fullness. Sizes 12 to 20—in navy, brown or black Cynara crepe

Club STYLES

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U. S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, sending description or clipping of the hat or garment, you will be advised by return mail where, in your community, the item or items may be purchased. These hats and garments come in all sizes and in all popular shades.

Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary,
Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York, New York

"Tenderfoot" — Ann Miller, featured in RKO's "Room Service," shows what Roxford has done with thongs to feminize a Western classic (above). A leaf brown felt, with sombrero type crown and rolling brim, is smartly laced with natural leather. Lacing that match fasten under the chin

Frances Mercer (below), featured in RKO's "The Mad Miss Manton," models "Headline" Hat—Byron's version of the newest line from Paris. It hugs the back of the head and plunges forward over the eyes. A shocking pink and claret suède bowknot trims this navy felt. For new coiffures

Also worn by Ann Miller (right), is Roxford's "Age of Innocence." It's a little-girl saucer-brim breton, grosgrain bound, flipped up sharply in back, and pinioned with a flat grosgrain bow. Worn far back on the head, it's kept on in a defiance of gravity achieved only by undergraduates

And again Frances Mercer proves that Byron's "Up S'Daisy" (below) is another pert flatterer. In velvety brown felt, the brim is brightened with stitching in a charming lazy-daisy scroll design. The hat, sharply turned back off the face, is closely molded to the back of the head



THIS TAG IDENTIFIES
AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY
HOLLYWOOD FASHION
LOOK FOR IT

A brand-new color harmony distinguishes this tailored costume worn by Eleanor Powell, now appearing in M-G-M's "Honolulu." Brown and beige are featured in the single-breasted jacket of Hound's Tooth Check—grey in skirt (which is high-waisted with top belt), and in the oxfords; London tan in the sheer woolen blouse, shoulder-strap bag, hand-sewn gloves and back brim of the beige felt hat. Eleanor's brown-beige-grey-London tan color quartette is one of the smartest seen in Hollywood this season



M I C K E Y

THE MCCOY

rough and tough and hard to bluff is

Mickey Rooney, the one kid in Holly-

wood who has all the answers ready

Y KIRTLEY BASKETTE

WHEN the scene was over, Gladys George turned to the little, impudent, yellow-headed guy who had stolen. With a quizzical frown she said, "You're starting that a little early in life, aren't you?"

Mickey Rooney grinned as politely as he could. If he had followed his natural inclinations and stuck strictly to facts he might have answered like this: "Shake yourself loose there, boots. Whaddaya mean, starting early? This is old stuff for me. After five hundred pictures, cinchin' scenes comes natural. Now less gab on the set and let's get this in the can. I'm a busy man."

From a brief spot as a midget with Colleen Moore in "Orchids and Ermine" to star billing in "Love Finds Andy Hardy" spans Mickey Rooney's amazing Hollywood career. He was four then; he's seventeen now. He's never stopped making pictures; he's never stopped making money; he's never stopped making everybody with him step lively to keep in the picture. He's never stopped being Mickey Rooney, either, which means he's never stopped being boy, and plenty of it.

THE first time I saw the spunky little mug was at a big benefit performance one night in the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles. Nobody knew much about him then, although he'd already starred in almost three hundred kid comedy movies. On the other hand, everybody was bowing to the talent of a popular boy star. Both were on the bill. The kid star came out first, in his best precious child manner, prancing and smirking. He was delicious—and he was a flop.

Then Mickey, about as big as a cigarette butt and every bit as unpretentious, shot out of the wings. He didn't fool around; he was as direct as a kick in the pants. With the same little croaking, husky voice he has today—it's never changed—he launched into his patter; he sang, he danced, he jawed with the audience—he wowed 'em. He made the kid star look like a cream puff somebody had stepped on.

Mickey Rooney has been doing the same devastating thing to the precocity parade, on the set and off, ever since. Because, in the first place, he's one of the most genuine little artists in Hollywood, because he's a veteran, because he knows the answers, all of them, and because he's no mama's boy trailing apron strings daintily behind him.

He's Mickey (Himself) McGuire, rough and tough and hard to bluff, which isn't so strange



Even back in 1932 he dared to pull the famous Rooney trick on Tom Mix

Seven or seventeen, Mickey can still give such stars as Gladys George (top) a bad headache in the movie-making job

when you realize seven years of his childhood were spent bringing Fontaine Fox's tough little neighborhood terror cartoon character to the screen. When most current kiddie screen wonders were building blocks or playing paper dolls, Mickey was swaggering around in oversize button shoes under a massive derby hat, a cigar tilted in his tiny trap, slapping the stuffings out of the rest of the kids in Larry Darmour's kid comedies. In fact, Mickey's name was once officially Mickey McGuire, until the cartoonist Fox objected legally to having his thunder stolen. Then they changed it to Rooney.

His name is really Yule, Joe Yule, Jr.—"Sonny" Yule, as the vaudeville and burlesque folks used to know it.

Mickey's folks were vaudeville people. His mother, Nell Brown, danced; his dad, Joe Yule, was a funny man. He still is, often performing in Los Angeles burlesque shows on Main Street,

(Continued on page 76)

The Case of the Hollywood Scandal

(Continued from page 31)

surprised? Was he frightened? Or was he, perhaps, acting a part? I had the idea that the man was playing me as a cat plays a mouse.

"Oh—Good Lord!" he exclaimed, and then after a moment added, "Where is this . . . er . . . ah corpse?"

"Upstairs," I said, "in a room which opens off behind the staircase."

"And what were *you* doing up there?" he asked, sharply.

"I heard something," I said. "A funny sound, and I climbed the stairs to see what it was and found. . . ."

I stopped abruptly. Should I tell him what I'd found or should I tell that only to Mr. Foley—or, on the other hand, should I ever tell anyone? Bruce Eaton certainly didn't want anyone to know he'd been in the house, and it didn't take a great deal of imagination for me to understand why. Bruce Eaton was box-office in a big way. Not only was he *my* particular heartthrob, but I had some forty million feminine rivals.

"Go ahead," he said, interrupting my thoughts. "You found what?"

"Found this dead man," I finished inanely.

"How did you know that he is dead?"

"By looking at him."

"Did you go into the room to see?"

"No."

"You didn't touch him?"

"No."

"You didn't . . . er . . . pick up anything?"

"Pick up anything," I said, forgetting for the moment about that peculiar key. "Why, why should I pick up anything? What are you talking about, Mr. Padgham?"

"Just a matter of precaution," he said quickly. "You understand the police are very strict about anyone touching things in a room where a man's been murdered."

"Murdered!" I exclaimed.

"Why yes," he said. "Didn't you say he was murdered?"

And I think that was the first time I realized the man actually *had* been murdered.

"No," I told him, "I thought he'd had a stroke or something while he was sitting there . . . Great heavens, you don't suppose. . . ."

"Suppose what?" he asked.

"Nothing," I said.

"Look here, Miss Bell," he told me, dropping his friendly manner for the moment, and with his voice holding an ominous note, "if you're holding anything back, it's going to be . . . well, serious."

"I'm not holding anything back," I told him—"that is, anything that I feel I should tell you."

THIS time there was no mistaking his tone. His voice was as cruel as the lash of a whip. "It isn't for *you* to decide what you're to tell me and what not," he said. "Tell me *everything*."

"Well," I said, thinking fast and talking fast. "I came here with that agreement in my brief case. I was a little early, but I expected either to find you and Mr. Foley here, or at least to find someone at home."

"There was no one in?" he asked.

"No one answered the bell."

"How did you get in?"

"I walked in. The door was open."

"Are you accustomed to walking into strange houses. . . ."

"Stop it," I said. "Don't you try to cross-examine me. I'm accountable to Mr. Foley. I came here at *his* request, not *yours*."

The anger in my voice stopped him. He was silent for a second or two, then said, "I beg your pardon, Miss Bell. I was only trying to protect you."

"Protect me from what?" I asked.

"From the police."

"I don't want to be protected from the police. The police are my friends."

"The police," he said, "must never know that you were here."

"That's what *you* think," I told him.

"I am speaking on behalf of Mr. Foley."

"I think Mr. Foley is quite able to do his own speaking."

He hesitated as though thinking out a new plan of attack. His voice became solicitous—too solicitous, I thought. "My dear Miss Bell," he said. "I didn't realize what a terrifying experience you've been through. Certainly to a young woman who is unaccustomed to scenes of violence, this is a great shock, a very great . . . er . . . ah emotional shock. I want you to go out and wait in my car. I assure you you'll be quite safe there. Nothing will happen, and I'll go up and investigate. I think you're quite right. If you are to receive any instructions, they should come from Mr. Foley."

"But you can't investigate," I told him. "The lights are off."

"I know the house," he said. "I'll grope my way."

"Well, I'm not going with you," I told him.

"I don't want you to. I want to go out and sit in the car. I'll see what I can find." And he slipped quietly down the dark corridor.

I started toward the automobile which was parked at the curb, then remembered my brief case. I ran back and retrieved it after some fumbling around, returned to the automobile, opened the door, climbed in, and sat there, thinking what a strange combination Frank G. Padgham was. I would never have expected him to develop the moral courage to go into that dark house to investigate.

There was a drugstore down at the corner. I could see light shining through the windows. It occurred to me they'd have a telephone, and something which had been merely a vague half-thought in the back of my mind crystallized into sudden determination.

I looked up at the dark house. The lights were still apparently off—judging by the diamond-shaped window in the hallway. I knew from experience that the curtain and hangings over the other windows were so heavy it would be impossible to tell whether there were lights on in the other rooms.

I opened the door and slipped out to the sidewalk. There seemed to be no one in sight. I started walking rapidly toward the drugstore.

IHAD been in Hollywood long enough and had read newspapers enough to know what a precious thing a star's reputation is. Let him get in what is known as "a jam" and unfavorable publicity can ruin him, and I knew the studios were keenly alive to the situation. Once they have a contract with a star, they build him up. He represents the investment of a lot of money in actual expense, and a lot more in potential profits. I felt that Bruce Eaton should have an opportunity to defend himself.

I entered the drugstore, gave one of my best smiles to the clerk, and walked across to the telephone booth.

I looked for Bruce Eaton in the directory.

He wasn't listed. It occurred to me then that he wouldn't be. I called Information and pleaded with her to give me Bruce Eaton's unlisted number. I told her it was a matter of life and death, something that was very, very important to Mr. Eaton, and my emotional storm was wasted against a wall of official reserve. I couldn't even make her get the smile out of her voice.

And then I remembered reading an article in a motion-picture magazine about Bruce Eaton, only a few days ago. That article had mentioned the name of the agency which repre-



I sat there, in Padgham's car. A vague half-thought in the back of my mind crystallized into sudden determination

sented him. I couldn't recall the name offhand, but there was a magazine stand in the drugstore.

I left the telephone booth, bought a copy of the magazine, and found the name I wanted. That name was listed in the telephone directory. I called the number. I hardly expected there'd be anyone at the office, but I thought Information would, perhaps, give me the number of . . . Someone answered the telephone, a soothingly competent masculine voice which seemed to say, "All right, you've got me now. There's nothing to worry about. Tell me what it is."

I didn't want Mr. Padgham to know I'd been telephoning. Time was short. I didn't have any opportunity to ask questions, and I certainly didn't want anyone to ask me questions. "Listen," I said, "your agency represents Bruce Eaton. I happen to have some information of the greatest importance to Mr. Eaton."

"Yes," the voice said. "We represent him. Can you tell me who this is talking?"

"No," I said, "but I have a message which *must* get to Mr. Eaton right away."

This time the voice seemed to have lost some of its cordiality. "What's the message?" it asked.

"Please tell Mr. Eaton that the young woman who removed his gag recognized him, that her telephone number is . . ." That was making it sound like too much of a mash proposition so I added, hastily, "Please tell him that if he wants to get in touch with the young woman who removed his gag, he can call Miss Bell at the law office of William C. Foley, and Miss Bell will see that any messages he desires to give are duly transmitted."

"Can't you tell me something more about what you're referring to?" the voice asked. "Can't you be a little more specific? After all, you know, there are lots of people who admire Mr. Eaton both as an individual and as an actor. Many of them try to get in touch with him. We have literally hundreds of messages which we simply can't transmit, because it wouldn't do any good. Mr. Eaton couldn't even begin to . . ." "Listen," I interrupted. "This is a matter of life and death. You're interested in Mr. Eaton—in any event, you're interested in his earning capacity. If you don't do just as I say his earning capacity may take a nose dive, and I haven't time to argue about it."

I slammed up the telephone receiver and walked from the telephone booth, conscious of the fact that the clerk had mistaken my smile for an invitation, and was smirking all over his fat face.

After I'd left the drugstore, I walked just as fast as I could make my legs move.

HALFWAY to the house I received a sudden shock. There was no automobile at the curb!

I kept on walking, hoping against hope that my eyes had deceived me. I wondered what Mr. Padgham would think, wondered if, perhaps, he'd decide I knew more about the affair of the Spanish house than I'd disclosed to him.

An automobile swung around the corner behind me, coming at high speed. As the car swayed on its springs and skidded slightly, the brilliant illumination of the headlights swung far over to the left, held me in their pitiless brilliance, then went over to the right and back again to the left. I heard the sound of tires protesting against the too sudden application of brakes.

After what I'd been through, my nerves were ragged. I started to run. Then I heard Mr. Foley's voice calling. "What is it, Miss Bell?"

I turned back toward the car. I don't think I was ever so glad to hear a voice in my life.

"Has something happened?" he asked. "Yes," I told him. "What?"

"Lots of things," I said. He glanced at the briefcase under my arm. "Do you still have the agreement?"

"I held on to it through thick and thin," I said, laughing nervously. "Want to get in?" he asked.

Did I? I ran around the car and climbed in beside him.

"Tell me about it," he urged.

So I started in and told him the whole thing from the beginning, from the time the car had tried to run over me until Mr. Padgham had sent me out to wait in his car. The only thing I held out on was Bruce Eaton and that key. Somehow I didn't exactly think it would be cricket to tell even Mr. Foley—at any rate, not until Bruce Eaton's agent had had an opportunity to tell him to communicate with me.

"Then *you* don't know whether the man in that room had been murdered or had died a natural death?"

"No, only what Mr. Padgham said."

"You don't even know of your own knowledge whether he was dead or not?"

"Certainly not," I said. "I didn't go in the room."

"But Padgham left you in the automo-

"All right," Foley said. "Mimic the way he said it just as well as you can."

"But," I protested, "I couldn't mimic Mr. Padgham."

"I don't mean that particularly. What I mean is tell me *how* he did it. Was the accent on the 'Oh' or on the 'Lord,' or did he roll the r's in 'Lord'? Did . . ."

"He rolled the r's in 'Lord,'" I said. "I remember distinctly. He said 'Oh—Good Lor-r-d!'"

"And how about the 'Oh'? Was it accented?"

"No, he soft-pedaled that and came down heavy on the last word."

THERE were several seconds of silence while my boss sat there thinking. At length, I gained the temerity to ask, "Does that signify anything, Mr. Foley?"

He said thoughtfully, "I think it does," and then turning, smiled at me and said, "But, as yet, I don't know just what."

"Do you want to go to the house?" I asked.

"No," he said, shortly. "It's too late now." He swung his car in the middle of the block, and turned back toward the drugstore. "Did you," he asked, "notice whether there was a public telephone booth in the drugstore?"

I knitted my forehead into a frown as though trying to recall and said, "Yes,

"That's right," I exclaimed. "He didn't."

"You can appreciate how significant it is," Mr. Foley said. "The man drives up to a house where he has an appointment. He naturally expects to have someone answer his ring in a conventional manner. He doesn't know that the house is dark, but thinks probably that curtains across the diamond-shaped window in the front door keep him from seeing any illumination from within. All of a sudden, the door swings open. A tunnel of darkness looms ahead in place of the lighted corridor the man had expected to see. A woman tells him about finding a dead man on the upper floor."

"Now one of the first questions a person would naturally ask is, 'Well, what's wrong with the lights? *When* did they go off?' Now, you're certain Mr. Padgham didn't ask you that question or something like it?"

"Absolutely," I said.

"GO INTO that drugstore," Mr. Foley said. "Tell the clerk that you're too nervous to telephone. Ask him to telephone police headquarters and report a dead man at that address. Tell them that you have reason to believe the man may have been murdered. Then turn around and walk out."

"What if he asks me questions?" I wanted to know.

"Walk out," he said.

"Shouldn't I telephone the police myself?"

"No, I don't want you to give them your name. If you telephone them, it will simply be an anonymous call, and if you ever find yourself in a position where you have to establish the fact that *you* placed that call, you can't do it. By going to the drugstore and asking the clerk to place the call you'll have an out if you need it."

"I see your point," I told him. "Here goes."

I didn't tell him that I'd already impressed my personality on the clerk, because I didn't want to tell him about that first telephone call I'd made. I jumped to the curb, crossed the sidewalk, and knew as soon as I saw the clerk's face that he thought he'd made a conquest, that I'd trumped up some excuse to come back and get acquainted.

I had one satisfaction about delivering my message. It wiped the smirk off that man's face, and while he was standing there still dazed from the impact of the news I'd given him, I turned and went sailing out the door.

He was still standing gawking at me with bulging eyes as the screen door slammed behind me and I dashed across the stretch of sidewalk to jump into Mr. Foley's car.

He had it already in gear so that all he needed to do was to let in the clutch pedal. But he needn't have worried. The clerk was too dazed to have remembered the license number even if he'd seen it.

"And now what?" I asked.

"Now," he said, "you can deliver the agreement to me, and I'll deliver you to your home, and you'll try your level best to forget all about it."

I handed him the brief case. He stopped the car, opened the brief case, then looked up at me with questioning eyes.

I stared incredulously. The brief case was empty!

Who stole the contract from the brief case? When? Why? What has Bruce Eaton to do with this? Will he answer the message? More tense and dramatic moments in the next installment of this thrilling story by Erle Stanley Gardner—November PHOTOPLAY.

GLAD TO SEE YOUR BACK

Here are the answers to the picture spread found on pages 50 and 51

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson | 7. Stuart Erwin |
| 2. Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Paulette Goddard | 8. Betty Grable |
| 3. Tyrone Power | 9. Tyrone Power and Annabella |
| 4. Arleen Whelan | 10. Eleanor Powell and Sterling Holloway |
| 5. Ritz Brothers | 11. Franchot Tone |
| 6. Don Ameche | 12. Janet Gaynor |
| 13. Edward G. Robinson | |

bile and went up to that room."

"That's where he said he was going."

"How long ago was that?"

"Perhaps ten minutes."

"And what were you doing in the meantime?"

"I . . . I went down to the drugstore," I said. "I was coming right back."

"You shouldn't have done that," he told me. "Padgham may have become worried about you."

"I don't think he'll ever waste much time worrying about anyone except Padgham," I said.

"Tell me about his emotional reactions when you told him about this dead man."

"I think at first," I said, "when I answered the door and it was all dark inside, he was absolutely terror-stricken. He . . ."

"Yes, yes, I know," Foley interrupted impatiently. "That isn't what I meant. I want to know how he reacted when you were telling him about what you'd found in the house."

"Well," I said, "it was dark, of course, and I couldn't see his facial expression, but . . ."

"Never mind his facial expression. You heard him talk. What about his voice?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Foley," I said, "but I couldn't tell a thing from his voice. I haven't your ability to read characters and emotions from voices."

"What did he say when you told him about a dead man in the room on the second floor? What words did he use?"

"He said, 'Oh—Good Lord!'"

"Now you're certain about that?"

"Absolutely certain. I remember particularly that's what he said."

there's a public telephone booth there."

It was a species of white lie, but I hoped it would be justified under the circumstances. I knew that in order to protect Bruce Eaton I was going to have to tell plenty of white lies, and I might just as well get in practice . . . I wondered if he'd call me . . . Of course, it was too improbable to even consider, and yet . . .

"Look here," Mr. Foley said, interrupting my thoughts. "Let's get one thing straight. Exactly *when* did the lights go out?"

"Right after I'd discovered this dead man there in the room."

Mr. Foley slid the car to a stop in front of the drugstore, but made no motion to open the door. "Now, tell me once more," he said, "about your conversation with Mr. Padgham. As nearly as you can remember, tell me what he said and what *you* said."

Once more I related the conversation, and once more Mr. Foley sat staring straight ahead, his forehead furrowed in concentration.

After several seconds of silence, I said, "Did you want to do something about a telephone?"

He nodded, but still made no move to open the door or to get out.

"Is there," I asked, "anything wrong with my conversation with Mr. Padgham? Did I say anything to him that I shouldn't have?"

"No," he said, "that isn't what bothers me."

"May I ask what it is?"

"Yes," he said. "Hasn't it impressed you as being significant that Mr. Padgham didn't ask you at any time *when* the lights had gone out?"

Hedy Wine

(Continued from page 23)

"I'd have draped banners over the building and ordered dancing in the street."

There are two things that set apart this woman from the other overnight sensations of the screen.

First, she knows the secret behind her magnetic charm and how to govern it. She knows the value of combining feminine beauty with an air of brooding mystery. She knows it's more than just sheer physical loveliness that will keep her before a camera and what to do about it, thereby controlling her own screen destiny instead of being controlled by it.

Secondly, she is outstanding because she has already, in her own life story, played a part so thrilling that anything that may now happen to her on the screen is just so much aftermath.

As one producer puts it, "Hedy's is one life story I should love to film, but wouldn't dare."

"Audiences wouldn't believe it. No one, they would contend, would renounce wealth for uncertainty, as this girl did. Critics would boo."

THE words "Ecstasy Girl" has become an almost actual part of Hedy Lamarr's being and one she fights in vain to lose.

Tactfully or perhaps stupidly, Hedy's studio biography ignores the picture, "Ecstasy," which is, in reality, only a would-be bugaboo that, concealed, becomes a nasty monster and dragged to the light becomes a silly nothing.

To begin with, Hedy is just about as much an Ecstasy Girl as I am a moll from St. Paul. As Hedy puts it, "It's so ridiculous—I'm too anxious for hard work, too determined to work and succeed to be an Ecstasy Girl. It's so silly."

Nevertheless, during our afternoon chat, a messenger boy brought to Hedy's home a beautiful picture which had decorated the entire page of a magazine.

Her hazel eyes lighted with pleasure and then as quickly clouded with unhappiness. "There it is," she said. "Again they call me 'The Ecstasy Girl.'"

Recently "Ecstasy" showed at a local Hollywood theater and Hedy, who made the picture eight years ago when a very young girl in her early teens, decided to see for herself this Frankenstein. Wearing no make-up, putting on her companion's glasses and tying a handkerchief over her head, she set out with a friend for the theater. The theater was packed and she waited among the jostling throng for a seat. No one recognized her or gave her a second glance. Presently she found a seat next to a young lad who kindly retrieved her fallen purse without one glimmer of recognition. The picture came on, and, instead of the horror she expected, she found only amusement at the old-fashioned setting, pace and clothes.

"Gee, that girl has a gorgeous mouth," the young man next to her murmured. And that was all. There were no titters or "ohs" and "ahs" at the nude scene. And presently the matter-of-fact audience filed out and with it most of the fright from Hedy's heart. But not the humility for a mistake made so long ago.

HEDY LAMARR is Cinderella after she achieved her palace and wealth. But not her happiness.

One night, some years ago, a man of wealth and power who ruled the destiny, not of peoples but of nations, sat in a Vienna theater and watched a

beautiful woman on the stage.

"I shall marry her," said Fritz Mandl, munitions manufacturer, and promptly laid siege to Hedy's heart. Her father, Emil Kiesler, well-to-do banker in Vienna, was finally won over and Hedy became the wife of the fabulously wealthy Mandl.

Furs, jewels, clothes were showered on the Viennese beauty but all pleas to be allowed to do something creative—clothes, designing, painting, acting, anything to express herself—were denied. A plain, down to earth businessman, Mandl had no sympathy with a world of theater or art. "I was his wife," Hedy said, "and I dressed as he dictated, traveled where he dictated and did as he wished."

A young banker and his wife were her closest friends and to them Hedy clung through the years. "Oh, please buy her something nice, too," Hedy would urge her husband when he returned with a gift for her.

The day came when Hedy Mandl, denied all opportunity to follow her career, could endure marriage to her older husband no longer. The joy, the freedom of youth were gone. "When he left Vienna," Hedy said, "I would be sent to our country home to wait his return. I felt chained."

"I could bear it no longer and carefully, day by day, I planned my escape. I knew to ask for my freedom would be fatal. So I watched and waited my chance. It came. My husband suggested we visit Antibes and, with my plan worked out, I agreed. My husband was called away on urgent business and I said to the friends left to watch over me, 'Let's go to St. Wolfgang. It's much too warm here.' I was really longing for Salzburg, and to see again Max Reinhardt, but I knew better than to mention it or I would arouse suspicion. So my friends agreed, and, as Salzburg was only two hours' drive from St. Wolfgang, I was happy."

"One day I suggested, quite casually, we drive over to Salzburg. I didn't try then to contact Reinhardt but waited my chance. Two days later it came. Countess A., who had a castle just out of Salzburg, asked me to visit her. My



It was no Yuma elopement for Claire Trevor and radio producer Clark Andrews. After an elaborate wedding at All Saints' Church in Beverly Hills, they sailed for a Honolulu honeymoon

husband won't mind—she is a family friend, I insisted, and, at last, I was there as I had planned.

"The next night we were invited to Reinhardt's to dinner. After the other guests had gone, we sat before the log fire and talked. I told him I had to get away, to get back to work."

"My dear," said this great director kindly, "you never will. It's all talk."

"But it wasn't. I did get away. I went back to Vienna more determined than ever. Nothing would stop me. The first thing I did was go to my friends, the ones for whom we had done so much. 'Help me,' I begged. 'Let me have just a little money and I will give you a note. I swear I can pay it back to you. Look,' I pleaded, 'I will give you these jewels for just enough money to get away.'"

"Your husband will find out. He will be very angry at us," the banker said.

"He will never know. Never. I promise," Hedy begged.

"And at last he was persuaded. 'Let me talk to my wife,' he said and went into the next room. I could hear her voice, quick and sharp and on her arms and hands I glimpsed the jewels I had begged my husband to buy for this very dear friend of mine. And then came the answer sharp and clear."

"No, don't be a fool. Certainly don't lend her the money."

TODAY, sitting securely in her Hollywood home, Hedy can look back across these last few months to a changed Austria, exactly as though a giant's hand had reached out and upset the world.

"Had she loaned me that money," Hedy said, "it would have meant safety and security today. How selfishly we dig our own graves. I would not help her now no matter how she begged."

Having no money of her own, except a small sum saved from household expenses, she packed her luxurious clothes and with her tiny nest egg made ready for flight. With anxious eyes her mother watched, knowing in her heart the thing Hedy was planning and yet not daring to speak. Wanting to be free when Mandl reproached her with, "Why didn't you tell me?" to say, "She never told me."

And then quietly one night during her husband's absence, with the aid of a faithful maid she crept to the depot and caught the train. As it pulled out from the station leaving Vienna behind, she glimpsed in the crowd below her mother's face, wet with tears, not daring to say "Good-by."

"It was torture to leave my mother behind," she said. "I hurt my parents so deeply when I left our lovely home for the stage and screen. I saw my father's heart almost break, before his death, over the mistake I was persuaded to make in 'Ecstasy.' And yet I had to go."

She walked over to the desk and picked up her mother's picture and gazed at it a long time. "She's coming here to be with me as soon as she sells our home there."

She came back to her story. "I went to London and there met Bob Ritchie, an American agent in Europe. He took me immediately to Mr. Mayer who was sailing that day to New York."

"Let me think," I said to myself. "Shall I go to see Mr. Mayer in the things I wear about the house—sport clothes—or shall I be glamorous?"

Glamour won and, in her lovely furs and jewels, Hedy visited the producer

who, in the midst of his busy last day, shoved a paper under her nose and said, "Sign."

It was a contract and Hedy was on her way to America. To Hollywood. To freedom. To happiness. To hard work and thrilling success.

BUT it wasn't so easy as it sounds. Hours of English lessons came first. Days of sitting in movie theaters listening to English-spoken dialogue. Hours pouring over American records. With the basic knowledge in English she had acquired in school, plus determination and hard work, it was no time until the words flowed out.

And then came the camera tests. They tried blonde wigs, tight curls, fancy hairdresses. "You know how it is when you wear an unbecoming hat?" she said, "and you try to hide your head?" It was that way with me. "Please," I begged, "no wigs. Let me wear my hair as it is. It expresses me best. And please no artificial mouth. Let it be my mouth and eyebrows." So in all her natural beauty she finally came to the screen.

Without any exception she lives in the smallest (five rooms), most unpretentious bungalow in town with only her companion, Ericha Menthey, an English teacher. There is no servant. No country home. No shooting lodge. But happiness is written in her wide, open smile.

"Certainly I love to live in nice homes. I am no different than anyone else. I like lovely places, but always when I look I know I can't afford it, so I wait until I can," she says.

And yet I know that \$3,000, practically all the savings of this small salaried actress, went to a friend in London who was in need. Warm and impulsively generous, she demands only good use of friends.

Hollywood is having no end of fun at M-G-M's expense for permitting Hedy to begin her career at another studio. At a dinner party Joan Bennett gave for Walter Wanger, Hedy's place card was a glamorous beauty with Leo the Lion in top hat kneeling at Hedy's feet, looking up with a killing, imploring glance. And under it was written METRO-GOLDWYN-GLAMAYER.

Words intrigue her. "That's how it strikes me," she said during our conversation, and stopped in amazement. "Strikes me," she repeated. "Well, I never said that before. How do you like it. I have a new word—strikes me!"

She was as pleased as Punch.

Back in the mind of this woman who always gets what she wants is an idea—she intends to become, one day, a director. "With a cast who want to play the rôles more than anything in the world," she said, her eyes glowing.

A staunch Catholic, she has already appealed to the Holy Rota for an annulment of her marriage.

Reginald Gardiner, English actor, has been her constant companion in Hollywood. After the preview of "Algiers," friends passed by and consoled Reggie with, "Too bad, old man. You won't have a chance now."

"And how about marriage to Mr. Gardiner in the future?" we asked.

"Oh, no. To no one. I want only to work. I am growing impatient with my studio now because they do not find me a picture. If they do not I—well, I'll tell Jimmie Fidler," she threatened.

Hedy, who has applied for her first papers, is rapidly becoming a full-fledged American with Continental "umph."

A TIP from JUNE LANG —

Romance for LUCY

MANY A GIRL WHO COULD BE ATTRACTIVE, **LUCY**, LLOSES OUT BECAUSE SHE ISN'T **DAINTY**

HERE'S A **SURE** WAY TO PROTECT **DAINTINESS** THAT ANY GIRL CAN FOLLOW — A BEAUTY BATH WITH **LUX TOILET SOAP**

SMOOTH, FRAGRANT SKIN IS THE CHARM THAT WINS

JUNE LANG, STAR OF "MEET THE GIRLS"
20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION

LATER

YES, **MISS LANG**, BUT IT'S NOT SO EASY TO BE GLAMOROUS WHEN YOU WORK SO HARD ALL DAY

THANKS FOR THE TIP! THIS **ACTIVE** LATHER CERTAINLY LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH — FRAGRANT TOO!

YOU'RE RIGHT, **MISS LANG**, AND IT'S **FUN** TO HAVE DATES!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Mickey the McCoy

(Continued from page 71)

only a few miles from his famous kid in Culver City. Mickey now lives with his mother, who runs a restaurant on Wilshire Boulevard.

Mickey has stuck up for himself ever since the day he crawled onto the stage, where his folks were cavorting, and sneezed. The tank-town audience yowled with glee, so his dad stuck a French harp in his little paws and Mickey was in show business. He's never been out of it since.

But a lot of film has spun over the reels since they drafted the swaddling Mickey from Will Morrissey's Revue to play a grown-up midget in pictures. So many thousands of feet of it have registered Mickey's snub-nosed pan in a half a thousand movies that you'd need an adding machine to count it up.

I CAN remember the little snipe stealing a picture called "My Pal the King," right in the face of Tom Mix's two six-shooters. Maybe it discouraged Tom. It was one of the last pictures he tried. And I could see half-pint Mickey, whip in hand, strutting around the rank-smelling set of Clyde Beatty's "The Big Cage," baiting lions and tigers roaring helplessly in their cages. And training a lion cub, the same cub, "Tarzan," who later grew up and bit Charles Bickford in the neck, just to get even with the human race.

And then Max Reinhardt and his raves, calling Mickey Rooney the perfect Puck for Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." And Mickey, forthwith, scooting a toboggan down the mountain slopes at Big Pines in the middle of production and cracking his thigh in two. They said it was tough for the kid to give up that great part to little George Breakstone who substituted. But nobody has ever heard of George since; and Mickey is still very much around.

Forty pictures he has made in the last year and a half. Fighting Freddie Bartholomew pretty even in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Devil Is a Sissy," "Captains Courageous" and "Lord Jeff." Going to town to the tune of nation-wide approval in "Love Finds Andy Hardy." Everywhere drawing the professional praise of directors, other stars, critics. But what had happened to Mickey Rooney personally, I didn't know. He must have grown up by now, I thought. Good Heavens! He might have even turned into a young gentleman!

MICKEY said, sure, come on out for lunch.

Maybe you, like me, have been under the impression Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was owned by the Schencks, Louis B. Mayer and a few thousand scattered stockholders. Let me correct you: Mickey Rooney owns the joint. He strode ahead to the commissary, all the five feet, one inch of him, solid as mahogany, tough as hickory; cocky and strutting. If you have ever watched kid stars mince self-consciously about studio lots hand-in-hand with loving parents or doting relatives you'll realize what a welcome relief is Mickey Rooney's assertive get-along.

People passed, front office big shots, directors, stars, grips, props, gaffers, mugs. "Hi, Butch!" signalled Mickey. "Nutsy, boy!" "Yah, Fred—how'djuh come out on tha third race?"

"A great gang around this lot," confided Mickey. "Regular Jo's."

In the commissary we brushed by

Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy, at a table. "Hi, boys," said Mickey. Then to me, "A couple of pretty good actors."

Above the clatter of plates and dishes and excited hum which is a studio beanery at noon, Mickey Rooney, seventeen, held forth on the really important goings-on of life as he found them.

"Women," stated Mickey flatly, "are the bunk. Nuts to 'em."

I thought of Tarkington's tortured "Seventeen" and sighed. But, of course, Hollywood's no small town.

"Yeah," croaked the Mick, "a lotta janes did me wrong—so nuts to 'em. The boys and me decided to give 'em the atmosphere. We play poker and pal around, you know, just the boys."

The waitress came up. Mickey slipped her a loving pat. "I'll have the salad, dear," said Mickey, seventeen.

"Okay, honey," said the waitress, thirty-five.

"I'm in training," offered Mickey, explaining the salad. "It's awful—no fancy foods, no dissipation—can't even shave."

fided, sotto voce, "is just publicity." He winked. I winked.

Mickey has always been unusually active in extra-studio shebangs. He used to have a peewee football team, three or four years ago, that ran out on the field between the Los Angeles professional gridiron games. He had a twelve-piece jazz band once. He was junior Ping-pong champ of something or other the last time I heard. He used to dodge around the L. A. Tennis Club cooking up this and that. It was a sight to see him batting balls against six-foot Lester Stoefer.

"Yeah," said Mickey, and his tone was slightly wistful. "You see, if I didn't do those things, I'd miss the fun the rest of the kids get. I never got to go to public school. I was always making pictures, studying on the lot. I had to stir things up—or, well, I guess I'd have been pretty lonesome."

He's always got what he wanted though, even if it took some stirring. When Mickey was just a little squirt around eleven he had ambitions for an

own dough—what you think I am—a baby? Listen, I've always worn long pants. Never had a pair of bloomers or in my life!"

Another nice thing about being a perpetual peewee, said Mickey, was that you could get away with murder with the dames. He made hot love to Patricia Ellis without any kicks when he was only thirteen—on the screen of course.

"But girls are out now," reaffirmed Mickey. "I'm through with 'em."

A lovely little dream with caramel hair and big round eyes sat down at the next table. The M-G-M commissary is always crammed with startling unknown bit-and-extra beauties. Mickey halted his fork halfway to the hopper.

"U-m-m-m-m," he said. "Would I like her for Christmas?"

HIS pals, Mickey informed me, were assorted—Frankie Darro; a bunch of boys' names I didn't know, Woody Van Dyke, the director, and Spencer Tracy. No gals. Judy Garland? "Just the old build-up," assured Mickey. "Don't you believe it. I haven't got any time for kids. Listen, I work."

He figured it out. He averaged a picture and a half a month or more. But, at that, it was a cinch, Mickey said.

"I never study any scripts at home," he scoffed. "A lot of guys do, but that's a lot of spinach."

A studio scenarist passed by our table. Mickey collared him. "Say," he said, "about that script. I read it over the other day and my part looks a little weak. Now here's what I thought—"

They argued it earnestly for five minutes.

"The trouble with living, though," said Mickey, returning to me, "is the twists. Too many dames hanging around."

"Dessert?" said the waitress.

"Well now, dear," replied Mickey, staring boldly across the hall, "if you could bring me that cutie over there with the streamlined gams and that come-hither look for dessert, I might talk business."

The waitress giggled. She said the cutie wasn't on the menu—only chocolate, strawberry and vanilla ice cream and the pudding.

"No dice," croaked Mickey. He rose. "Well," he informed me, "I've gotta go. Think I'll drop some money with the bookies this afternoon. You got the dope on me, haven't you?"

"Sure," I said.

"Swell," approved Mickey. "Just say I'm a regular guy with a regular gang, that's all. Say I can take care of myself all right. And—say that as far as I'm concerned—dames are the bunk!"

"Oh, sure," I agreed. "The bunk—absolutely."

Mickey shook hands. "Well, so long," he said.

He whirled and shot through the broken field of tablecloths; waitresses dodged nimbly to one side. Two little blonde extras at one table inched their chairs over nervously as Mickey passed. In their eyes were looks of mild terror.

And in mine, I'm sure, was a happy reassured gleam. Neither the years nor the movies had softened up the one genuine tough little nut in Hollywood. Seventeen or seven, he was still Mickey (himself) McGuire, rough and tough and hard to bluff. Mickey Rooney is still Mickey the McCoy. And nobody knows it better than himself.



A Queen of the Screen rode pickaback on a Queen of the Stage when Shirley Temple was guest of honor at a tea given by Gertrude Lawrence on her recent holiday in Bermuda

The training to which he referred was for the Big Game, Sunday. It was a sell-out, he said; he'd been peddling tickets all over the lot for weeks, and training like an acrobat. His team, Mickey Rooney's M-G-M Lions, stacked up against the Sequoia Panthers, another kid outfit. Wayne Morris was to be head linesman, Gene Autry, field judge and Jackie Coogan, umpire; it was all set to be the battle of the Century. The newsboys got the gate receipts.

M-G-M had forked out six hundred frogskins for uniforms and Clark Gable had promised to show up and lead a cheer or something. Mickey, of course, was the quarterback.

"Then it's true," I ventured, "that Freddie Bartholomew's going to play a blocking back as advertised?"

"Haw, haw," chortled Mickey. "Him? Say, this is a real game. That," he con-

automobile. His mother thought he was much too young, which he was, and that he'd surely kill himself in a car. So, instead, she handed him fifteen dollars for a bicycle. In a few days, Mickey showed up, not with a bike, but a car. He'd scoured the old car lots and found one—for fifteen bucks!

Mickey speared a sheaf of lettuce. "I've always been a little guy," he said. "I guess I'll never be much bigger; my folks were little. But," he brightened, "maybe I'm lucky at that. I've never been shoved out of the money like a lot of kids when they got awkward. I got the nicest flock of annuities you ever saw."

One, continued Mickey, pays him \$750 a month when he's twenty-one and \$1000 a month when he's thirty, which ain't exactly hay.

"Sure," said Mickey, slightly piqued when I put the question, "I handle my



*Dates
More Dates
Re-dates!*

... ALL FOR THE
GIRL WHO KEEPS
SKIN THRILLING

NEXT DAY

LET'S MAKE
IT A STANDING
DATE, DEAR



SMART GIRLS CREAM **EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN"**
INTO THEIR SKIN... FOR EXTRA BEAUTY CARE *



WHEN SKIN LACKS
VITAMIN A, THE "SKIN-VITAMIN",
IT GETS ROUGH AND DRY —
WHEN "**SKIN-VITAMIN**"
IS RESTORED, IT BECOMES
SMOOTH AGAIN



I ALWAYS CREAM
EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN"
INTO MY SKIN BY USING
POND'S COLD CREAM...
IT HELPS PROVIDE AGAINST
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SOCIETY
BEAUTIES
USE POND'S

AND POND'S IS
THE SAME GRAND
CREAM. ITS USE
HELPS GIVE SKIN
A **SOFT GLOW—**
MAKES MAKE-UP
THRILLING!

Margaret Biddle

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Adrian, M-G-M's ace designer, photographed in his studio where he is currently designing exciting modern clothes for some top-notch stars to wear in their new productions

fashion LETTER

BY GWENN WALTERS

HEARING vague mutterings and mumblings around Hollywood about surprising things being done by Adrian—about beige monkey fur, pink fox, gloves as a part of sleeves, mixed Caucasian and Oriental influences—I turned my fashion footsteps in the direction of Culver City and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios in search of that noted designer and firsthand information about his newest designs.

Surrounded by what seemed to be a miscellaneous jumble, but which, in fact, were highly important sketches, Adrian greeted me with talk of much work, involved as he is now with the wardrobes for Jeanette MacDonald in "Sweethearts," Joan Crawford in "The Shining Hour" and Norma Shearer in the forthcoming "Idiot's Delight"—not to mention the wardrobe for Janet Gaynor, now at work in "Three Loves Has Nancy" and costumes for the principals in the not-so-distant "Wizard Of Oz."

For eight long months Adrian has been designing for the studio's schedule of costume pictures, the most recent being those for "Marie Antoinette," so it is with keen anticipation that the fashion world awaits Adrian's expression as he once again lifts his pencil to modern design. None of us will ever forget Adrian's Letty Lynton frock for Joan Crawford which swept the nation overnight, or his pillbox hat for Garbo which still remains a favorite trend.

Adrian steps forth brilliantly into modernization with vast enthusiasm for amazing new fall color combinations. Bright blue and orange;

green and gold; navy blue and pink in a pinstripe suit; blue and green with silver accent; beige and emerald green trimmed with enormous cream-colored buttons; brown and beige velvet highlighted with touches of Kelly green and gold—such were some of the combinations.

"Sweethearts" is a Technicolor production; therefore, Adrian's designs for Jeanette MacDonald command a dual interest—that of color as well as of style. In this production Jeanette appears in modern wardrobe for the first time in several years. As there is a fashion show in the story in which Jeanette is the sole mannequin, and as she portrays a sophisticated comedy prima donna as well, the picture offers ample opportunity for fashion predominance.

Adrian points out that in "Sweethearts" all Miss MacDonald's clothes will have a definite quality about them. The star escapes from the vague, fragile illusiveness associated with her in the past—her clothes take on an "accented, bold aspect."

FOR instance, Adrian does a street frock of emerald-green woolen, trims it with antique gold embroidery and then adds his excitingly new idea—gloves that are a part of sleeves. Withdrawn from the gloves, the hands appear through a bracelet-length sleeve, and the gloves disappear within the sleeve itself.

A Russian influence lends a mood of glamour to a pair of hostess pajamas for evenings at home. The trousers are citron shade, the three-quarter length flared coat is of smoky-grey metal cloth embroidered in antique gold, turquoise, citron and emerald green.

For a golf sequence, Adrian styles a two-piece costume of fawn-colored woolen with the sleeves and collar of the jerkin fashioned of henna-colored suede. The skirt is box-pleated.

A brown woolen daytime coat is newsworthy because of its raglan sleeves that are hand-embroidered the full length from a small roll collar with light-brown silk braid. A triangular yoke, fitted waist, four skirt panels (that release slight hemline fullness) and an inverted hemline pleat are style notes that give decided interest to the back of the coat. The hat designed for this costume is a brown felt turban, of Cossack origin, with a brown silk jersey drape that flows from the right side under the chin to frame the face, and thence disappears over the left shoulder. It is with this costume that Adrian adds his much-discussed beige monkey fur muff—enormous in size.

An elaborate evening ensemble features that flattering feminine shade—dusty pink. The coat of moiré (full-length with fitted bodice and flared skirt) has a matching collar of fox. This last extravagantly beautiful touch could be accomplished only in New York, so there the fur was sent, accompanied by samples of the dusty-pink moiré to indicate the dye shade required. The gown worn beneath this coat has a bodice of dusty-pink beading and a matching fan-pleated chiffon skirt that flows from a high waistline.

NEXT, I turned the spotlight of my curiosity to Adrian's clothes for Norma Shearer in "Idiot's Delight," knowing that her rôle of a pseudo-Russian should be a designer's delight. But here I found Adrian evasive and mysterious. He finally admitted that he wants to keep Miss Shearer's wardrobe for this production a complete surprise, but explained that the clothes would give him a chance for very personal, individual design—an interesting opportunity to employ the unconventional.

The following are the only slight hints I could obtain: there will be a feeling of the Caucasian and Oriental mixed, a more barbaric suggestion to the whole. The sleeves of the gowns will have the most unusual treatments imaginable, and will sound a completely new note. Heavy clinging jerseys will predominate for evening gowns; heavy crepes, richly embroidered in antique motifs, will see much usage.

Adrian's revelation that all of Joan Crawford's clothes in "The Shining Hour" (with the possible exception of her dance frocks) will be easily adaptable to the average wardrobe is grand news to Crawford fashion fans. Furthermore, Adrian assures us that the fashion importance of Joan's clothes is such that simplicity remains the keynote, and that those of us who are needle-minded can easily reproduce the unobtrusively effective detail with which they will be embued.

For those of you who are "country girls," Adrian points with pride and insistence to the clothes he has designed for Janet Gaynor to wear in "Three Loves Has Nancy"—the proof that the country girl, without expense, but with imagination and some ingenuity, can be as chic and well-groomed as her city sister. Of inexpensive fabrics, of simple design, and styled with great practicability, Janet's clothes point the way in this production, so be sure to include "Three Loves Has Nancy" on your "must" list.

Before my incredulous eyes, Adrian showed those few already completed designs for "The Wizard Of Oz."

Here was imagination allowed to run rampant, making real and credible those figures from the beloved childhood book that we all know. Adrian feels that the imagery embodied in these costumes may well bring in an era of complete fantasy in dress and that the ideas incorporated will have definite fashion influence in themselves.

And so I left Adrian to his own particular, imaginative world in which all designers must live, just as I must now leave you to go into my world of news-gathering for next month's Letter—for in Hollywood fashion history is constantly in the making!

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TRADE MARK REG.

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...says **DANIELLE DARRIEUX**
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Shoes that look like they were born on
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Scalloped tie
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Black or brown alli-
gator or black suede,
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per alligator... new
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or wine, blue
or black calf.



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"YOU WIN! I can't stay mad when you bring me Beeman's! It's got such flavor — a dash and tang and irresistible lusciousness that lifts me right out of the dumps!

They say it's the triple guard airtight package that keeps Beeman's so fresh and full of flavor—all I know is, it's good!"

Beeman's

AIDS DIGESTION...

lighted her. Maggie Sullavan tripped out on the stage and that evening played the silly, stupid Girl-Scoutish Bab with a vitriolic brutality that not only condemned the Rhinehart character but also satirized every one of her classmates, painting them as she saw them through eyes that held no sympathy and no pity. Not even the audience, composed of teachers and fond parents, could have missed it. She saw them squirm, and thus left Chatham Episcopal Institute forever, revenged.

THERE were outdoor summer camps for her, then. Something had to be done about her frail health and—Cornelius and Garland both hoped—about her inexplicable attitudes. The camps advertised that besides teaching discipline and healthy wood lore that would enable any young miss to survive being lost in the deepest African jungle, they also built character and showed girls how "to live in harmony with sister Americans."

Maggie's sneer for this selling point was decided and audible. "My sister Americans," she said, "my hat!"

But she went. She had no choice. She donned middie and bloomers; arose at six to swim in icy lake waters; rode hurtling and dangerously down mountain bridle paths; paddled breathless in birchbark canoes with coy Indian names painted on them; lifted her harsh young voice in "Aloha Camp Forever" around the campfire; wove baskets which always had suspiciously sophisticated designs hidden in the pattern; did batiks; burned designs on leather; hiked and read and slept. She got a sunburn, gained eight pounds, learned an incredible number of stories that are whispered among girls in their teens, and came rattling home leaving the camp guardians in a kind of weary stew of relief.

After that there were many camps, for many summers, until she had finished college, which was soon. All of the Sullavan family had gone to Hollins College, wherefore Maggie held out for any other institution; and they compromised on Sweet Briar. Then she went to Sullins, where she enrolled in the first courses that came to her notice. She didn't really care, because she knew there would be only a few more months before Liberty, before Freedom. . . .

At camp, the summer before, she had met a family from Boston—a family who did different things with r's when they spoke, a family who talked vaguely of the stage and of schools for dancing and of a brilliant, wholly new kind of life.

"You love to dance," they told her simply. "Why don't you come to Boston and learn?" It was that uninvolved to them.

Beautiful Brat

(Continued from page 21)

One year of college, then. Maggie conceded that. But when it was done—

SHE sat stiffly on the Adam sofa in her mother's drawing room, rubbed her finger along the delicate patina of old rosewood, tapped a Sèvres vase with one fingernail, looked anywhere but directly at the troubled eyes of Cornelius and Garland.

"It's the one thing I want to do," she was saying. "The one thing. I've always done as you asked, I've always obeyed the essentials. But you must try to understand: I can't be a polite sub-deb who paints wishy sunsets in water color and keeps her eye peeled for a husband. And I'm sorry, but I'm going to Boston."

"Fantastic," said Cornelius. "I forbid it."

Garland sighed, looked unhappily from determined daughter to stern husband. "My dear," she said to him at last, "we must let her go. I—perhaps I understand what the child means. Let her try, anyway. She can always remember it afterwards, then." Her expression, at that moment, told the shrewd observant Maggie something about her mother she had never even guessed before.

The girl went over and touched Garland's flushed cheek lightly with her fingers. "Thanks, Mother," she said.

So she went to Boston. Cornelius, still unimpressed, granted her a small allowance which annoyed her so much that she decided not to use any more of it than she could help. To this end she took her first job, selling books in a co-operative store at Harvard. It was on a commission basis and she broke all records, earning eighteen dollars a week for one month; whereupon she quit. After the first enthusiasm, it had become a bore.

She was nineteen, then, and it was 1928, a strange year. It excited her—its madness, its extravagance, its drunken headlong flight to nowhere. If

she had been capable of fear, it would have frightened her, as well: she was two people, this nineteen-year-old girl representative of no era and no place and no custom.

Deep-rooted within her subconscious although she fought it, was an attitude impressed indelibly despite herself by the repeated admonition of family, by the long years of teaching—an attitude that wore a lace scarf and curtsied to convention.

She didn't like it, but being intelligent she had to admit it was there, prodding her on occasion, pointing an accusing finger at her activities, sneering haughtily at the vulgar Jazz Age that surrounded her.

The other Maggie, the real one, observed detachedly what went on, made clear-cut choice when necessary.

She studied dancing, then, for a few months. But one evening an acquaintance took her to see a performance of "The Connecticut Yankee" at the Copley Theater, and she viewed the individual characterizations with critical eye, and concluded with a certain amount of scorn that she could do better than that herself.

Going to a dancing class as a concession to her overflowing vitality, as stopgap until she was ready to settle into the accepted young-lady-of-good-family class, was one thing. Going to the Stage was another. She lay awake all one night, a battleground for conflicting viewpoints. By morning she had decided.

It is not important to Margaret Sullavan's story that she joined E. E. Copley Dramatic Theater then, without letting Cornelius and Garland know except that it kept her away from home until, after a few months, she could meet Charles Leatherbee of Harvard. There was irony here: it was friends of her parents who introduced him to her. But he was interested in the stage, and he assembled a number of students who

also were interested and he had an idea. "We're going up to Cape Cod in the summer," he explained, "and start a group called the University Players. We'll build a theater and learn everything about the stage from firsthand experience. D'you want to come in with us?"

"Who else is joining?" she asked him.

"Bretaigne Windust, of Princeton," he said, "and a kid named Jimmie Stewart, and Han Fonda. . . ."

"Okay," she told him, "okay. I'd love it."

You know, of course, that Margaret Sullavan eventually married one of those boys she met at the Cape that summer. Next month, Howard Sharpe gives you a vivid picture of the brilliant young star in the throes of her first love. Don't miss November PHOTOPLAY.



Photoplay takes a bow—it plays a part in "The Affairs of Annabel"! In the rôle of movie actress, Lucille Ball impresses her importance on John Sutton by rating a cover portrait. Real or make-believe, it's a signal honor



QUAKER NET

in a colonial Hollywood setting



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Metro-Goldwyn-
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HOLLYWOOD, fast becoming a world style center, turns to Quaker Net Curtains as the latest and smartest in window coverings.

Above is an attractive guest room in the home of Allan Jones,* with Curtains of Quaker Fantasy Net. Picture how lovely Quaker Net Curtains would be at your windows. (Note also, the Quaker Colony Bedspread).

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(Continued from page 27)

examine your throat," he continued. "My, my, that doesn't look so good. Guess those tonsils better come out."

Manny agreed with him.

"Well, let's see. We better test your blood to see that it is good and red." Whereupon he pinched the lobe of Manny's ear as if taking a blood specimen. "That didn't hurt more than a little pinprick, did it?"

After that they rehearsed Manny's being wheeled to the operating room, pretending, of course, he was on the stretcher. Then his eyes were covered and the imaginary anesthetic given. Then Eddie pretended to remove the tonsils. Then the trip back to the room.

"Now you're awake again," he said. "Better swallow this drink of water. There, does that hurt?"

"No," Manny answered, playing his dramatic rôle to the hilt.

"Wait a minute," Eddie cautioned. "Better swallow again. Doesn't it hurt just a little? Feel kind of sore?"

"Well, yes," Manny agreed. "It does hurt a little."

"There, that's all there is to it," Eddie wound up. "Nothing to be scared of, is there?"

Manny said no, and meant it. He no longer was afraid. On the way to the hospital on the day of the operation, they sang songs and had a high old time. And at the hospital everything went exactly as rehearsed. Only there was one slip-up. When the doctor went to administer the preoperative sedative pill, Manny balked.

"Daddy didn't do that," he informed

the puzzled physician. Whereupon, Daddy quickly had to admit he'd been so dumb as to forget all about that important part.

PARENTS who are running into a few difficulties in getting young Johnny's or Mary's interest in music aroused can afford to take a leaf from Eddie's book on that subject, too. Every child has a natural love of music and an instinctive sense of rhythm and melody, but it is no good trying to force them into formal patterns too soon. That only arouses a subconscious resentment that may result in a lifelong prejudice.

Eddie makes it fun for Manny. If he sees the boy aimlessly fingering the piano keys, he'll say, "Let's see what you can do. Can you make up a song about a baseball game?" Or an airplane ride, a picnic, the school teacher or any other subject common to Manny's knowledge. It becomes sort of a challenge, and Manny promptly makes up songs.

When symphonic music is being played on the radio, Eddie directs Manny's attention to it by pretending both of them are great conductors. They grab big kitchen spoons and lead the orchestra. Or they may do a dance to its rhythms, or he may try to describe what the music is saying, making it into a fascinating story.

He has done nothing definite as yet to cultivate in the boy his own great passion for fine paintings, other than taking him with him to galleries on occasion

when he was about to purchase another canvas.

If there is one thing in which Eddie is attempting to guide Manny, it is in learning values. He wants him to consider himself an important person, yes; but at the first sign of young Master Robinson's beginning to think himself too important, Papa cracks down.

THE other day the youngster came strutting in.

"I'm to carry the Queen's crown in the thing at school," he announced.

"That's fine," Eddie said. "Important fellow, huh? Well, what are the other boys to do?"

"I'm to carry the crown," Manny insisted.

Finally Eddie pried out of him that the other fellows were to be in the production, too, although Manny was a bit vague as to just what they were to do. Nothing very important, probably.

"Listen, young man," Eddie said, "if they are in it, they're just as important as you, and don't you forget it, crown or no crown!"

Again, the question of autographs came up the other day. Manny was trying to get it straight in his mind why everyone should want Eddie to write his name for them. Eddie said he supposed it was because they all knew who he was. Manny countered with the suggestion that the kids at school probably would be wanting his autograph.

"Why?" Eddie asked.

"Well, they all know who I am," he answered.

"Who are you?" Eddie prodded.

Manny, taken aback a bit, said he was Edward G. Robinson, the movie star son, and all the kids knew it.

"So what?" Eddie let him have it. "Does that make you any different or better than the rest of them? Forget it!"

Manny goes to public school and Eddie intends that he shall continue in those democratic institutions. Aside from that, he has made no plans for his future. He intends to let the boy discover his own aptitudes and follow them. Naturally, he said, he would like to see him in some sort of creative world. If, however, Manny chooses some other field, he will put no opposition in his path such as he encountered from his family when he decided upon the theater as his career. He might try to influence him by diverting his interest into other channels, but he would not block him with refusals.

"Wouldn't make any difference if I did," he said. "Not if the kid was really set on it. We Robinsons are like that, you know."

Only a father as wrapped up in his son as Eddie is in Manny could have failed to see the humor in what he said next.

"But do you know," he concluded in all seriousness, "that boy is a natural born actor. You should see him in some of the plays we do around the house. And you know what? He has every last one of my discarded radio scripts up in his room!"

PARAMOUNT'S FAMOUS STAR

Frances Dee
CHOOSSES THIS
MAKE-UP

ARE YOU blonde or brunette, brownette or redhead? Do you know what shades of powder, rouge and lipstick will bring out the most beauty in your face? Like famous screen stars, you, too, will find that the color harmony shades of face powder, rouge and lipstick originated by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, will bring amazing new beauty to you. Discover Hollywood's make-up secret, now!



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New beautiful color harmony shades...\$1.00.

THE POWDER... Created original shades to beautify screen star types, this face powder will impart a lovely satin-smooth make-up that will be unusually flattering to your skin. Max Factor's Face Powder...\$1.00.

THE ROUGE... Rouge must be the right red...a harmonizing shade that is lifelike. So Max Factor created color harmony shades for blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead. to dramatize the individuality of each type. Max Factor's Rouge. 50c.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

★
FRANCES DEE in Paramount's
"IF I WERE KING"

Busman's Holiday

(Continued from page 12)

wonderful job of the epileptic in "Un-
met de Bal" and is in England to co-
with Miss Chatterton in "A Royal
orce"; and Rosalind Russell, who
s opposite Mr. Donat in Dr. A. J.
hin's "The Citadel."

had talked at some length with Dr.
hin on the phone and had learned
him the interesting fact that he
sold the movie rights of "The Cita-
to Metro on the understanding that
ert Donat would play the part of
Manson.

EN I told this to Mr. Donat during
luncheon he was very pleased, for
had learned this for the first time.
old me: "I'm really a little fright-
l at what this new contract of mine
as. This part in 'The Citadel' is by
means sympathetic—I'm wondering
e general public will accept me in
it is really a character part. And
when this is finished I'm to do
dbye, Mr. Chips.' These parts are
ifferent from what people expect of
—and yet that's the very reason they
rest and excite me!"

think that Donat is one of the few
rs whom you and I can accept in
tever rôle he decides to play, even if
at moments unsympathetic or dis-
ly a character part, rather than an
ous romantic lead as in "The 39
s" or "The Count of Monte Cristo."
el also that Mr. Donat's illness has
ented him from becoming one of
world's greatest box-office bets, and
that he's well again I prophesy—
told him frankly—that he will be
t up there with Gable after his next
s are released!

prophecy is a smart business. If
re right, you remind people of it.
u're wrong, just don't say anything.
I will attempt another prophecy.
kholm, which was not very im-
sed by Mr. Stokowski on his recent
with Garbo—principally because
tie, suit, and socks matched (all
)—Stockholm is graced by a very
ming movie star who has rarely
n seen here. She is Aino Taube,
se picture, "En Saga," is to be seen
few foreign-language movie the-
s. I had the good fortune to meet
through my friend Tor Eliasson, her
cé. My prophecy is that one day
en Taube will be in Hollywood, for
has the charm and talent that Hol-

lywood seeks. Like most Swedish men
and women, she speaks perfect English
which is why American men and women
like you or I never learn Swedish! If
my prophecy is wrong, then it's Holly-
wood's loss.

YES, scratch a European and you'll find
a movie fan!

The great H. G. Wells, whom I was
fortunate enough to interview for al-
most an hour in his home facing Re-
gent's Park, proved himself to some ex-
tent a movie fan. We discussed Things
to Come in Movies, inspired by the title
of his famous if unsuccessful film, and
he shocked me with this statement:

"How do we know what place movies
will have in the future world—there are
so many social and political factors we
cannot foresee? Perhaps movies won't
exist—perhaps they'll just be a vestige
—kept up as a courtesy by the
Japanese!"

But he smiled with gratitude and ap-
proval when we discussed one of our
great movie phenomena—the March of
Time!

And even those in the theatrical busi-
ness turn with eager eyes toward Hol-
lywood. Tamara Geva, after a vastly
successful run in "Idiot's Delight" oppo-
site Raymond Massey (whom you will
see in London Films' "Drums"), asked
me plaintively, "When do you suppose I
will be back in Hollywood?" Lupino
Lane, who has produced and starred in
London's greatest musical success, "Me
and My Girl," which has created a dance
more popular than the Big Apple—
called the Lambeth Walk—smiled sadly
when I talked to him in his dressing
room and he asked me if Hollywood had
changed and would I please send him
those pictures of himself and Myrna Loy
in "Bride of the Regiment," which are
Photoplay's exclusive property and so
dear to his heart.

In another way, too, I was made to feel
very much at home in every city I vi-
sited because Photoplay, sporting the
Clark Gable cover of recent issue, was
widely displayed in London, Stockholm,
Copenhagen, Amsterdam and Paris.

And, of course, it isn't news to you
that the most popular star in Europe, as
well as in America, is Shirley Temple.
That made me feel at home, too, which
is the main advantage of taking a bus-
man's holiday.



From Photoplay's Executive Editor, Ernest V. Heyn, Robert
Donat learned for the first time why he was selected to play
Dr. Manson in M-G-M's London-made picture, "The Citadel"

Freshness is the secret of Charm...in a Movie Star or a Cigarette



Grace Bradley's fresh beauty was
"discovered" when she was dancing in
a New York floor show. To guard the
charm of her natural freshness she gives
sensible attention to proper diet, exer-
cise and beauty care. (See her in Re-
public's "Romance On The Run".)

FEAR that freshness may some-
day fade is a Hollywood head-
ache to every star. For even the great-
est talent loses much of its appeal
when freshness "goes stale".

But freshness *can* be protected—
and Hollywood spends fabulous sums
to hold that priceless charm.

Likewise with cigarettes . . . Even
the finest tobaccos lose their appeal
when dampness, dryness or dust is
permitted to rob them of freshness.
But tobacco freshness *can* be pro-
tected—and Old Gold spends a for-
tune in Cellophane, to give you the
rich, full flavor and smoothness of
prize crop tobaccos *at the peak of
perfect smoking condition.*

You can't buy a stale Old Gold—
anywhere, any time. The *extra* jacket
of moisture-proof Cellophane on every
pack brings you Old Golds with the
rich, double-mellow flavor *sealed in,*

exactly as they were made. And that,
we believe, is as fine as a cigarette
can be made. Try a pack, and see!

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, Tues.
and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.



Copr., 1938,
by P. Lorillard
Co., Inc.

Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets of Cellophane;
the *OUTER* jacket opens from the *BOTTOM*.

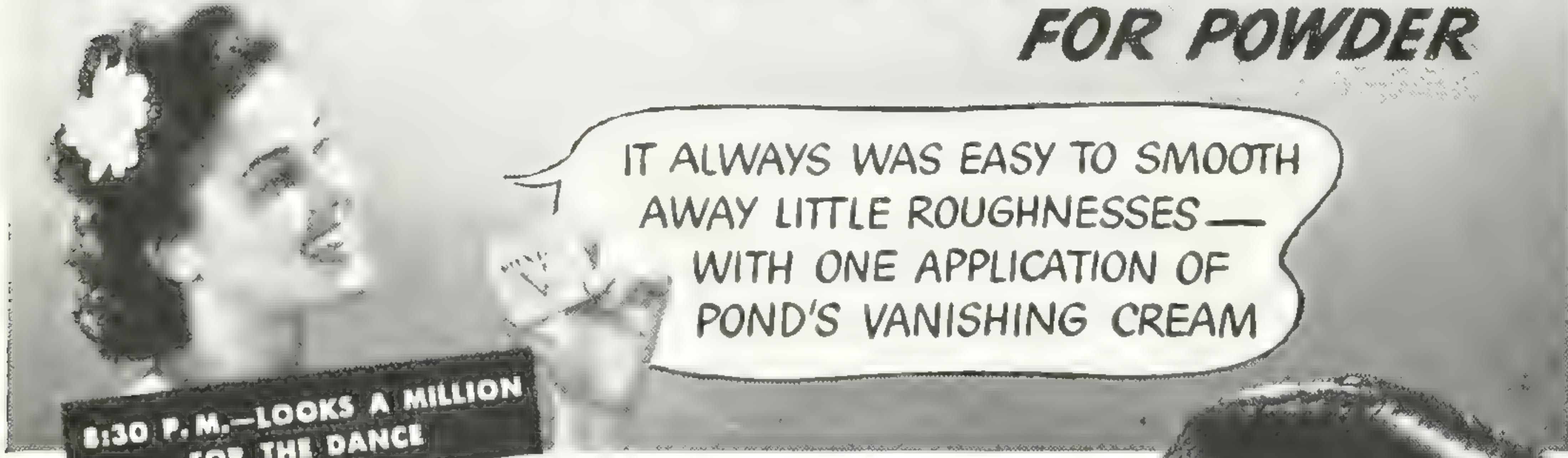
Petal Smooth Skin

MAKES A HIT EVERY TIME



3:30 P.M.—A KNOCKOUT
AT THE GAME

**EASY TO SMOOTH ROUGHNESSES AWAY....
FOR POWDER**



IT ALWAYS WAS EASY TO SMOOTH
AWAY LITTLE ROUGHNESSES —
WITH ONE APPLICATION OF
POND'S VANISHING CREAM

8:30 P.M.—LOOKS A MILLION
FOR THE DANCE

**...NOW SMOOTH IN
EXTRA
"SKIN-VITAMIN"
TOO! ***

Now Pond's Vanishing Cream supplies extra beauty care. It contains Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin." When skin lacks this necessary vitamin, it becomes rough and dry. When "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps skin become smooth again. Now every time you use Pond's, you are smoothing some of this necessary vitamin into your skin! Same jars. Same labels. Same prices.



BETTINA BELMONT, Society Deb,
SAYS: "GRAND FOR OVERNIGHT, TOO"

I'M OUTDOORS A LOT—THAT'S WHY I'VE ALWAYS
USED POND'S VANISHING CREAM — IT SMOOTHS
AWAY LITTLE ROUGHNESSES—HOLDS POWDER.
AND IT'S A GRAND OVERNIGHT CREAM. NOW
I USE IT TO HELP PROVIDE AGAINST POSSIBLE
LOSS OF "SKIN-VITAMIN" FROM MY SKIN, TOO

*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.

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Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

\$1.00 PRIZE

A LETTER OF CREDIT FOR CRAWFORD

Take hearts, all ye maids who feel that life hasn't given you a break. For life is a kaleidoscope, constantly changing the patterns of human destiny. Today I stood in the handsome dining room of Stephens College where one may read the inscription, "Joan Crawford waited tables in this room."

Snubbed, denied membership in a coveted sorority, Miss Crawford's college memories can hardly be pleasant ones. An aged caretaker of the college grounds befriended her and loaned her small sums of money. Miss Crawford has never forgotten the old man's kindness to her and has sent him, from time to time, handsome sums of money in grateful remembrance.

MRS. O. GELDERS,
Columbia, Mo.

\$1.00 PRIZE

MAYBE I'M WRONG

The atmosphere
When I appear
Is very, very frigid.

The girls just stare;
Some even glare,
Belligerently rigid.

Their looks askance
Say in a glance,
"We don't know what can ail her!"

Because, you see
I definitely
Don't care for Robert Taylor.
MURIEL GERMANSON,
Milwaukee, Wis.

\$1.00 PRIZE

JUST FOLKS

I'm just a fan—you know, one of those people who think that the people in the movies are swell, and would secretly like to have what Gable has.

It's interesting to me to watch everybody in my family react to a moving picture. My young sister will come home

from a Kay Francis or Joan Crawford picture slightly moody, and the next day my mother will be listening to a description of a certain dress—there a few days later, Sis will have that dress.

The ten-year-old twins think that "Snow White," Clark Gable and Shirley Temple are the most wonderful people in the world. They sing "Hi-Ho" so loud and long we sometimes wonder if they should have seen "Snow White." They saw "Test Pilot" and ever since the time has been building aeroplanes and practicing parachute-jumping off the front porch with an umbrella. The girl will not put on a dress unless it's like one Shirley Temple wears, which puts my mother in a quandary, since there are no movie stars in the family. My dad wishes they were like Robert Taylor in "A Yank at Oxford" and wonders why I'm not.

ROBERT FINLAY,
Glen Allen, Miss.

\$1.00 PRIZE

JADELY YOURS

I still go to the movies every Friday night at 7 . . . to suave movies in comfortable theaters with richly upholstered seats. The musical accompaniment is sweet, the photography masterful, the acting skilled and rare. I am bored with pictures . . . bored.

Time was when it was wonderful, exciting to see a movie. There were no plots, with beginnings and ends, beautiful misty close-ups, the tinkle of tin pianos and handkerchiefs soaked with tears.

But now everything is chic and Parisian. The tales are picaresque and episodic; the characters are cunning little movie caps; heroes who once were tall and stalwart are dull, dimpled rosebud boys as exciting as high-school freshmen; heroines (mostly our contemporary rarities in the late twenties) with bell-like haircuts and faint frowns are the very mirrors of our very selves. And CRY at the movies? In 1938? What's there to stir one? Why watch movies fun once?

MARY BARGER,
Marlboro, Mass.

Your Hopes in Pictures

(Continued from page 29)

women whose features look better in a picture than anywhere else. To use a long and fancy word, they are photogenic, and you will have to be that, too, if you're going to be a movie star.

GETTING down to details, the oldest young man in the group of winners was thirty-two, the youngest twenty-two. The tallest was six feet four, the shortest five feet ten. The heaviest weighed two hundred and seven pounds, the lightest, one hundred and fifty-eight pounds. And exactly half were blonds and half brunets.

As for the girls, the oldest was twenty-eight, the youngest seventeen. The tallest was five feet eight, the shortest five feet two. The heaviest weighed one hundred and twenty-four pounds, the lightest one hundred and two—and that little detail is worth pondering the next time you think of an ice-cream soda.

Twenty-two of the thirty-five girls were blondes, leaving only thirteen brunettes, which seems to indicate that Hollywood gentlemen, at least, retain

the well-known preference.

Averaging these facts, we get back where we started—to the perfect material for pictures, the young man twenty-seven years old, six feet tall, light dark, weighing one hundred and seventy-eight pounds, living in California and having a college education; and the young woman twenty years old, blonde, five feet, four inches tall, weighing one hundred and thirteen pounds, living in California and with a background connected with the show business and unremarkable education.

If you match either picture, as I have already said, you'd better head for Hollywood. From a purely empirical viewpoint, it seems as if you could fail, provided that you go quickly, before tastes and standards change.

And if you don't match either picture—completely or in any detail—but want to be a star so much that nothing else seems worth trying, perhaps you might as well go anyway. For, with or without all these qualifications, there is still after all, that Certain Something.

Portrait of a Young Man Looking at Life

(Continued from page 22)

an open fireplace in his bedroom. He thinks that definitely the so-called freedom for women has contributed to their unrest and consequently to the divorce rate. He was shipwrecked for a long time and he would like as his companions Bert Benchley, Roland Young and Harold Gardiner. He never uses a cigarette holder, and spends hours sunbathing. He seldom goes to concerts but when he does he likes to go to the Hollywood Bowl where he gets a seat in the last row and lies down throughout the performance. He hates to go shopping. He is allergic to leathery and musty things. He likes Turkish baths. His epicurean tastes are exceedingly commonplace. He wears all of his clothes when sleeping, and wishes he could play the piano. He likes pork and beans. He wears a platinum ring engraved with the family crest, the meaning of which he does not know. His ambition as a boy was to be a painter or a writer. He is impulsive. He is known as Young Doug in Hollywood. He has enjoyed life immensely, even though it hasn't been too kind. Years ago he wrote a series of articles for *My Fair* which were illustrated by his own caricatures. He dislikes eating in places where there is music and dancing. He prefers the company of men to women. He likes beer but has no special preference. He was born on December ninth; has never lived anywhere long enough to become a local hero. He was thrown and kicked by a horse several years ago and hasn't been on a horse since. He weighs 175 pounds, does not like reading novels. He likes to go to a barber. He plans never to give up acting, but hopes someday to produce. He likes hamburgers, and never wears a cap. He is addicted to fancy ties, and smokes American cigarettes. He has no intention to amass a lot of money. He is a poor after-dinner speaker. He has a felt hat he has worn for several years which contains three cigarettes. He enjoys being alone, and his special talents ended with playing the drums at military school years ago. He does not like giving parties, but when he does he invariably invites a few key people who act as hosts and leave him to enjoy himself. He enjoys the opera only on records. His favorite author is Somerset Maugham, and he thinks modern wrestling is very unfunny. He likes to lie down when reading. He keeps up with the times by reading magazines and newspapers from London, Paris and New York. He thinks that Tracy is the best actor on the stage. He is an incurable romanticist. He has a moustache for seven years. He is fond of mutton, and would rather stroll on the beach than anywhere else. He prefers Tudor or Georgian architecture. He considers "The Great Patrol" and "Catherine the Great" his best pictures. At present, Doug, Jr., is the film brother of Janet Gaynor in "Young in Heart." He thinks blondes are shrewd and actresses forthright.

He has no honest regrets. He considers himself a fatalist and has an agnostic attitude towards theology. His favorite breakfast food is porridge and liver and bacon. He has never won at gambling, and does not like poetry. He studied painting for several years in Paris, and never wears a gaucho shirt. He has an aversion to eating eggplant, parsnips and boiled tongue. His school days were punctuated with special detentions and extra military duty. He wore glasses up until eight years ago when he lost them. He hasn't bothered wearing any since. He does not like walking without a destination. He never reads the sporting page. He likes to wear sweaters and slacks at home. He collects all sorts of trinkets and attaches an exaggerated value to them. He does his best work in the late afternoon and night. He has spent most of his life in apartments. He has a very bad memory for names and places. He studies lines quickly and quickly forgets them when the scene has been filmed. A slight reversal upsets him for a prolonged period.

HE would like to be a good conversationalist but invariably fumbles and misses his points. He would rather participate in sporting events than watch them, and he dislikes playing cards with women.

He thinks someone should write a book on Anglo-American unity. He has been on the screen for fifteen years, and his favorite books are "Alice in Wonderland" and "The Book of Tea," a tome of Japanese philosophy. He never wears spats.

He is a good trader.

He thinks the numerical increase of college graduates in America is not a sign of proportional increase in culture. He first fell in love at the age of twelve, he likes prize fights, and owns a thirty-foot cruiser on the Thames.

His reading leans toward the historical and biographical. He is very fond of spaghetti, swims well, and is constantly weaving and inventing romantic notions about everything.

He is not concerned, when playing a game, whether he wins or not. Had he his own way, he would like to divide his time between New York and the English countryside. He never whistles.

He likes wearing tails, has never had a nickname, and his most intimate friend is a seventy-five-year-old gentleman named Tom Patton.

He is in a constant state of agitation at a preview of his own picture. He travels by air only when he has to, and never questions people's motives. He has never gone hunting.

He thinks war will never be abolished.

He does not like baseball.

He does not like hot dogs or personal appearances.

Douglas Fairbanks, Junior believes a little bit in everything and a great deal in nothing. His manservant is a Swiss valet whom he inherited from his father.

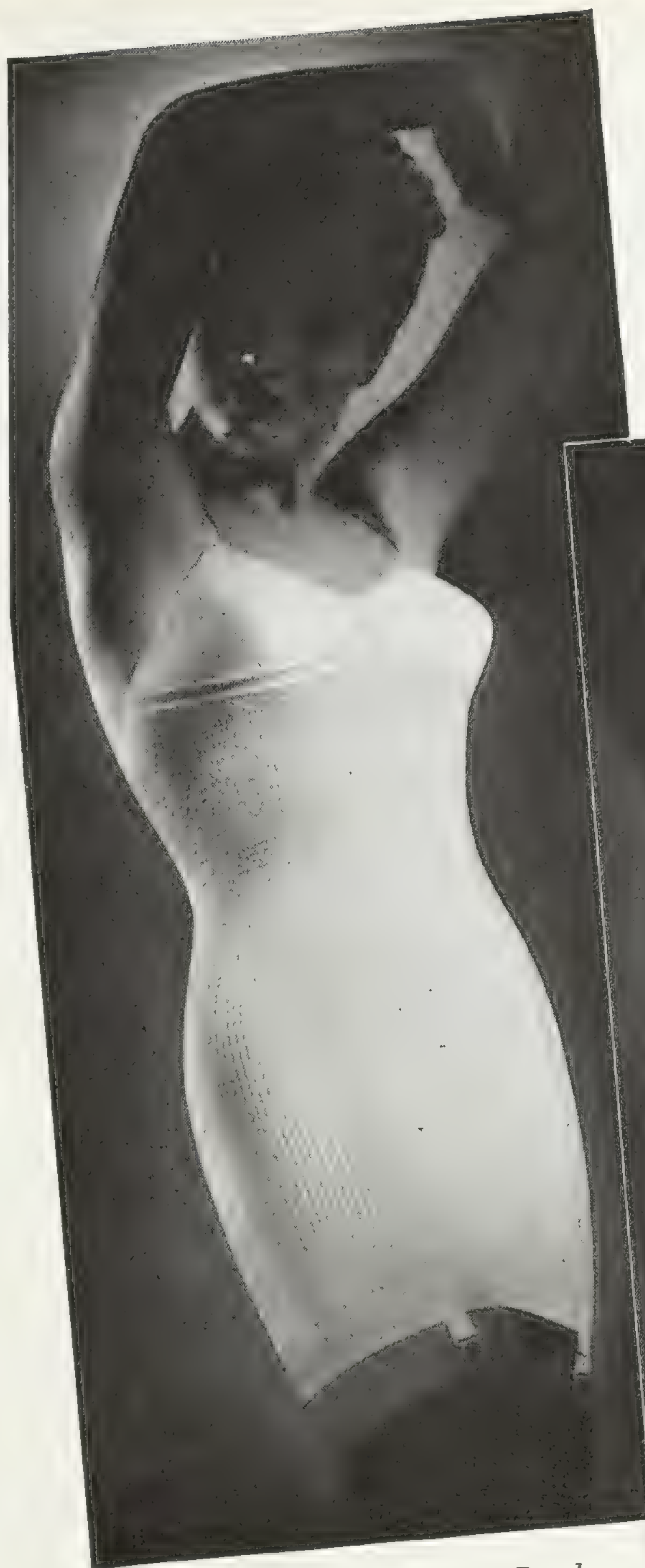
He doesn't care where he works, and he doesn't like surf bathing. He thinks it is practically impossible for two professionals to be happily married.

He excelled in spelling and geography at school. He is a member of the Portsmouth Yacht Club, England.

Fairbanks, the Younger, is of the opinion that motion pictures have narrowed the peak of American culture and widened the base of mediocrity.

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"NEXT TO THE BOSS KLEENEX IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE OFFICE!"

(from a letter by C. O. P., Louisiana)



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6 BOXES- BUT WHEN
HOME FOUND IT WASN'T
KLEENEX BUT ONE OF
THOSE 'OFF-BRANDS!'
WAS I MAD- I TOOK IT
BACK AND DID I GIVE
THAT CLERK AN EARFUL!"
(from a letter by Mrs. B. F. D., Chicago)

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES

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BABY SAYS:



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NOW MY LITTLE GIRL CAN
EAT ICE CREAM CONES
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IN THE CAR- BECAUSE
WITH KLEENEX HANDY,
BOTH SHE AND THE
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(from a letter by Mrs. E. S.,
Wisconsin)

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"I WAS A BUSY BIB-WASHER"

NOW I TUCK KLEENEX UNDER THE
BABY'S CHIN AND SAVE WASHING!"
(from a letter by Mrs. E. J., California)

• During colds, you'll certainly want to put aside handkerchiefs and adopt the Kleenex Habit instead. See how these disposable tissues soothe your nose and save money as they reduce handkerchief washing. Use each tissue once-then destroy, germs and all.

Also use Kleenex to remove face creams and cosmetics; to dust and polish; for the baby; and as a kitchen help.

Do as millions are doing-adopt the habit of using Kleenex in the Serv-a-Tissue box that ends tissue waste and mess... boxes of 200 sheets now 2 for 25c at drug counters everywhere. It's the handy size for every room at home, for your office and your car.

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 15)

just come through two of the things, I beg to announce that even an operation in Hollywood is unlike one anywhere else on earth. They make a production of your operations out here... there is, most gratifying and first of all, that great rush of sympathy and affection toward you... for a couple of weeks Hollywood had me believing that I was not alone the only person who had ever been ill but most certainly the bravest... then there are the flowers that reach the hospital... don't think that Hollywood sends flowers in mere boxes... they come in every size and color of vase, already arranged and so excitingly beautiful that you can hardly bear it... and somehow, so keen are Hollywood personalities, that it even gets into their flower-buying and even before I looked at the attached cards I could usually tell which star had sent them....

Flowers from Tyrone Power have a reserved and romantic air about them... flowers from Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald are actually amusing, as, for example, their remembering I was still stuck in the hospital on the Fourth of July and sending me, therefore, a "firecracker"-a gigantic bouquet of white carnations, blue delphinium and red, red gladioli positively exploding from a great white vase, tied round and round with red, white and blue ribbon... flowers from those inseparable pals, Madge Evans and Una Merkel, are dainty and cute little things in the most delicate vase of all... flowers from the very smart Mr. Robert Montgomery turn out to be a deep crystal bowl of the most beautiful orchids that last luxuriously through a whole week... Walter Wanger, the producer who distinguishes everything he touches, sends all at once not only the most beautiful flowers to look at, dozens upon dozens of long-stemmed yellow roses, but flowers to wear, great scarlet begonias, and flowers for perfume, lilies of the valley... and Irene Dunne thinks to wait until I am out of the hospital and

convalescing and sends all-white flowers which seem so typical of her....

THERE are, too, those stars who touching, practical things... like Crawford, coming to the hospital to taking one look at me and next sending not one, but a boxful of most exquisite nightgowns... and in the publicity departments who those necessary soaps and perfumes colognes... and the most lovely of all... Claudette Colbert's quiet insistence that I must come to her to convalesce and her pretending didn't know what it was all about... I was reduced to a state of total speechlessness through the mere fact of lying still, day after day, watching the sun cross her beautiful lawns and the clouds, of eating breakfast, lunch and dinner, such meals as I have only far before, of having my every wish gratified by devoted maids even before I thought it and of having a whole household go around hushed because of mere presence....

Ah, I realize it is still considered smart to make fun of Hollywood and estimate every star is stupid and every individual is hard and selfish... we may be smart but it isn't true....

The values of generosity and imagination and the most disinterested kindness are on every hand in Hollywood... I know what I am talking about, for I have just been experiencing their generosity, given without any air of being a "Lady Bountiful" thing, but rather as its all being an amusing joke to the thoughtful of another person's comfort and to let you share luxury you can never earn, to let you witness beauty greater than you've ever dreamed of.

Well, if publicly expressing my gratitude, inadequate gratitude for all it means anything, here's that expression... I feel uncomfortably humble knowing that I have done so little to merit such kindness from Hollywood... honestly don't deserve it but, gosh, I have enjoyed it!...



Romance? Well, Judy Garland and Freddie Bartholomew are seen together at premières, but the real lowdown is this: Judy has a "regular" boy friend and this scores as "just publicity"

Norma Shearer's Handful of Memories

(Continued from page 33)

celebrity, one of whom, in an she herself was to be!
a car from the studio was to call er. In fact, there would be no than time to unpack and press the in which was invested all the fam- pose cash; cocoa-colored georgette s, smartly simple, with shoes, ings and gloves to match, to be with a tomato-shade hat and bag. had planned with care the great nt; her first look at Hollywood, wood's first look at her!
tily she unpacked and dressed, ly finishing when the telephone a studio car for Miss Norma er.

studio car for Miss Norma er!"
little Eight-Year-Old, shivering your blanket, dreaming of this nt, hopeful Sixteen-Year-Old ng, striving for this moment, it ome! A studio car is waiting for Norma Shearer.

wing on her gloves and with her savoir-faire, she hurried down to bby, swept through it across the to the waiting car, a little taken , Fifth Avenue ensemble notwith- ng, to see how absolutely she t the attention of every eye. She sense, in fact could see, that, along ine of march," there wasn't a per- whose gaze didn't frankly follow She could imagine what they were ering: "New star . . . wonder who! ome for a picture . . . wonder

crossed the porch to the waiting o roll down the crescent drive . . . then suddenly to become aware eft upstairs, just where she had so ully laid it out twenty minutes emained her cocoa-colored under-

swanky trip through the lobby, rst appearance in Hollywood, had made in georgette as transparent, ps, my dear, as the mist around a ow!

leading-lady Miss Norma Shearer ved, served Hollywood so well, in that not until two years later did return to New York.

latest picture was playing there. ightly the train carried her across tain, desert, prairie, back again to lway, every turn of the wheels ring up thoughts of all the hope, t, disappointment she had known that street to which she was re- ng.

the Broadway theater door which ten she had had to pass for lack of y, now she would be a celebrity. ad heard many times of how im- ively the picture luminaries passed e lines of waiting people to receive lattering recognition and attention he door." Now that was about to en to her! A pleasant contempla- . . . Not conceit, not thirst for

glory, but just a feeling of having ar- rived at a goal for which there had been long hope and real striving.

So again . . . here was New York, the same delirious highway. She went to the theater, took a friend to share the little triumph. The picture was billed in electric lights, the waiting lines crowding along the street at half a dozen angles from the box office. Wear- ing, with proper glamour, an orchid, Miss Shearer passed grandly by the waiting ladies and gentlemen, ap- proached the doorman and said . . . "I'm Norma Shearer. I'm here from Hollywood. I'd like to see the picture."

He favored her with a look which was something between the supercilious and the disinterested.

"If you want to see the picture," he said, "get in line."

"But you see," she repeated, "I'm . . ."

"Yeah, I know," he finished for her. "You're Norma Shearer. You're from Hollywood. Well . . . we have millions of them. If you want to see the picture get in line."

AND now a memory of Hollywood again . . . Christmas Eve . . . a lonely stretch of hours for the little star who that night, on the M-G-M lot, was finishing a picture.

There is always something a little sad about finishing a picture. And for Miss Shearer Christmas day was nothing special to look forward to.

Though, for the matter of that, neither was any day, Hollywood and her chosen profession often proving lonely, nothing to interest her greatly but work. That is to say, nothing . . . but the quiet, dark-eyed young executive, Irving Thalberg, with whom for more than a year (her own carefully guarded secret) she had been in love.

It would have indeed been a thrilling moment for her which would have sig- nified a bit of his personal attention. As far as he was concerned, however, he seemed little aware of her beyond nec- essary business conferences.

On this Christmas Eve she watched him as he talked last minute detail with the director. She knew his every little whimsical manner, every inflection of his voice. She heard him outline briefly what was now to be done, saw him say good night and leave the com- pany to carry out his wishes.

The stage on which tonight's work went on was half a mile from the dress- ing rooms. Buses waited to save the company the half-mile walk.

At about eleven o'clock the scene was finished, everything "O.K.," the picture completed, the company dismissed.

There was hasty, gay departure, floodlights turned off, the players trou- ping to the buses. But by the time Miss Shearer had gathered up her make-up, her stray belongings here and there, the last bus had gone. Here outside the barnlike stage door she found herself

WHAT Is "The Strip"?

by Sara Hamilton

Did you know "The Strip" means a shopping street, not an undress act? Yes—"The Strip" all began with a cow, but in its evolution to star sapphire lane, this fantastic roadway led some of Hollywood's best people a bizarre merry-go-round.

In November PHOTOPLAY

Genuine "Orange Blossom"
ENGAGEMENT AND WEDDING RINGS

A Favorite

. . . The original "Orange Blossom" Ring which graced the lovely fingers of the 'Belles' in Mother's day. A dainty circlet of precious metals encrusted with a lacey pattern of significant Orange Blossoms. Times and tastes have passed many a mile- stone, but this original design is still a favorite of the smart, young modern. ☆ Genuine "Orange Blossom" Rings are now created in dozens of varied and beautiful styles, each carefully designed to please a certain taste and purse. Their endur- ing loveliness and unquestioned quality never waiver. ☆ Look for the "Orange Blossom" trade- mark in the ring—your assurance of the utmost in quality and value.

TRAUB MANUFACTURING COMPANY • DETROIT

Be sure to ask your jeweler for a copy of "Orange Blossoms", a beautiful book for Brides.

Satin by Tennessee Eastman Corp

HERE'S A SURE WAY TO PROTECT YOUR Glamour



KEEP YOUR UNDERARM DRY, AND YOUR DRESS CAN'T HAVE AN OFFENSIVE "ARMHOLE ODOR"



• Sometimes the man who seems to pay you the closest attention at a party sees some other girl home. If you think men are just fickle, make this one simple test of your appeal tonight!

When you take off the dress you are wearing, smell the fabric under the armhole. You may be mortified at its stale "armhole odor," but you will know why women of refinement insist on a deodorant that keeps the underarm dry as well as sweet.

No matter how dainty you keep yourself, if stale perspiration collects on your dress, it will give you away every time you wear it!

ODORONO IS SURE: With Liquid Odorono there is no possibility of unpleasant "armhole odor," because it keeps both you and your dress always DRY.

ODORONO IS SAFE: Perspiration is simply diverted from that one small area to other parts of the body where it can evaporate freely.

PROTECTS CLOTHING: When used according to directions, Odorono is harmless to fabrics. It saves them the destruction caused by perspiration acids.

Start today to make the most of your natural charm! Use Liquid Odorono according to directions on the label of the bottle. Two strengths—Regular and Instant. At all toilet-goods counters.



half a mile from her dressing room, alone at the far end of the almost deserted lot, in the chill fog of Christmas Eve.

She wore no coat, only a thin, light scarf which she held around her as she started walking toward the faraway checkerboard of lighted dressing-room windows. Along the empty street, past the great closed stages, her French heels and their echo sounded like castanets against a very large stillness. Usually the lot was as busy by night as by day . . . but this was Christmas Eve.

She reached her dressing room, unlocked the door, snapped on the light, put down her make-up box, slipped out of her shoes to thrust small cold feet into felt bedroom slippers.

Her maid, whom she had sent home early, had left a thermos bottle full of hot chocolate. Miss Shearer poured out a cupful and held it to warm her chilled fingers. Then, a startling sound, came the ring of the telephone.

"How little I guessed," she says now, with a quiet smile, "that just that telephone ring was to change the whole mood of my life!"

For it was Mr. Thalberg, asking, in a somewhat nervous voice, if he might call on her tomorrow to say: "Merry Christmas."

THE following year, to spend their honeymoon, they went to Germany, a trip of especial interest to Miss Shearer . . . Mrs. Thalberg . . . since she had just finished the rôle of *Kathi* in "The Student Prince."

And to impress her husband she had busied herself at studying German. At some unexpected moment . . . though not as an obvious effort to be clever . . . oh, no, not at all like that . . . she would give an easy exhibition of tossing off German as casually as though it were English!

It was thrilling to see old Heidelberg, which had been duplicated on the lot so perfectly; an amazing feeling to find, in Germany, as they drove along, everything exactly as they had left it on the lot in California.

They wandered through the grounds of the old castle with its crumbling walls, everywhere students wearing their little pillbox hats and the scars of their duels; with fascinating nonchalance hitting the ferns with the canes they carried.

Then one afternoon the honeymooners hired an old-fashioned carriage with a deliberate horse, the little man on the box wearing a feather in his hat. They didn't care where they went . . . had nothing to do. . . .

"Take us," they said, "somewhere for supper."

Late afternoon found them in a tavern garden on the hillside looking down at the town, a little circle of musicians playing Viennese music . . . not too well . . . the Herr Proprietor giving them a smudgy card upon which was printed the assortment of food to be had. And printed in German! Mrs. Thalberg's opportunity!

Mr. Thalberg ordered potato pancakes. His pretty frau instantly recognized a phrase which by merest accident she had happened to learn . . . "corned beef and cabbage."

"I'll have *this*," she smiled, and read it in glib German.

"What is it," Mr. Thalberg wanted to know. In German she repeated it.

"Yes," he said, "but what is it?"

"You should have learned those things," she teased him. "Wait and see. You'll be surprised."

"Nothing else for Madame?" the Herr Proprietor asked.

"Oh, no," she told him. "Nothing else."

So through the warm sultry end of a summer afternoon, the young Thalbergs walked down to the rock garden, bought sugar and fed the horse . . . and waited for dinner.

They requested a favorite Viennese waltz, a second favorite Viennese waltz . . . and waited for dinner.

They ordered coffee . . . and asked about dinner.

"Madame's order," explained the Herr Proprietor . . . "it takes a little time."

They watched the sky. . . .

"What on earth did you order, dear?" Mr. Thalberg wanted to know.

"You'll see," Miss Shearer smiled. "It's very American. I suppose that's why they had to cook it specially."

The musicians played. The first stars came out. . . . And then the Herr Proprietor appeared with a wide smile and a plate of hot potato pancakes.

"And Madame's order comes," he beamed, as indeed it did . . . an entire plum pudding briskly burning in brandy!

THREE years later a memory . . . a very happy memory; gay plans for a trip through the Mediterranean, for Norma Shearer, Mr. Thalberg, Miss Helen Hayes and her husband, Charles MacArthur; with the prelude of a hey-day three weeks in New York, parties to be given by friends, plays to see, Fifth Avenue to "do" . . . plans, invitations, arrangements on every side, thrilling and exciting, trunks unpacked at The Waldorf as if the stay were to be forever.

Then suddenly it had all become so intricate that Mr. and Mrs. Thalberg, checking down the list of every terrifically important detail, could see but one solution, which was to do none of it all, to figure it out by forgetting everything!

So when the telephone rang, Miss Hayes to report that she and Charlie, trying to crystallize plans, offered as the only way out, a postponing of sailing until the fourth week . . . Miss Shearer replied . . . "Irving and I have been trying to figure it out too. How about sailing this afternoon?"

There was a little silence . . . a little struggle for words at the other end of the line.

". . . and not tell anybody we're going, not anybody at all," added Miss Shearer . . . "until we've gone!"

Swiftly things began to happen. By midafternoon four dizzy, giggling people found themselves on the deck of a ship bound for Southern seas.

"How depressed we'd have been," laughs Miss Shearer, "how terribly, terribly hurt if there *hadn't* been any parties or plans for us . . . but it was such fun running away!"

LISTEN - LISTEN - LISTEN

Not since Paul Revere wakened Concord has there been such a Revolutionary idea. You don't have to be beautiful or rich to have a marvelous time in Hollywood, and we can prove it!

Just read . . .

PLAIN GIRL IN PARADISE

by Diane

In November PHOTOPLAY

But as the ship slipped away from the wharf it came home to them that wasn't a familiar face in the crowd a soul to whom they would be waving and shouting good-by!

"But we simply *must* say good-by," they decided.

So hastily Helen, Charlie, Irving, Norma, picked out persons to whom they would say "Good-by."

"I'll take the man in the green jacket,"

"I'll take the woman holding the diamond-headed baby."

"I'll take the girl with the yellow chrysanthemums." . . . And this at last, offer explanation to a broad-shouldered gentleman in overalls, why, when that majestic ship glided into the harbor that day, the excellent lovely lady bearing so striking a resemblance to the then decidedly fashionable Miss Norma Shearer, called reproachful good-bys to him, blew him a kiss, urged him to take good care of himself and waved farewell as long as he could catch the flutter of her handkerchief.

THEN came the September day when once more the world changed for Norma; changed this time beyond anything she could believe. For the one in whom she had found ideal happiness . . . was dead.

For the first time in her life, Norma, slowly, mechanically she came to realize it, there didn't seem to be any future, no goal which could possibly be important.

She considered his ambition for herself, the ambition which had always been hers for herself, knew now, more than ever, she must have work to do. It was all only confused and bewildering. She couldn't conceive a beginning when all she could think of was an utterly unlooked-for end.

Six months after Mr. Thalberg's death, Norma Shearer's mother sailed her to New York hoping that, with the new Broadway's newest plays, her mother might respond.

One afternoon, dressed obscurely, entering the theater very quietly after the lights were dim, nobody knowing of her presence in town, Norma Shearer went to a matinee of "Stage Door."

She sat in the front row, as a place where she could most easily miss recognition. The play was received with enthusiasm, Margaret Sullavan, in the lead, greatly applauded and appreciated. But after the second act curtain when the lights had come on, the applause didn't stop.

"What's she going to do now?" Norma Shearer wondered. "She'll have to make a speech."

And then she became aware that it was *she* whom the audience was applauding, her acknowledgment that they were asking. It was a moment of complete and genuine surprise to her, certain had she been that today, in the crowd interested only in the play, she had no identity.

She rose . . . smiled . . . bowed as the applause swelled and continued . . . a sincere salute.

"And I'm sure it was that day," Norma Shearer says . . . "which provided the answer."

So there's a new Norma Shearer in Hollywood . . . young . . . lovely . . . (and apparently quite herself again with a smile which succeeds in hiding any trace of unhappy shadow). So how she has accomplished it.

At the moment she is busy with "Idiot's Delight," which presents again with Mr. Gable.

And Hollywood and the rest of us might be happy to pin a pair of orchids on—"the girl who came back."

Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 10)

to artificial to blend with a natural appearance."

Now I'm letting my eyebrows grow in—oo—I can take a hint. If your eyebrows are too light, though, don't make the mistake of using a dark pencil down the middle of them to make them more obvious. Try this instead: use a brown mascara on the light hairs and extend the brows lightly at the ends with the brown pencil. Keep the mascara brush only damp, so the mascara doesn't clump on your brows. If you're plucking the stray hairs, be sure to pull them in the direction in which the hair grows, use witch hazel, or an antiseptic, and wash your brows afterwards so they won't grow red or swollen.

If you're dissatisfied with the shape of your brows but aren't quite sure how to experiment with them, try covering them up with grease paint or a very heavy foundation cream and then draw new outlines with your pencil until you find just the right outline to frame your eyes and add to the symmetry of your features.

After Loretta, at the director's call, sauntered gracefully away, I walked wearily back through the sand thinking that it's easier to look delicate and fragile if you have Loretta's naturally fair skin and blue eyes, but suppose you're a decided brunette with olive skin, dark eyes and blue-black hair. What do you do then?

THOUGHT of Gale Page, one of Warner Brothers' newly made stars, who's lovely, definite brunette, and went over to see her.

"What are you going to do this fall?" I asked her. "That's a very fine tan you have now, but you can't look so extremely glowing and healthy when you're wearing a romantic type of gown. Tell all."

"I know," Gale admitted ruefully. "I take such a swell tan that it's practically impossible to avoid it during the summer—even if I wanted to, which I don't. But now I'm bleaching out. So I'm having softening and bleaching creams smoothed into my back and shoulders as well as my face. And see my hands? I saturate them with a good cream before I go to bed at night and then I sleep in a pair of white cotton gloves. I feel like a mammy singer, but it softens and bleaches your hands and it's fine for the nails, too."

An eye-wrinkle or emollient cream is good to pat into your lids and the area around your eyes at night also, to counteract the drying effect of the sun and to soften and lubricate the tissues.

"I'm right in the midst of changing my make-up, too," Gale sighed wistfully. "All summer I've been using a tan powder, and just a faint touch of rouge that has sort of an orange cast to it, and a flame color lipstick to show off the tan. But now—that all has to be changed—I have to look pale and romantic."

"And how are you going to do it?" I asked avidly, settling myself to hear all the details on how to look as though you could go into a graceful feminine swoon any moment.

"Well, you see, I can't go in for that pink and white make-up that blondes and girls with fair skins can use with such great effect, because even at my palest I'm pretty dark. So in the daytime I use an olive powder and no rouge

at all because somehow that makes you look paler. My lipstick is still vivid to accent the pallor but it doesn't have so much orange in it as when I'm more tanned in the summer. And then a touch of grey eyeshadow to finish up."

This last tidbit is a very good tip for you glowing brunettes, because Gale feels that a brown eyeshadow doesn't give her the same effect that the grey does. If you have an olive skin and black eyes, try the grey, too, and see if it isn't more flattering than brown.

AT night when Gale goes out to a formal affair, she goes in for more sophistication than during the daytime. If you're blonde and delicate, a truly romantic gown will make you look like a dream, but if you're dark and more of the sophisticated type, accent your sophistication and don't go in for the naïve effects that do so much for a blonde. Unless, of course, you're the type that can have the contrast of a sophisticated face and a dress that is incredibly naïve and girlish. If you can get away with it, you'll be a huge success—but, I warn you, it's none too easy.

Gale has found that a powder with a mauve tone gives her skin pallor and translucency at night under electric lights. "The rest of your make-up has to have sort of a bluish cast too, though," she explained, "so my rouge is a purplish pink, rather like cyclamen. I put it high on my cheekbones to bring them out, and you'd be surprised at the exotic effect I can get that way. And naturally my lipstick is exactly the same shade as the rouge. A deep mauve eyeshadow is the glamour touch, too."

At night, Gale smooths the shadow into her lids all the way up to her brows. It's heavier near her lashes, of course, and then is shaded away to her brows. This is very glamorous under electric lights, but it's too artificial for daytime wear, so, during the day, Gale uses the grey shadow just on her lids. A faint line drawn very close to her lashes, both upper and lower, thus outlining her eyes, is also a fine trick for evening but too theatrical and harsh looking for daytime.

And then, to frame the whole effect, Gale has her hair rolled up off her face to get that brand-new old-fashioned appearance that's so smart for fall.

So you see, by following these girls' tips, it's easy enough to look glamorous and romantic, even though you're just recovering from a healthy strenuous summer.

As for me, I plodded wearily back to my office thinking small thoughts about the vicious circle of this beauty-seeking and romance-searching occupation of ours which demands the riding-breeches - and - steak - for - dinner approach one year, and the lavender-and-old-lace-camisole setup the next. Anyway, fade out your complexion first before you fade into glamour.

The smooth loveliness of Loretta's shoulders made me hunt to find the perfect exercise to develop and round out your shoulders so you'll look equally romantic in your new evening gowns. I've found it, and if you write me I'll be very glad to mail it on to you. Be sure, though, to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.

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Hollywood's Soldiers of Fortune

(Continued from page 35)



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happily married, with a seventeen-year-old son as strapping as he is, and a beautiful daughter of fifteen. Reconciled to a settled and luxurious life, he stays put. But his nostalgia for action and adventures expresses itself in the much publicized "McLaglen Light Horse." Actually, this is as well-drilled, trained and equipped a cavalry troop as you could find anywhere. McLaglen often longs for an excuse to lead it into real action. His only hope at present is for a scrap with the Communists.

ONE of the most colorful figures in the mysterious regions behind the scenes in the studios is Howard Hill, noted athlete and hunter. With bow and arrow he has traveled the wilds of Mexico, the U.S. and Canada, and his adventurous wanderings attracted such hunting companions as the late Glenn Curtiss, the aeroplane magnate, the late Arthur Brisbane, and the late Harvey Firestone. Hill killed the only true big horn sheep ever shot with bow and arrow by a white man, and later spent two years producing a wild animal picture, "The Lost Wilderness," featuring hunting with this primitive weapon.

But strange things can happen, even to champions! During the shooting of "Robin Hood" (on which picture he was technical director), the company was sent on location to the back country near Hollywood. It was a stretch of country noted for wild boars, so Hill and actor Basil Rathbone and a native decided to go on a bow and arrow wild boar hunt. The native brought his rifle along—just in case.

They sighted the boar in a manzanita thicket. Hill's first arrow merely wounded the boar, which thereupon immediately charged the little party.

Rathbone managed to climb to safety in a small tree—but not before the boar had ripped his trouser leg. Then the boar charged Hill.

The archer realized that he wouldn't have time to use his bow, so he made a flying leap into (or onto) the top of a manzanita bush. There he lay, less than two feet under the boar's belly, spread-eagled, while the boar ran around looking for him.

The native finally saved the day by shooting the boar with his rifle. Modern weapons do have their uses, even to a man who holds the national archery field championship and has been California field archery champion since 1934.

IN one of the writer's cells at one of the largest studios is a quiet studious-looking fellow, usually occupied as a scenarist. You probably know him as Major Herbert O. Yardley, author of many fascinating magazine articles about secret service work, and of a book, "The American Black Chamber." (Incidentally, the book revealed so much that the Japanese War Department protested.)

Yardley won his rank—and certainly earned it—not in action on the field, but at his desk. His skill at decoding documents is spoken of with awe at all gatherings of cryptogram fans. While he was in command of the American Black Chamber (for the decoding of enemy documents during the War), he was forced to take elaborate precautions to keep foreign governments from finding out about his work. Every few weeks he would move his office; he received all his mail through a cover-up address.

Despite all these precautions, Yardley began to have the feeling that he was

being followed and watched. He hired a private detective to follow him and discover if he were being shadowed. The detective was unable to learn anything.

Finally, one day, while Yardley was in a bar in New York, a stranger struck up a conversation with him and introduced him to a beautiful girl. A few days later, in the same bar, the same girl approached him and asked him to buy her a drink. He quickly realized that the idea was to get him drunk—so he decided to turn the tables on her.

He began ordering drinks with ginger ale on the side. Then he would take a drink, and pretend to sip the ginger ale as a chaser. Actually, he was not swallowing the liquor, but secretly spitting it into the ginger ale each time he pretended to sip from it.

Naturally, the girl had to drink every time Yardley apparently did, so soon the girl was drunk and Yardley wasn't. Then, he opened the girl's purse, found out where she lived, took her home, put her to bed, then searched her room. Before he left her room, he found a note which proved she was an enemy agent.

The girl disappeared the next day, and Yardley was never bothered again.

After the War, Yardley established a new record. He broke down the Japanese diplomatic code, the first time such a thing had ever been done. So doing, he changed the course of the Washington Disarmament Conference. It was due to Yardley that the naval ratio was fixed at 5-5-3 instead of 10-10-7 as Japan had proposed.

Some gentlemen in Congress, a few years ago, decided that it was unportsmanlike for Uncle Sam to have a cryptanalysis bureau! So the American Black Chamber was broken up, and Yardley was thrown upon a cold, cold world. He wrote another book which told a lot of startling facts. Pre-publications rumors were so violent that Congress passed a special act to prevent its being published. Whereupon Yardley went to Hollywood!

IF you look over the Who's Who of Hollywood adventurers, you will find a polyglot, cosmopolitan lot. One of them is dark and romantic Ivan Lebedeff, writer and actor. In the pomp and circumstance, the alarms and excursions incident to Napoleon's Russian victories and later the retreat from Moscow in "Conquest," there was nothing strange to one black-eyed actor down in the cast list as a "Cossack Captain." Lebedeff had seen practically the same things in his own life.

Born in Lithuania, Ivan was the son of a father who was high in the confidence of the Czar. Ivan graduated from the University of St. Petersburg, was trained for the diplomatic service in the Imperial Lyceum. When the War broke out, he enlisted as a volunteer in the Third Regiment of Dragoons, and, after being wounded, was decorated by Nicholas II, the last sad remnant of the Romanoffs. For capturing a high-ranking German general at Nevel, Lebedeff was made aide-de-camp to the Czar. After being wounded again and gassed, he was transferred to the Roumanian front. Whereupon the Revolution broke out and he found himself an officer without any men—very disconcerting for a soldier—so he joined the Air Service on the Roumanian front.

When the Allies took over Odessa on the Black Sea, Lebedeff was made Food Administrator. When the Allied troops withdrew, he was arrested by the Bol-

sheviks, along with other civil official. The Reds tossed him into jail—a foul-smelly jail.

One afternoon, a few days later, the jail guard was changed, and Lebedeff was surprised to discover that the new sergeant of the guard was a former servant of his family. The old retainer recognized Lebedeff and did him several favors—finally agreed to help him escape.

Late one night the sergeant came and unlocked the door and escorted Lebedeff to the outskirts of Odessa. Here the old fellow turned to leave his former master, insisting it was his duty to go back and be shot for his treachery to the Red cause.

But Lebedeff couldn't see any sense in that idea, so he hit the old man over the head with a club, stole a horse and wagon, tossed the guard in, and managed to drive to safety behind the White lines.

Shortly afterwards, Lebedeff organized a White Troop to attack Odessa and offered the old servant a job as a soldier. But the old boy refused to fight his Red comrades, and finally deserted, going back to the Bolsheviks.

Lebedeff never saw him again.

But even Lebedeff and the other brave adventurers among the White Russians were unable to prevent the inevitable, and he finally took refuge in Constantinople. More resourceful than other luxuriously trained and aristocratic refugees, he overcame even dire poverty, made his way to Vienna and Paris. There he met, by chance, D. W. Griffith, who saw in him the man he wanted to play a part in "The Sorrows of Satan." Thus, the former officer of the Imperial Dragoons, with the scars and memories of so many hard-fought battles, came to Hollywood, where he lives successfully today.

EVEN on the distaff side (what the Victorians used to call the distaff side) you will find people with fascinatingly adventurous backgrounds. For the last few years, working in the research department at M-G-M, there had been a handsome, vivacious lady who is known as the Number One Girl of Hollywood's Bookworm Corps. Nathalie Bucknall has memories almost as colorful and spine-tingling as those of her countryman, Ivan Lebedeff. Like him, she was born of the Russian nobility. In fact, she was educated with the daughters of the Czar, her father being Ivan de Fedenko, Counsellor of State. After the November Revolution in 1917 her life wasn't worth a kopek. Literally hunted from house to house, she had many narrow escapes from capture by the blood-hungry Bolsheviks. She finally took refuge in the British Embassy in Moscow and was actually there when the Reds raided it. As a matter of fact, a British officer died in her arms. After that, she became a member of the Second Women's Battalion of Death. How she finally made her escape from the land of the Soviet Terror is almost a book in itself. Incidentally, she was awarded the order of the British Empire for Red Cross work.

During Miss Bucknall's research work on "Marie Antoinette," the soul-stirring scenes of the French Revolution must have brought back many bitter memories to this amazing woman. She knew it could happen again—and did.

Then, too, there is Cherie May. This pretty woman gambled her life at least once a week for the past twelve years.

has doubled for practically every man star in the game. Once upon a time she was a housewife. She married, had two children, divorced. Disguised as a man, she rode the rods across the continent, and for a while worked as a ranch hand in Northern California. Of course she couldn't keep her sex secret indefinitely. She was discovered and promptly fired. Lack of an occupation, she was put to desperate straits to support her children. From the courts were about to take her from her and put into an institution. At the eleventh hour, by dint of clever lying, she got a job as a parachute jumper from an understanding doctor. She had had no experience whatsoever. Now, she's the number one woman of Hollywood.

PROBABLY the best known of that famous gang of Hollywood stunters is Dick Grace. His story is so typical that it could well represent the whole comedy, living and dead, of "Hollywood's Suicide Legion," composed of Frank Ark, Art Goebel, Leo Nomis, Ira Reed and others. Most of these men were World War veterans. Like Dick, they've all cracked many times, intentionally and otherwise. At this writing, Dick's record is twenty-two deliberate crack-ups. He's the only man who ever fell out of a plane at 1000 feet and lived to tell the tale. (He fell into the ocean and emerged with a mere broken neck.)

Grace has always insisted that the closest he ever came to death was when he was asked by a meticulous director to dive a land plane into the ocean. His motor boat was stationed near by to pick up Grace after the crash, but the pick-up left such a pile of floating wreckage that the men in the boat were unable to find Grace. For nearly a half hour, he floated, unconscious, under the debris, until he finally came to and managed to attract their attention. The men in the boat said afterwards that if Grace had been unconscious for ten minutes longer, they would have let him drown. They thought no one could possibly live after the terrific impact of that fateful crack when the plane hit the water.

Whenever a military story is to be made, one of the first men wanted around the lot is Captain Louis Vandenecker, Hollywood's ace technical director. His latest work was done for "The Life of Emile Zola" and "The Adventures of Robin Hood." From his earliest days, fighting and adventure were in this man's blood. To satisfy him his parents, Belgians, sent him to a military school as soon as he was eleven years old. But that was too young. He ran away at sixteen, and, being mature for his age, enlisted in the French Foreign Legion at Marseilles. He was shipped overseas at once and in his corporal's stripes in the campaigns against the fierce, veiled Tauregs in the desert.

During the World War, one of his decorations was earned when, under a whirling machine-gun fire from the

Germans, he managed to rescue several wounded comrades. At Hartmannsweilerkopf he was carrying an important message when a piece of shrapnel hit him in the leg. Wound and all, he delivered the message on which the existence of an entire division depended. Later, he went through twenty-three different operations before finally overcoming the consequences of that wound.

After the Armistice, Vandenecker went to Poland to help fight the Reds. During a battle with the Russians, he became isolated in advance of the Polish troops. Coming to a small village he started to enter it when he suddenly realized it was occupied by Russian soldiers.

Discovering a Russian overcoat lying by the road, he hastily put it on and made a run for the nearest house. His plan was to hide inside until his own troops arrived.

But as he stepped inside the doorway, he was horrified to discover there three Russian officers. Throwing off his coat, he drew his pistol and ordered the Russians to surrender.

He was so excited that the gun dropped from his hand to the floor. For a few seconds he thought the Russians were going to draw their guns—but they meekly put their hands up. They said later they thought the Poles had taken the whole town.

For nearly an hour Vandenecker held the Russians at the point of his gun while he waited for the Polish troops to catch up with him. Just as the Russians were restlessly beginning to behave as though they were planning a concerted rush upon him, the Poles arrived.

NO tale of Hollywood's soldiers of fortune is complete without mention of two of the best known stars in the business—Errol Flynn and George Brent.

There is almost no hazardous occupation at which Flynn has not tried his hand. He has certainly gone far "For to admire and for to see, For to be old this world so wide." Hollywood, considered a rather exciting place in itself, Flynn considers dull. Nothing ever happens there. When he can't find any excitement, he keeps his hand in by riding radio cars with the cops all night. His life is filled with amazing exploits.

Born in Ireland, son of a biology professor, his first wanderings were at the age of four, when his parents took him to Tasmania. His first enthusiasm was for boxing; he was good enough to become the amateur middleweight of Ireland and represented his country in the Olympics of 1928. He then decided that the bourgeois life was not for him. Working his way before the mast to Tahiti, he was successfully pearl fisher and gold prospector, until a British film company, hearing he was a collateral descendant of Fletcher Christian (yes, the Mutiny-on-the-Bounty Christian), drafted him to play the rôle of his ancestor in a picture. Flynn turned out to be a natural-born actor. "By gad," he said, "if I can make money at this game, I'm for it!"

NEXT MONTH:

"The miracle of Deanna Durbin is no accident." In an interview with one of Hollywood's best known writers, Deanna tells the secret of why she alone of all child stars does not dread the early teens. Any daughter will think twice after reading this article—any mother will frame it!

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Off he set for Hollywood and fame. But despite two profitable occupations, writing and acting, he is restless. Only a short time ago one heard of him in Spain.

When his friends begged him to stay home—"Why go to Spain, Errol. You'll be killed"—he replied. "So what? Maybe I'll be killed. Maybe I'll be run over by a car when I leave the studio. That's a chance you take. When my number is up—it's just up! That's the way I figure it!"

Another Irishman with a spectacular background is George Brent. Before he was out of his teens he had seen and practiced more varied kinds of life than most grown men. He has herded sheep in Ireland, sailed aboard a freighter, worked in the gold fields of South Africa (a recent rôle in "Gold Is Where You Find It" was just duck soup for Brent).

After finding time to get an education at the University of Dublin, he became a dispatch runner for Michael Collins, the famed young chief of the rebel Sinn Fein. The Irish Rebellion, settled finally, perhaps, the other day by De Valera and Chamberlain, was coming to a climax. No hot-blooded youth could resist that, and it was a proud day for George when the dread Black and Tan set a price on his head.

During this period he "covered up" in the daytime by attending rehearsals of the Abbey Theater Players. But, because he was usually up all night on the business of the Rebellion, he practically always fell asleep during rehearsals.

Naturally this aroused suspicion and, finally, the British sent a squad of soldiers to arrest Brent. The soldiers were given orders to get to the Players and "arrest the man who is sleeping there."

By a quirk of fortune worthy of

Hollywood itself, another member of the cast happened to be asleep that day while Brent was awake enough to escape attention. So, as soon as Brent saw the soldiers arresting the sleeping actor, he realized that the Tommies were really after him—and made a prompt escape. By the time the soldiers discovered their mistake, Brent was safely in hiding.

Osa Johnson, widow of my late old friend Martin, now also makes her headquarters in Hollywood. The life of a fascinating adventure that she lived with Martin is too well-known to need retelling here.

I FIND I've mentioned only a few of Hollywood's adventurers. You need only tell in what rôle you will find them. At Warners there is a property named Clarence Eurist. In the background of his life are an international swimming championship, a Nicaraguan campaign, a Navy Cross for bravery under fire.

Frederick Cavens, head of the largest fencing school in Hollywood, was once an instructor at the Belgian Royal Military Academy, and later fencing champion of all Europe.

One of Hollywood's principal men of mystery is Abdsolem Ben Mohamm Kombarick. He was first brought to Hollywood by Herbert Brenon. He now commutes between Hollywood and North Africa almost regularly. When he's asked personal questions about his career, he replies with few words and a sardonic smile. This has given rise to the rumor that he has been mixed up with all sorts of strange things, including gun running to foreign countries, and that he is closely involved in the Spanish Civil War. Maybe he is nothing about these Hollywood adventurers would surprise me!

Father's Office Wife

(Continued from page 25)

"Is Miss Thayer a good secretary?" I asked very en passant.

"Excellent," he said.

Barb remarked that she didn't care for her type. "Well she's not exactly the Joan Crawford type," said pops. "But I might speak to her and see what she can do about it."

Barb and I kicked each other under the table simultaneously which made the kick quite hard.

They went on talking about briefs and someone needing a change of venue or something and I remarked:

"Even the cleverest man is putty in the hands of an unscrupulous woman."

Father heaved a tremendous sigh and the Judge asked me what I meant by that remark. All I said was "Oh nothing."

I let them talk about their business affairs for a few minutes, then I said:

"How much salary does Miss Thayer get?"

"Thirty-five," said pops. He seemed annoyed at something.

"Isn't that rather high for a mere stenographer?" remarked Barb.

"Not a legal one. Miss Thayer is first class. Besides, I have my reasons."

That was all we wanted to hear. Pops realized he had made a break and was furious and if the Judge hadn't been there would have said something nasty, but he was trying to make an impression on acc't of he's going to try an important case before him.

Barb and I ordered two desserts each and then excused ourselves saying we had to go to the Aquarium.

LAST NIGHT I had a conference with Henry. He being my Grade A Grand Pash I felt it my duty not to conceal anything from him. I also wanted to get the masculine point of view. Of course Henry is only 17 and has never had an office wife. He has never even had an office. At first he thought I ought to mind my own business, but I soon convinced him that he didn't think so at all. Then he said that men were polygamous and a little affair now and then didn't do anyone any harm.

"I'm glad to know how you feel about it before it's too late," I said, keeping my voice steady. He realized he had spoken out of turn and tried to convince me that he had meant the average man.

I thought awhile.

"Sez you," I said witheringly.

.....

THE SITUATION is growing sinister. I feel as if we were all sitting on the edge of a tornado.

Pops went to Washington on a case and stayed over night. I phoned the office and asked for Miss Thayer and she was home sick. My heart is breaking for my unsuspecting mother, but I admit it's exciting to have a triangle in one's family. Barb says in a way she envies me.

My album is all filled up. E.G.I. wrote on the last page, so the next signature will have to start the new book. Haven't decided yet who it'll be.

If mops would only have sense enough to make pops jealous the way

Barlene did in "Angel" when Herbert Marshall was so occupied with business that he took her for granted and she fell for Melvyn Douglas, everything might be hokey-pokey. I really think we can learn a great deal about life from the movies because people often act exactly like characters.

WE HAVE it. Barb and I have decided to stake everything on one fell coup or it swoop? Must look it up. We plotted it out and it took us three hours during which we smoked like chimneys, three cigarettes each. We hate smoking but felt it would help us concentrate. We are not going to tell Henry anything about it because he has the masculine point of view. The conspiracy is as follows, namely: Two weeks from Sunday is their seventeenth anniversary. I persuaded them to have a party because, I said, people aren't married seventeen years every day. It will be a big reception and the Scribe will address the invitations which are engraved (and get a buck monument) and one of them, unbeknownst to my parents will go to Miss Florence Thayer. Of course she'll come lowly clad and she'll make herself conspicuous. I made mops buy a heavily pearl gray chiffon which is alluring, it refined and will go with her black pearl earrings and yellow roses. I shall so insist on her having her hair uprept. If that doesn't bring pops to his senses, nothing will.

Nothing important has happened in a week except the opening of Miss Temple's "Little Miss Broadway" and world events, for which see your daily paper.

ELEN DAMNATION. If I only had \$5. Where do people get \$25? I'm not sure whether it was Barb's idea or mine. He said it first, but I think I sent it to her via mental telepathy. It was last Sunday and we were reading the papers and came across an article about Escort-guides. It said you could get a man of any type for an evening to do whatever you wanted with him. In a flash I saw the possibilities of solving the triangle. Barb says you can't solve a triangle, he being mathematical.) So Monday I called up the Bureau and explained that I might want, and they said it could be \$25 because the gentleman would have to be rehearsed in the rôle. I could tell mops that he was a friend of Marjorie's that we had met at her coming-out party because Marj has lots of oldish friends. Oh, for some jewelry pawn! The only thing I own that has any cash value is my autograph album. Vera Bailey offered to buy it once but I think I'd rather die than part with it. Missed Spencer Tracy. Gosh how mid-terms interfere with life!

THE DIE is cast . . . or is it dye? All the precious names that it took me three years to collect, that I stood in the rain and got a cold in the head for, that I wrote letters for, swapped, bought and begged . . . all gone for the measly sum of twenty-five dollars. If I had entrusted it into worthy hands it would hurt less. But Vera Bailey has no sentiment about things sacred. To her a facsimile is just as good as an original if you go over it with ink. She'll be telling all her friends that she met all the stars herself. She'll have a hard time explaining the ones that say "To Jane," of which there are six. She tried to get me down to \$20 although she is l.w.m., saving her own bank account and a real check book. It's really worth at least \$30 as I have 3 I.T.R.'s. I have a new album that Barb gave me but I don't

know whether I want to start it. I cried all night. But it had to be done because I came across a clue that proved that my worst suspicions had not been in vain. I had to return some stockings on acc't of if you looked at them harshly they got runs, so I was looking over the slips from the department stores in pops' desk, and what do I come across but two as follows:

- 1 nightgown\$7.50
- 1 bed jacket 5.00
- sent to Miss Florence Thayer

and

- 3 pr. booties—\$1.00 ea.\$3.00
- 1 bib 2.00
- sent to Miss Florence Thayer

I would have fainted if I'd known how. Here was I, Jane Lyons, with an illegitimate half brother or sister (I hope it's a boy) whom I would never know, and my father looking so innocent. I didn't know whether to show the slips to mother and advise her to get a divorce at once, or whether to try to patch things up. Went right over to Barb's for a conference. We decided that the preservation of my home and my mother's happiness was at stake so I must make the supreme sacrifice. If it flops, all is chaos. I wonder what the child's name is. In a way I feel sorry for Miss Thayer. The woman always pays.

SO I WENT to the Escort Bureau. The manager was very attractive in a Brian Aherne-ish way. He is real Social Register because he talks like an English play. The office was *moderne* and even the office boy had *chic*. I noticed every detail to be able to tell Barb who was waiting outside.

I took the manager into my complete confidence immediately because I could see that he was a man to be trusted. I explained that I wanted a man who would play up to mother and make father jealous and asked him how old his oldest escort was and he said sixty-five. Of course that was out. I told him I wanted one about thirty-five to forty, tall and slim, with hair greying around the temples. He must be impeccably groomed, witty, cultured and with a smattering of languages, and he must be able to sort of make love with his eyes. The manager knew exactly what I meant. He said he had just the right party, a Mr. John Carrington of the Carringtons of Park Avenue and Tuxedo Park. He is a Harvard man, thirty-five. Has had a short stage career doing atmospheric parts. He is waiting to be called to Hollywood and as he loathes being idle he is filling in with Escort-Guides. He sounds thrilling. He is to be posted on the situation and to call me and Barb by our first names. He will wear a red carnation. He must hover around mother and pay her compliments in a rather loud voice. Above all, he mustn't notice Miss Thayer. She'll be at a terrible disadvantage not knowing anybody and of course her clothes will be flashy and she'll make breaks. While I was there I got the manager's signature to start my new album. It's very distingué, and with a big flourish. It's all very exciting but I am getting nervous. I wish Sunday were over. Henry brought me a Donald Duck.

WELL of all things! Barbara and I are *nonplussed*. I must put down everything that happened tonight because someday I may want to write a book. Mops looked hot-cha in her gray chiffon, and I doused her with *Toujour Fidèle* which is full of subtle allure. Pops remarked that she looked prettier than the day they were married. Barb was the first to arrive because she didn't want to miss anything.

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Everything went hokey-pokey. We had a catered supper with all the things I adore, but I felt too nervous to do anything but nibble. Everybody drank quite a lot except Barb and me, because we had to keep our wits about us.

About 10 P.M. Mr. Carrington, or rather John, arrived looking a cross between Clark Gable and Ronald Colman with just a touch of Fernand Gravet. He wore striped pants and the red carnation and oozed glamour. I introduced him to mother and he bowed from the waist and said:

"It is impossible! I cannot believe that you are the mother of a grown daughter."

Of course mops lapped it up. He followed her around like a puppy, adoring her with his eyes. Everybody asked who he was.

Barb said to pops: "Look out for your wife, Mr. Lyons, John is a dangerous man and I can see he's smitten." Pops laughed and Barb thought she detected a sinister note in his laughter, but she wasn't sure.

We waited and waited and no Miss Thayer. Every time the doorbell rang I ran out. Mother noticed it and asked me whom I was so anxious about. Then I told her I had sent an invitation to Miss Thayer. I thought it just as well that she should be prepared.

"Miss Thayer?" she gasped in astonishment. "Why Miss Thayer is expecting a baby. She wouldn't come. What made you send her an invitation?"

"Oh," I said, nonchalantly. "I just thought it would be nice to ask her because I believe in being democratic and not showing class distinction."

She looked at me queerly. "Didn't you know Miss Thayer's mother went to college with your Aunt Grace? She's a lovely girl, the best secretary pops ever had. I sent her some booties and things for the baby. Tom being out of work it will be a little difficult, but of course your father is continuing her salary."

"Who is Tom?" I asked. "Tom Blake, her husband. Nice boy."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it," I said, thinking of my lost album. "Jane, dear, you know I don't believe in prying into my children's affairs. But your father and I have been wondering what's been troubling you lately. I want to have a nice long talk with you tomorrow, and I want you to be absolutely frank with me."

I said yes, but the heck I will. Horses couldn't drag it out of me.

At that moment Mr. Carrington came up to do his stuff.

"I wonder," he said rather loud so everybody could hear, "whether you

would come with me to tea sometime when I can really talk to you, Mr. Lyons. We have so much to say to each other and there are so many people here."

I wanted to stop him but I didn't know the laying-off signal.

I grabbed Barb and dragged her into my room which seemed empty without the album. I told her everything.

"I've got to get that album back at all costs," I said. "We must raise thirty dollars at once."

"You'll find a way," she said. "You always do."

Barb thinks I'm very clever.

I told her all about poor Miss Thayer whose husband is a rotter and lets her support him, just like Joan in "Mannequin" and it brought tears to Barb's eyes and she is going to knit a sweater for the baby.

We went back to the party and picked out all the caviar sandwiches and drank punch and then had cake and coffee and candy. I told Mr. Carrington he could go any time he liked as he had performed his duty and I would be glad to give him a reference.

Everybody has gone home. Father and mother are sitting on the couch before the fire having a drink and talking. I wonder if they are talking about me.

Hollywood's Greatest Enigma—Television

(Continued from page 36)

nificant. I think it will.

When it does, will it have any effect on the movies? That's a different and a better question. Let me say at once that for a long time, whatever effect television may have will not touch the essential parts of a movie program. I foresee—on the basis of current experiments in television—two reasonable effects on the movies, one being only partial, the other, I sincerely hope, an improvement. Before giving you the details, I propose to pause and bring the readers of this magazine up to date in regard to recent television equipment and uses.

As you probably know, television is a name given to several methods for the instant transmission of visual effects—just as radio is a method for the transmission of audible effects. When you talk into a microphone, you set up certain disturbances which are transformed and transmitted electrically and are changed back into sound when they reach your radio receiver. When you move in front of a television camera (or scanner) you create certain disturbances which go through much the same process, and are turned back into pictures on your television receiver. Because these pictures follow one another at a certain speed, they seem to have motion, just as the quickly changing pictures on your movie screen seem to have motion. The scanners and receivers may be of various types, but the end result is pretty much the same. You get what seems to be a moving picture.

About a year ago, the average size of this screen was eight by eleven inches, or seven by ten—about the size of an ordinary business letterhead, turned sideways. This is still a common size, but two experiments are being made: for a table-set in which the picture is almost miniature, about half the regular size; and for a screen about two feet by eighteen inches; and, in addition, television pictures have been projected, by an ingenious invention, on a screen ap-

proximating the usual movie-house size. I know of no advantage claimed for the smaller size, except economy. The larger sizes are important. The small screen of television distresses people considerably at first; and, even after a year, the British public has registered its opinion that a larger size would be agreeable. I have a hunch that something approaching the middle-large size may become standard.

BUT size alone is not important. The picture that comes on the screen has to be clear; the moving figures have to be sharply defined; and those in the background must not blur (unless you use blurring for a special effect). Remember any movie you have seen lately and think of a long shot in a cabaret or on an athletic field. You have seen quite clearly little figures in the far background; you knew what they were doing and why they were there. Television is slowly working up to that same clarity and definition, but it has some distance to go.

If you want close-ups in television, you can get them, at the expense of the rest of the cast; if you use semiclose-ups, you may get three characters comfortably into your picture, but a fourth may not be clear, and you won't get any of them from head to foot. For that, you have to move them a little farther into the background—or wait for new cameras which are being perfected regularly.

Already cameras are in use which are reported to be ten times as sensitive as those of a year ago; and a year ago the cameras were vastly better than those of 1936. So progress is made—and remains to be made. A "mob scene" of ten or fifteen has been televised, with reasonably good effect. But a lot remains to be done before the television director can handle a group of people as easily before his scanner as a movie director does before the camera.

I DON'T suppose the technical details about lights and tubes, upon which television scanning depends, are of great interest to the layman. But one thing has proved of overwhelming interest: the new use of the latest cameras. They are mounted on trucks, and, accompanied by an ultrashort-wave transmitter, roll to an appointed spot. Then one of the true miracles of modern days occurs. Because these mobile units can be set up near a grandstand and transmit to you a baseball game, pitch by pitch, hit by hit, errors and runs and put-outs—not a few hours later, but *at the very moment they occur*. Tennis matches, parades, inaugurations, boat races, horse races, prize fights, naval reviews, and any number of stunts are made instantly available, and the scanner gives you events completely, including accidental excitements.

Last year during the two-minute silence at the cenotaph in London, on Armistice Day, a man broke through the crowd and shouted out that the King and his ministers and all the notables assembled were hypocrites, planning another war—and he was seen and heard, at that very moment, thirty miles or forty miles away. Familiar as I am with the workings of television, that still strikes me as miraculous—and exciting.

Now this portion of television (which the British call "outdoor broadcasts") obviously competes with the newsreel, and this is one of the two points at which the movies will be affected by television. Not that the newsreel becomes superfluous. Let us say that you are busy on Tuesday afternoon—and are interested in the World Series game played that day. You can't watch the game on your television receiver, so if you want to see what happened, you go that evening (or the next day) to the movies—and you want the newsreel just as much. Television, in short, loses by being immediate and instantaneous, just as it gains. But a rival for the news-

el it certainly is. In one theater, at last, in London, arrangements have been made for television spot news to be received on the picture screen. I have not yet had a report on the reactions of the audience.

I do know the effect of these spot events on the heads of British television, however, and on the people who receive the events at home, on regular size small screens.

A year ago my correspondents in England were pretty enthusiastic about television and cited to me such ambitious projects as an act of "Tristan and Isolde," a performance of "Journey's End" or of the American comedy, "Once In A Lifetime," all of which seem to have given great pleasure. Today, these same correspondents are even more enthusiastic, but out of ten highlights they mention, seven or eight are to be spot events, not sketches or plays in the studios.

And, to make it pretty official, take the case of Sir Stephen Tallents. (He is, I understand, responsible for publicity for the British Broadcasting Corporation which runs all the television experiments in England. As part of radio, television is an enterprise under the government; every owner of a radio instrument pays a tax, and part of this tax is devoted to television experiments. In other words, experiments in television are conducted in England by the government, in public, at the expense of the public. Here they are conducted by private individuals or corporations, at private expense.)

Well, a few months ago a magazine announced in an ad that its people had observed television in England where it had "failed dismally." Sir Stephen wrote to complain, to object, and to give proof. The magazine apologized. Of supreme interest, however, was the proof which Sir Stephen gave. He said that the British were enthusiastic about—a boat race, a prize fight, a tennis match, and so on. Every single program mentioned was an event, an outdoor broadcast. Perhaps some people liked the studio stuff; they were not sufficiently impressed on the mind of one of the chiefs of television in England even to be mentioned.

IF THIS direction of television were to continue, you can see that no effect on the feature movie would ever occur. But television began with the effort to transmit a picture of someone in a room, and there are a dozen reasons why studio work will continue to be an important part of a television program.

One reason—a mighty good one—is that parades and processions can become leadly dull. Some of the things you remember best of the newsreel are the accidental shots, the lucky breaks—and you can't count on them.

Sporting events and beauty contests will always be good because you don't know what the outcome will be; but you do know what the beginning and middle and end of most parades will be. Moreover, a full program of news events would be hard to compose (until television becomes a network, which is still in the future) as there simply aren't enough in any one city to go round; and finally, the observer will probably grow weary after the first few hours. What is worse, the outdoor events, coming when a vast majority of the population is either at work or at play (outside the home), will be seen by only a tiny fraction of the television fans.

So television will have to provide, as every good form of entertainment does, a certain variety. Variety it may be in the old sense of vaudeville—as many acts which are essentially vaudeville go well on the television screen: I can see

acrobats and magicians and solo dancers having a wonderful time and—more important—giving the audience a wonderful time. I have a list of a dozen individuals who are "made for television." Solo performers on musical instruments need to be made interesting as things to see as well as to hear; but it can be done.

And the whole field of demonstration is available, from how to cook to how to learn jiu-jitsu, not to mention a lot of highbrow subjects which will become vastly entertaining when you can show what you are talking about.

Still, that leaves out the drama, and both on the air and the screen we are lovers of the dramatic moment. In England, a number of quick critics have reared up and said that the place to get drama is in the theater, so the mobile unit ought to be backed up to the stage door, the scanner inserted in the wings, and the play or musical show or circus taken right on the spot.

The reason they say this is that the dramatic programs have not been tremendously satisfying. Both the limitations of the equipment and, I suspect, the limitations of the actors, have troubled the enthusiasts. So they say: abandon the studio and go where good drama can be found.

THIS is exactly what the movies tried to do at the beginning. Luckily for the movies, the attempt was abandoned. In the silent days, the effect was pretty awful: there is the story (told in the recent "History of Motion Pictures" by Bardèche and Brasillach) of the famous French actor who refused to cut a line of a classic speech, when he was doing it for the camera, and stood there spouting unheard words for minutes at a time; in America the movies tried to repeat stage effects and stage situations



Mrs. Marino Bello, better known to you as Jean Harlow's mother, makes her first public appearance in Hollywood since the untimely death of her daughter. She attended the "Marie Antoinette" première with Kay Mulvey, M-G-M's ace publicity woman

until they learned better. Nowadays, movies are primarily movies, which is why they are good.

And, if television means to be good, it will have to use its material in the way best suited to the instruments of television. Merely to take a stage play or even a vaudeville bill or a circus will not make good television. It will appeal as novelty for a while; it may do as a stopgap; but in the end you have to roll your own—or create your own stuff—to succeed.

Here we come to the second place at which television may have an effect on the movies—the effect which, I said, may be an improvement. I suspect that one weakness of television drama so far has been in the acting. Neither stage nor movie acting seems to be exactly what's needed. This is the hardest thing to explain about television—harder than all the technical details—because you have to feel it yourself. And you do feel it: you feel that the person on a television screen is more in the room with you than the same person on the stage or on the screen.

One reason may be that you get this person while you are, yourself, in your own room; it may have something to do with the size and the sharpness of the picture—but, whatever the cause, it is an undoubted effect. You know that the actor is a mile or forty miles away—yet he seems to be there with you.

And most television acting has neglected this effect, so that the actors still go on as if you were across footlights or sitting in a movie house. They haven't allowed for the chief virtue of television itself, that immediacy—or you might call it "presence"—which it invariably gives.

When this is recognized, I believe that a new style of acting will develop. Don't ask me now for details—I hope to work them out in practice, by trial and error. I am convinced that the right kind of acting will be found and then—this is my hope—if people like it, when television grows common, that style of acting will have an influence on acting in the movies. I think it will be an easy, unforced, warm and simple style; and it ought to correct some of the stiffness and artificiality of movie-acting.

TELEVISION, like the movies, is a great "putter-over" of personality, and my guess may turn out wrong. We may develop such tremendous television personalities that acting will be comparatively rare, as it is rare among the great personalities of the pictures. (In nine movies out of ten, you can be sure that the best acting is done by the men and women who are not the most highly publicized; these supporting people in the cast have to act to keep their jobs; the stars keep theirs by their dazzling build-ups.) Yet I am hopeful. When we have added a third popular form of entertainment, the movies and the radio will have another competitor; this competitor, in a reasonable way, will learn from both during its first ten or twenty years; after that, it ought to be able to pay back for its borrowings by doing a little teaching on the side. Certainly a good movie producer would look with eagerness to see what the new type of art will develop.

There is no occasion for jealousy and none for alarm. And the public will be the gainer. Because television will come gradually into common acceptance—you can't rush a business, which is also an art, so full of complexities—and, as it comes in, the movies will also be making progress, and the radio, too. Maybe in a hundred years all these arts will merge into one. We shan't be there to see—and anyhow, if the best elements are, as the formula goes, combined, what do we care?

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Diet plus exercise is the safe, sensible way to remove excess fat. Now at last, there's an aid to make dieting easier . . . more fun!

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Address _____

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 55)

From Shirt to Shorts Via Cooper

GARY COOPER is most embarrassed about the whole thing, but the fact still remains that he's setting women's styles again. The first time was when a group of exclusive shops in New York featured adaptations of his costumes in “Marco Polo” for their feminine clientele. And now they've done him dirt by creating a most fetching playsuit for Merle Oberon in “The Lady and the Cowboy”—from one of Gary's shirts. And it's just the type of an outfit that is very likely to have a tremendous vogue with the ladies as soon as the picture is released—so Gary woefully states, while Director Potter, who thought up the garment in the first place, wickedly grins.

Would You Like to Win \$50,000?

A “SIT up and take notice” item—Hollywood producers, film agencies, theater owners and managers have banded together to give you, the public, a chance to win some money—via a new and exciting contest.

This contest is a part of the smashing advertising campaign for the “Motion Pictures' Greatest Year” movement, which is a drive to bring home the realization that the screen is the most glamorous and accessible form of popular-priced entertainment in the world today.

Now, to get down to dollars and facts: this Movie Quiz contest offers prizes totaling \$250,000. As we go to press, the plan is to offer 5,000 individual awards ranging from a first prize of \$50,000 down to the lower bracket consolation prizes of \$10. The contest starts on September 1st and will continue to December 31st. It will take the form of a questionnaire on some ninety to 120 pictures issued between August 1st and October 31st, but contestants will not be required to answer questions concerning more than thirty of these pictures in order to be eligible as entrants. Booklets listing the productions and the questions to be answered concerning them will shortly be available at every theater in the United States and Canada. There is no entrance fee and no charge for the attractive rotogravure booklets giving all rules and details.

All you have to do is to ask for a free copy of “Movies Are Your Best Entertainment” brochure at any film theater box office in any territory where you happen to reside. Then get out your pencil and start right in. You'll be doing your bit for the industry that has done so much for you, and, take it from Cal, you'll be having lots of fun and excitement besides.

Hollywood Wonders:

IF Tyrone Power is obeying front-office suggestions in escorting Annabella from one night spot to another.

If Errol Flynn and Lily Damita really mean it when they say “no divorce”—or are their constant scraps merely a prelude to more scraps.

If the earnest conversation between Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane on a Warners Studio cor-

ner means a reconciliation between the former sweethearts or a sign friendship has supplanted love.

If Margaret Sullavan, who is about to become a mother again, didn't mean it when she said Hollywood would never interfere with her raising a large family.

Remember Valentino

—that's the title of the new book by Beulah Livingstone which has created such a furore in the fan and film field. A volume of “Reminiscences of the World's Greatest Lover,” it is brief in length, fascinating in the anecdotes it contains. His romances with Jean Acker, Natacha Rambova and Pola Negri, his friendship with those glamorous ladies, Gloria Swanson, Vilma Banky and Dorothy Dalton—all these are treated in a comprehensive and competent fashion. A book not to be missed by anyone who is movie-minded.

Jumpin' Jane's Latest

JANE WITHERS is very much upset—she feels that she has lost caste with the kids in her neighborhood and no amount of talking by elders will convince her differently. And thereby hangs a tale.

Jane has, among other things in her private zoo, a pet frog with a roving nature who insists on jumping from his own lily-padded pool into that set aside for Jane's pet baby alligators. Patiently Jane retrieved the frog, but every time she returned him to his own bailiwick the roving amphibian would wander again.

In the course of transporting him back and forth, Jane acquired a large and showy wart—and was she proud! She displayed it to all the crowd of kids and signed autograph books with a new flourish. Then came make-up tests for her new picture, “Always In Trouble,” and the wart, perhaps with Jane's conniving, showed up in a big way on the screen. Whereupon the studio issued orders for immediate destruction of Jane's latest and most cherished possession, and no amount of sales talk on her part could change their edict.

So, on the way to the Roller Drome where Jane was meeting a crowd of her pals, Mrs. Withers had the wart removed. Jane was almost ashamed to show up at the party—she felt that disgraced!

The Bartholomew-Rooney Question

THERE'S a touching little feud grown up on the M-G-M lot between Mickey Rooney and Freddie Bartholomew. Strangely enough, the boys, versed in the intricate business of movie-making, continue to be friends and to admire each other's work. But, just the same, the feeling lies deep in their hearts.

The studio, bent on making Mickey

a star in a hurry, is sweeping everything else to one side. And Freddie, unfortunately, is caught in the sweepings.

For instance, it's Mickey's name that sometimes precedes Freddie's on the marquee billing of their recent picture “Lord Jeff.”

It's for Mickey the studio is feverishly hunting stories and it's Mickey that is being given every opportunity to shine.

No longer, alas, does Mickey play in Freddie's pictures. Freddie, artist to his finger tips, plays in Mickey's pictures, a lad deserving of stardom above every one in Hollywood.

And there it lies, a problem few boys are ever called upon to face. Each is game and gallant in his own way; each is holding fast to manly reasoning. Both know that one day the scale will be balanced again.

But until then—two boys in Hollywood go their way, sore at heart.

Expecting the Unexpected

I VA STEWART, the latest of the 20th Century-Fox stock players to be elevated to a featured role, still can't believe it's true. Iva comes from Auburn, Maine, where she worked first for twenty dollars per month as a maid and then for eight dollars a week as a switchboard operator. But she had a boy friend whose brother had an orchestra and one night during a beauty contest she was selected by visiting judges as “Miss Auburn.” Iva was as amazed as anyone, for she hadn't entered the contest. It seems the local judges had forgotten to prepare the ballots.

After that, she was chosen as “Miss Maine,” which led to work as a model in New York and in turn led to a term contract in stock at 20th Century-Fox, where she played maids and phone operators without benefit of lines for a year. Then “Three Blind Mice” gave her a one-line bit—“Gateway” brought her a very minor part—and then she was told to report to work in the Jones Family series. So Iva reported, all ready to be a maid or a phone girl again—and was she thrilled when they handed her the script with her name down for the romantic lead! But what else but the unexpected could she expect in Hollywood!

Hollywood Mourns Them

TWO old-timers pass on far from this land which made them famous. Death—which Pearl White successfully evaded so many times in the movie serials of silent days—caught up with her in the American Hospital in Paris. Less than a week later, Warner Oland, who played with Pearl in such films as “The Fatal Ring” and “The Lightning Raider” serials, died of bronchial pneumonia while vacationing in his native Sweden. As he once requested, Warner was buried in Umea, the town of his birth; Pearl, in the city she had called home for the past

seventeen years—Paris. Pearl retired at the peak of her career, but Warner went on, changing from insidious villain to mellow hero. Of the many rôles he played on the screen, it was as Charlie Chan, the epigrammatic Chinese detective, that he caught the fancy of the public and became a favorite.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 8 with these correct ones:

- | | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Nancy Carroll | 5. Elliott Nugent | 8. Lee Tracy |
| 2. Street Scene | 6. Jean Arthur | 9. Tyrone Power |
| 3. Joan Crawford | 7. Jack Mulhall in “Dark Streets” | 10. Kay Francis |
| 4. Carole Lombard | | |

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 57)

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS— RKO-Radio

WHEN you finish seeing this you think weakly, "Why did they bother?" It's an innocuous film, rife with sentimentality. Fay Bainter is wasted as the mother of four children: Ruby Keeler, Anne Shirley, Jackie Moran and a delightful little boy named Donnie Dunagan, who steals the movie. Widowed, Bainter rents a big house and takes in boarders; two city people try to buy it from under her nose and the family lay ghosts in the attic to drive them away. Both young girls love Jimmy Elson; eventually one of them gets him. That's the extent of the actual plot, although it is supplemented by the dreary fall into poverty in which everybody is so loyal and too, too brave. If you catch this, stay in order to watch little Donnie hang wallpaper.

★LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY—M-G-M

ONE of the most popular family series now supporting the studios' million-dollar flops is the "Hardy" group, with great actor Mickey Rooney as *Andy*, the son. This is his picture, his story, and it is his superb technique which makes it well cinema.

Mickey buys a car without his dad's knowledge, needs eight bucks to pay off, and agrees to take care of another boy's girl friend in order to earn the money. The girl is Lana Turner and Mickey's real heart, Ann Rutherford, gets jealous. Everything works out, after the girl-next-door, Judy Garland, saves the day. Cecilia Parker, Lewis Stone and Fay Holden comprise Mickey's family, as usual.

★GIVE ME A SAILOR—Paramount

MARTHA RAYE, of the big mouth, decided not long ago that in order to save herself from becoming just a fad she must go Glamour Girl. Here's her first try at the new personality—and she's still slapstick. The picture is really very funny. In it, Martha is a homebody in love with Bob Hope's brother, Jack Whiting; but Jack's in love with Martha's sister, Betty Grable. Evidently the only thing to do is for Bob and Martha to put their heads together and straighten out the mess, which they do hilariously. You'll like the final twist, which is not entirely unexpected. High point of the film is Martha's horrifying experience with a face mud pack. Hope, as usual, is smooth, and the support is good.

GATEWAY—20th Century-Fox

"GATEWAY" evidently started as a sincere portrait of the various types who pause at Ellis Island during immigration, got sidetracked into a "B" picture with a shipboard plot.

Arleen Whelan is the Irish girl who is traveling second-class to meet fiancé Lyle Talbot, a prissy dope of good family. On board is Don Ameche, bored war correspondent, who invites her into first class, where she gets into some trouble. This involves any number of persons, all of whom end up in Ellis Island along with radicals, phony Prince Gregory Ratoff, exiles and farmers. There's a riot at the end, with the police wiping the place up, but you really don't care any more. The biggest mistake of the piece is killing off Binnie Barnes,

much married grass widow, without any apparent reason. Miss Whelan does not fulfill Mr. Zanuck's publicity promises very well.

★THE CROWD ROARS—M-G-M

THE turning point in Robert Taylor's career may well be marked from this lusty story of the prize ring. From boyhood, Bob has been trained for the ring. Through an unlucky blow, he kills his trainer, William Gargan. Bitterness grows when he learns his drunken father (Frank Morgan) has sold his contract to gambler Edward Arnold. Bob goes back to the ring, but, when he falls in love with Maureen O'Sullivan, sacrifices his career. Frank Morgan is excellent; Bob comes through—a champion.

MR. MOTO'S LAST WARNING— 20th Century-Fox

A SLIGHTLY dragging film and not the best of the *Moto* series, this one has Peter Lorre in Port Said trying to prevent the destruction of Great Britain's and France's warships by Ricardo Cortez and his colleagues. John Carradine, a Scotland Yard man, wins Cortez's confidence until his identity is discovered and then more trouble starts. Virginia Field grabs off the picture with her grand delineation of the "moll" who squares herself at the end. Jot down the title for reference, because they all sound alike.

MEET THE GIRLS—20th Century-Fox

THE debut of another series idea takes place in this story of two pretty girls bent on adventure. Lynn Bari and June Lang, we are told, will romp through numerous screen pictures together, and this sample of what the romping consists of proves commendable indeed. As stowaways, the pair become involved in another one of those jewel robbery set-ups with comical results. Gene Lockhart, Ruth Donnelly and Erik Rhodes supply the laughs.

I'M FROM THE CITY—RKO-Radio

JOE PENNER is none too funny in this silly story about a fellow who, although afraid of horses, is a marvelous equestrian when hypnotized by the circus manager. He's taken to a Western ranch to ride in a race between rival ranches. Some of the complications are amusing, but the slow tempo makes the action drag. Richard Lane is Penner's manager and Lorraine Krueger is the love interest.

A DESPERATE ADVENTURE—Republic

THERE'S a lot of fuss made when Marian Marsh turns up in Paris and is the image of an imaginary "ideal girl" as painted by artist Ramon Navarro. The picture is sold by mistake and everyone tries to get it back. Andrew Tombes is amusing as Marian's father; Tom Rutherford is her fiancé; and Margaret Tallichet is lovely as her sister who loves Ramon. Navarro's charm is as pleasing as ever and he does nice work.

SKY GIANT—RKO-Radio

THE many pseudo-hazards and thrills overshadow an anemic story in this run-of-the-mill aviation "epic." Chester

Morris and Richard Dix are a pair of pilots in love with Joan Fontaine, who really loves Morris but marries Dix when Chester refuses to give up flying. A thrilling smashup in which Morris drags Dix to safety, and a 20,000 foot spinning dive are the high lights of the film. (Shades of "Test Pilot," yet.) There's a slight tie-up to the Hughes flight, however, which makes for timeliness. Harry Carey and Paul Guilfoyle support.

THE CHASER—M-G-M

THIS is a fast-moving minor comedy based on the ambulance-chasing racket and the crooked machinations of shyster lawyers. Although it's a pretty sordid plot, the situations are so funny that you'll get a lot of laughs. Dennis O'Keefe is the smooth-talking shyster with a sure-fire personality; Lewis Stone is his drunken doctor; John Qualen turns in a comedy high-spot; and Nat Pendleton and Ann Morriss both do some fine work.

MR. CHUMP—Warners

JOHNNIE DAVIS very ably carries practically the whole load of this amusing little picture about an unemployed trumpet player who has a system to beat the stock market. Unfortunately for him and Chester Clute and Donald Briggs, it only works on paper and they get in plenty of trouble when they borrow money from a bank to try it out. Johnnie is most capable. Lola Lane and Penny Singleton are the girls.

SMASHING THE RACKETS—RKO-Radio

NEW YORK Prosecutor Dewey said "No soap" when Hollywood indicated it would transform his achievements into a box-office gold mine. So what? So Hollywood did the usual thing called "thinly veiling" the character, and the result is Chester Morris gang-busting with the not too exceptional support of Frances Mercer, Bruce Cabot and Rita Johnson. Maybe the next in the cycle will seem more worthy of the effort.

I'LL GIVE A MILLION—20th Century-Fox

WARNER BAXTER, a millionaire fed up with false friends, becomes a tramp who hopes to find someone who loves him for himself; and the result is a bewildering effort to be funny that doesn't quite come off. Marjorie Weaver, American member of a French circus, takes Baxter under her wing. Because she is kind to him without knowing he is a millionaire, she wins the million. And Baxter. Not so good for the audience. Swell for Marjorie.

ARMY GIRL—Republic

IF YOU'RE interested in life at an army post, you'll like this picture. It is highlighted by a mechanization test between an army tank operated by Preston Foster and the Cavalry. Foster succeeds H. B. Warner as Colonel of the post. There's a jealous conspiracy between Neil Hamilton and Guinn Williams, which leads to the death of Warner; and Foster is accused. Madge Evans supplies the love interest, and justifies the title. Don't work up too much enthusiasm in advance.

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Casts of Current Pictures

"AFFAIRS OF ANNABEL." THE—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Bert Granet and Paul Yawitz. Story by Charles Hoffman. Directed by Ben Stollhoff. The Cast: Morgan, Jack Oakie; Annabel, Lucille Ball; Josephine, Ruth Donnelly; Webb, Bradley Page; Vladimir, Fritz Feld; Major, Thurston Hall; Mrs. Fletcher, Elizabeth Risdon; Mr. Fletcher, Granville Bates; Muldoon, James Burke; Robert Fletcher, Lee Van Atta; Bailey, Anthony Warde; Martin, Edward Marr; Mrs. Hurley, Leona Roberts.

"ARMY GIRL"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Barry Trivers and Samuel Ornitz based on an original by Charles L. Clifford. Directed by George Nichols, Jr. The Cast: Julie Armstrong, Madge Evans; Dike Conger, Preston Foster; Hennessy, James Gleason; Colonel Armstrong, H. B. Warner; Leila Kennet, Ruth Donnelly; Captain Schuyler, Neil Hamilton; Mrs. Bradley, Heather Angel; Cantina Pete, Billy Gilbert; Major Kennet, Ralph Morgan; Riki, Barbara Pepper; Captain Marvin, Ralph Byrd; Harry Ross, Guinn Williams; Brig. General Matthews, Robert Warwick; Captain Bradley, Allen Vincent; Pedro, Pepito; Major Thorndike, Paul Stanton; Bartender, Dewey Robinson.

"BOY MEETS GIRL"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Bella and Samuel Spewack who wrote the play by the same name produced by George Abbott. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The Cast: Robert Law, James Cagney; J. C. Benson, Pat O'Brien; Susie, Marie Wilson; C. Elliott Friday, Ralph Bellamy; Rosetti, Frank McHugh; Larry Toms, Dick Foran; Rodney Bevan, Bruce Lester; Announcer, Ronald Reagan; Happy, Paul Clark; Peggy, Penny Singleton; Miss Crews, Dennie Moore; Song Writer, Harry Seymour; Song Writer, Bert Hanlon; Major Thompson, James Stephenson.

"CROWD ROARS, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Thomas Lennon, George Bruce and George Oppenheimer. From a story by George Bruce. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The Cast: Tommy McCoy, Robert Taylor; Jim Cain, Edward Arnold; Brian McCoy, Frank Morgan; Sheila Carson, Maureen O'Sullivan; Johnny Martin, William Gargan; "Happy" Lane, Lionel Stander; Vivian, Jane Wyman; "Pug" Walsh, Nat Pendleton; Bill Thorne, Charles D. Brown; Tommy McCoy (as a boy), Gene Reynolds; Pete Mariola, Donald Barry; Murray, Donald Douglas; Mrs. Martin, Isabel Jewel; Father Ryan, J. Farrell MacDonald.

"CHASER, THE"—M-G-M.—Based on an original story by Chandler Sprague and Howard Emmett Rogers. Screen play by Everett Freeman, Harry Ruskin and Bella and Samuel Spewack. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The Cast: Thomas Z. Brandon, Dennis O'Keefe; Dorothy Mason, Ann Morris; Dr. Prescott, Lewis Stone; "Floppy" Phil, Nat Pendleton; Calhoun, Henry O'Neill; Mrs. Olson, Ruth Gillette; Lars, John Qualen; Simon Kelly, Robert Emmett Keane; Joe, Jack Mulhall; Harvey, Irving Bacon; Mr. Beaumont, Pierre Watkin.

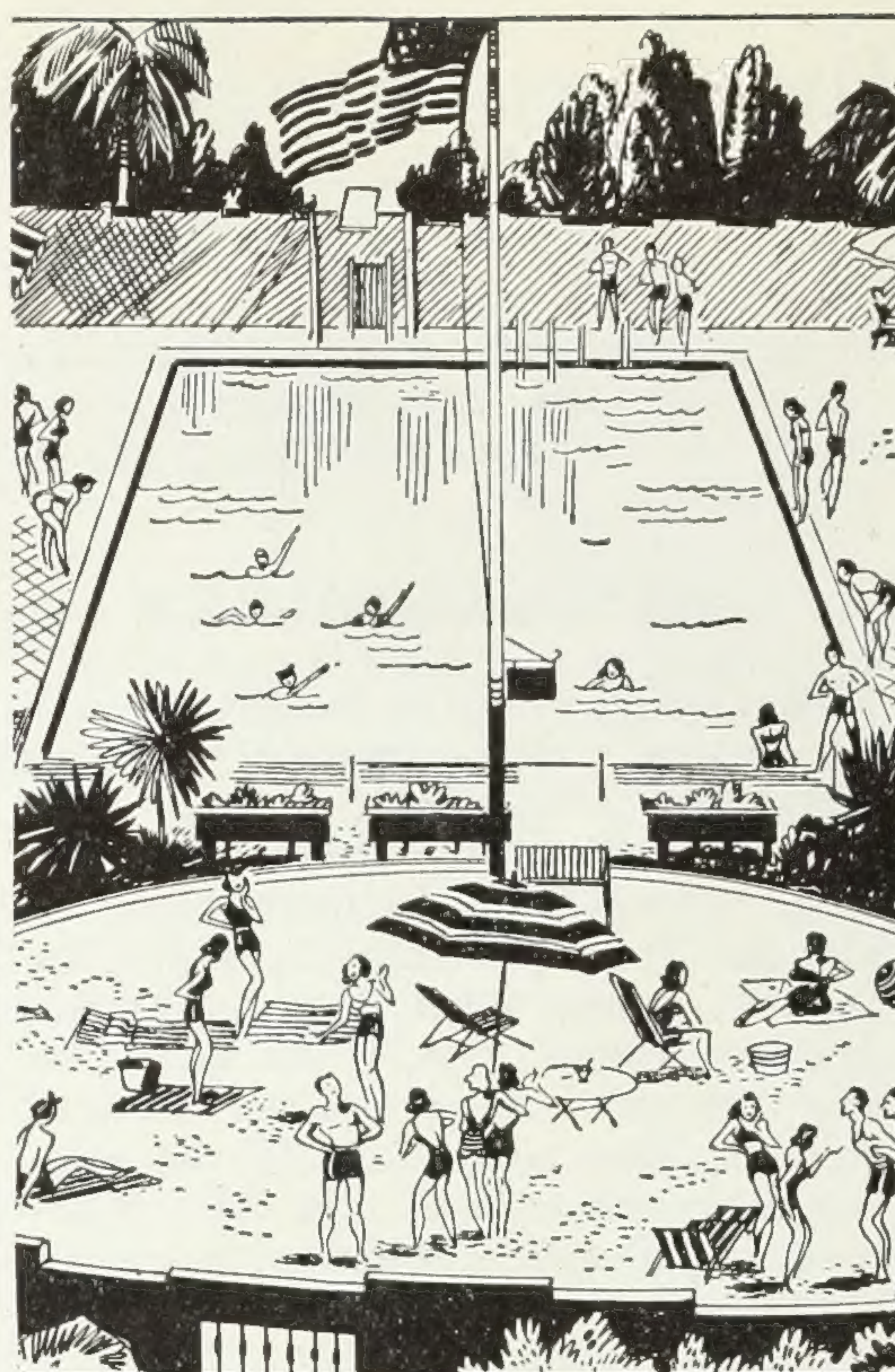
"FOUR'S A CROWD"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Casey Robinson and Sig Herzog. From a story by Wallace Sullivan. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The Cast: Bob Lansford, Errol Flynn; Lorri Dillingwell, Olivia de Havilland; Jean Christy, Rosalind Russell; Patterson Buckley, Patric Knowles; John P. Dillingwell, Walter Connolly; Jenkins, Hugh Herbert; Bingham, Melville Cooper; Preston, Franklyn Pangborn; Barber, Herman Bing; Amy, Marg. Hamilton; Butler Pierce, Jos. Crehan; Young, Joe Cunningham; Buckley's Sec'y., Delfine Moore; Lansford's 1st Sec'y., Gloria Blondell; Lansford's 2nd Sec'y., Carole Landis; Mrs. Jenkins, Reine Riano.

"GARDEN OF THE MOON"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay. Story by N. Bedford Jones and Barton Browne. Directed by Busby Berkeley. The Cast: John Quinn, Pat O'Brien; Toni Blake, Margaret Lindsay; Don Vincente, John Payne; Slappy Harris, Johnnie Davis; Maurice, Melville Cooper; Mrs. Lornay, Isabel Jeans; Mary Stanton, Mabel Todd; Miss Calder, Penny Singleton; Rick Fulton, Dick Purcell; Maharajah of Sund, Curt Bois; Angus McGillicuddy, Granville Bates; Duncan McGillicuddy, Edward McWade; Trent, Larry Williams; Musicians, Ray Mayer, Jerry Colonna, Joe Venuti; Jimmie Fidler, Himself.

"GATEWAY"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on a story by Walter Reisch. Screen play by Lamar Trotti. Directed by Alfred Werker. The Cast: Dick, Don Ameche; Catherine, Arleen Whelan; Prince Michael Boris Alexis, Gregory Ratoff; Mrs. Simms, Binnie Barnes; Tony, Gilbert Roland; Mr. McNutt, Raymond Walburn; Leader of Refugees, John Carradine; Grandpa Hlawek, Maurice Moscovitch; Commissioner Nelson, Harry Carey; Mrs. McNutt, Marjorie Gatenon; Henry, Lyle Talbot; Dr. Weiland, Fritz Lieber; Guard-Waiter, Warren Hymer; Dawonsky, Eddy Conrad; Room Steward, E. E. Clive; Ernest, Russell Hicks; Purser, Charles Coleman; Englishman, Gerald Oliver Smith; Count, Albert Conti.

"GIVE ME A SAILOR"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Doris Anderson and Frank Butler. Based on a play by Anne Nichols. Directed by Elliott Nugent. The Cast: Letty Larkin, Martha Raye; Jim Brewster, Bob Hope; Nancy Larkin, Betty Grable; Walter, Jack Whiting; Mr. Larkin, J. C. Nugent; Captain Tallant, Clarence Kolb; Mrs. Brewster, Nana Bryant; Meryl, Emerson Treacy; Ethel May Brewster, Bonnie Churchill; Mrs. Hawks, Kathleen Lockhart; Ice Man, Ralph Sanford.

"I'LL GIVE A MILLION"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on a story by Cesare Zavattini and Giac. Mondaini. Screen play by Boris Ingster and Milton Sperling. Directed by Walter Lang. The Cast: Tony Newlander, Warner Baxter; Jean, Marjorie Weaver; Louie, Peter Lorre; Victor, Jean Hersholt; Kopelpeck, John Carradine; Editor, J. Edward Bromberg; Cecelia, Lynn Bari; Max



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"I'M FROM THE CITY"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Ben Holmes. Screen play by Nich Barrows, Robert St. Claire and John Grey. Directed by Ben Holmes. The Cast: Peter Pe Joe Penner; Rosia Martindale, Lorraine Kru Ollie Fitch, Richard Lane; Grandma Mark Katherine Sheldon; Marlene Martindale, Sutton; Willie, Paul Guilfoyle; Bixby, McKee; Jeff, Ethan Laidlaw.

"LETTER OF INTRODUCTION"—UNTSAL.—Directed by John M. Stahl. The C John Mannering, Adolphe Menjou; Kay Ma Andrea Leeds; Edgar Bergen and Charlie Carthy, Themselves; Barry Paige, George Mur Honey, Rita Johnson; Lydia Hoyt, Ann Sheri Cora, Eve Arden.

"LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY"—M-G-M.—Screen play by William Ludwig. From the st by Vivien R. Bretherton. Based on the chara created by Aurania Rouverol. The Cast: J James Hardy, Lewis Stone; Andrew Hardy, M Rooney; Betsy, Judy Garland; Marian Ha Cecelia Parker; Mrs. Hardy, Fay Holden; I Benedict, Ann Rutherford; Aunt Milly, Betty Clarke; Cynthia, Lana Turner; Augusta, M Blake; Dennis Hunt, Don Castle; Jimmy, Mahon; Gene Reynolds; Mrs. Tompkins, M Howard; "Betsy," George Breakston; J Dugan, Raymond Hatton.

"MARIE ANTOINETTE"—M-G-M.—Sc play by Claudine West, Donald Ogden Ste and Ernest Vajda, from the story by St Zweig. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The C Marie Antoinette, Norma Shearer; Count A Fersen, Tyrone Power; King Louis XV, Barrymore; King Louis XVI, Robert Mo Princesse de Lamball, Anita Louise; Duke D leans, Joseph Schildkraut; Mme. du Barry, G George; Count de Mercy, Henry Stephen Comtesse de Noailles, Cora Witherspoon; P de Rohan, Barnett Parker; Comte d'Artois, Regi Gardiner; La Motte, Henry Daniell; To Leonard Penn; Comte de Provence, Albert Dekker; Empress Maria Theresa, Alma Kru Drouet; Joseph Callea; Robespierre, George M er, Dauphin, Scotty Beckett; Princess The Marilyn Knowlden.

"MEET THE GIRLS"—20TH CENTURY-FO Original screen play by Marguerite Rob Directed by Eugene Forde. The Cast: J Davis, June Lang; Terry Wilson, Lynn E Charles Tucker, Robert Allen; Daisy Watson, R Donnelly; Homer Watson, Gene Lockhart; M Leon, Erik Rhodes; Delbert Jones, Wally Ver Tiny, Constantine Romanoff; Fletcher, Jack No Mr. Brady, Emmett Vogan; Collins, Paul Mc Captain, Harlan Briggs.

"MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS"—R RADIO.—Based on a novel by Kate Dou Wiggins. Screen play by S. K. Lauren. Direc by Rowland V. Lee. The Cast: Nancy Ca Anne Shirley; Ralph Thurston, James Elli Kitty Carey, Ruby Keeler; Mrs. Carey, Fay B ter; Captain Carey, Ralph Morgan; Gilbert Ca Jackie Moran; Peter Carey, Donnie Dunas Ossian Popham, Walter Brennan; Annab Phyllis Kennedy; Tom Hamilton, Frank Alb son; Fuller, Harvey Clark; Mrs. Fuller, Marg Hamilton; Mrs. Popham, Lucille Warde; A Bertha, Alma Kruger; Thomas Hamilton, Ge Irving.

"MR. MOTO'S LAST WARNING"—2 CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by Ph Macdonald and Norman Foster. Based on character "Mr. Moto" created by John P. M quand. Directed by Norman Foster. The C Mr. Moto, Peter Lorre; Fabian, Ricardo Co Connie, Virginia Field; Danforth, John Carrad Eric Norvel, George Sanders; Mary Delacour, J Carol; Rollo, Robert Coote; Madame Delac Margaret Irving; Hawkins, Leyland Hodgs Hakim, John Davidson.

"SING YOU SINNERS"—PARAMOUNT.—iginal story and screen play by Claude Biny Directed by Wesley Ruggles. Joe Beebe, B Crosby; David Beebe, Fred MacMurray; Mar Ellen Drew; Mike Beebe, Donald O'Connor; M Beebe, Elizabeth Patterson.

"SKY GIANT"—RKO-RADIO.—Story a screen play by Lionel Houser. Directed by L Landers. The Cast: Slag, Richard Dix; K Chester Morris; Meg, Joan Fontaine; Col. St ton, Harry Carey; Fergie, Paul Guilfoyle; Wela Robert Strange; Brown, Max Hoffman, Jr., Ed Vicki Lester; Claridge, William Corson; Thomp James Bush; Austin, Edwin Marr; Goodwin, Ha Campbell.

"SMASHING THE RACKETS"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Lionel Houser. Original story Forrest Davis. Suggested by his series of artic "Smashing the Rackets." Directed by Lew L ders. The Cast: Jim Conway, Chester Mor Susan Lane, Frances Mercer; Steve Lawren Bruce Cabot; Letty Lane, Rita Johnson; Spauld Donald Douglas; Whitey Clark, Ben Welden; C Martin, Ed Pawley; Mac, Walter Miller; Ju Wend, Frank M. Thomas; Greer, George Irvi Peggy, Kay Sutton; Ellis, Theodore Von El Flo, Edith Craig; Leonard, George Lloyd; Ma Paul Fix.

"TEXANS, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen p by Bertram Millhauser, Paul Sloane and W Wister Haines. Based on a story by Emers Hough. Directed by James Hogan. The Ca Ivy Pressnal, Joan Bennett; Kirk Jordan, Randol Scott; Granna, May Robson; Chuckawalla, Wal Brennan; Alan Sanford, Robert Cummings; Is Middlebrack, Robert Barrat; Lieut. David Nich Harvey Stephens; Uncle Dud, Francis Fo Singin' Cry, Bill Roberts; Sam Boss, Clare Wilson; Cal Tuttle, Raymond Hatton; Slim, J Moore.



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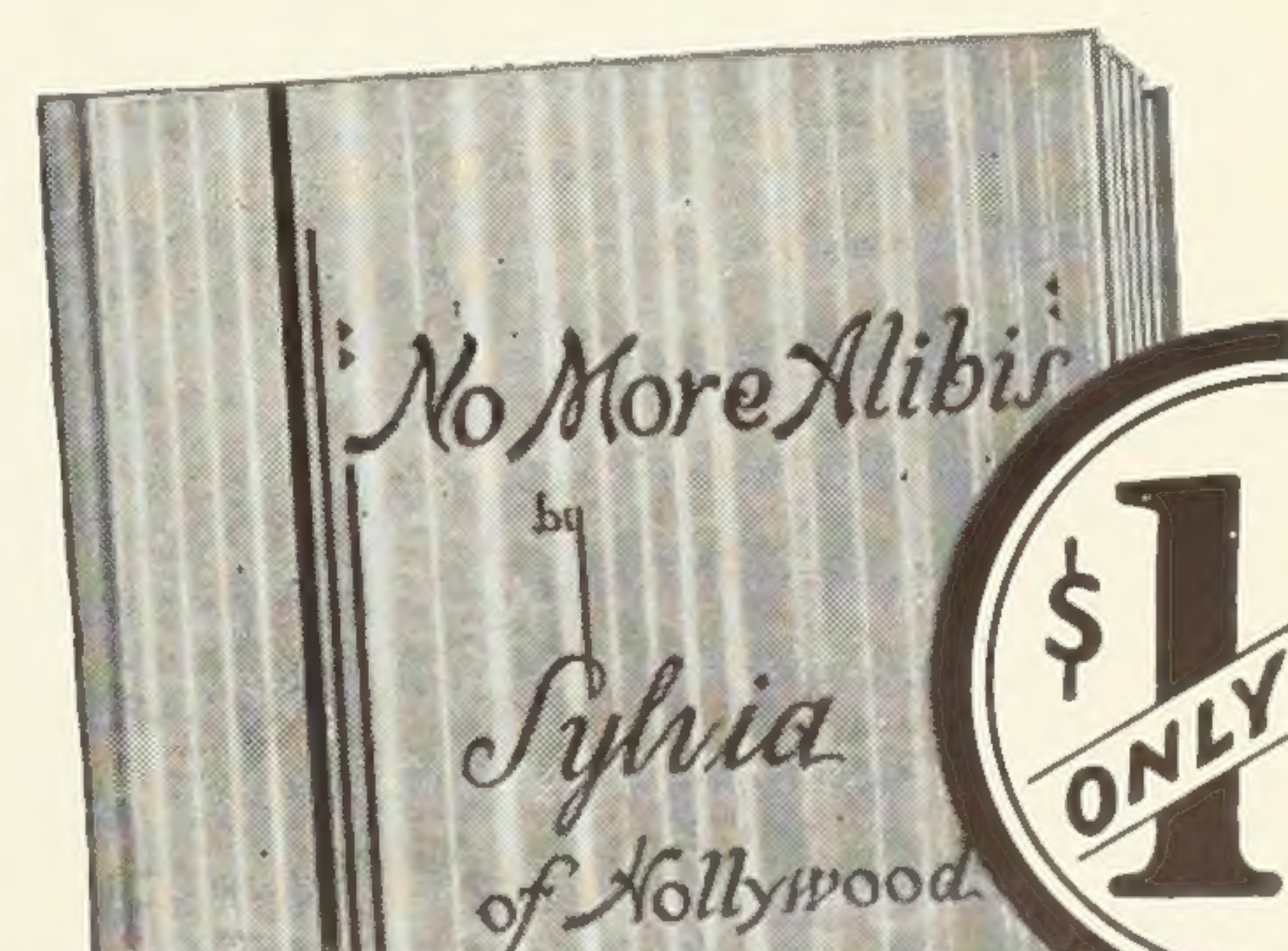
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Legs
SIT ALL DAY—"Desk Chair Spread,"
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A FIRM, LOVELY FACE
CORRECTING FACIAL AND NECK CONTOURS—OF
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